

Complete

Butler Alumnaal Quarterly

FOUNDER'S DAY NUMBER

Dedicated to
Katharine Merrill Graydon

APRIL, 1920

Volume IX

Number 1

INDIANAPOLIS

**Entered as second-class matter March 26, 1912, at the post
office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879.**

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MISS KATHARINE MERRILL GRAYDON

Katharine Merrill Graydon

To envision life largely—

To feel and thereby with prescient insight know that in this
world of ours true values in only things of spirit lie—

To love the true, the beautiful, the good—

To unselfish be of mind and heart and service—

To remember where others have forgot—

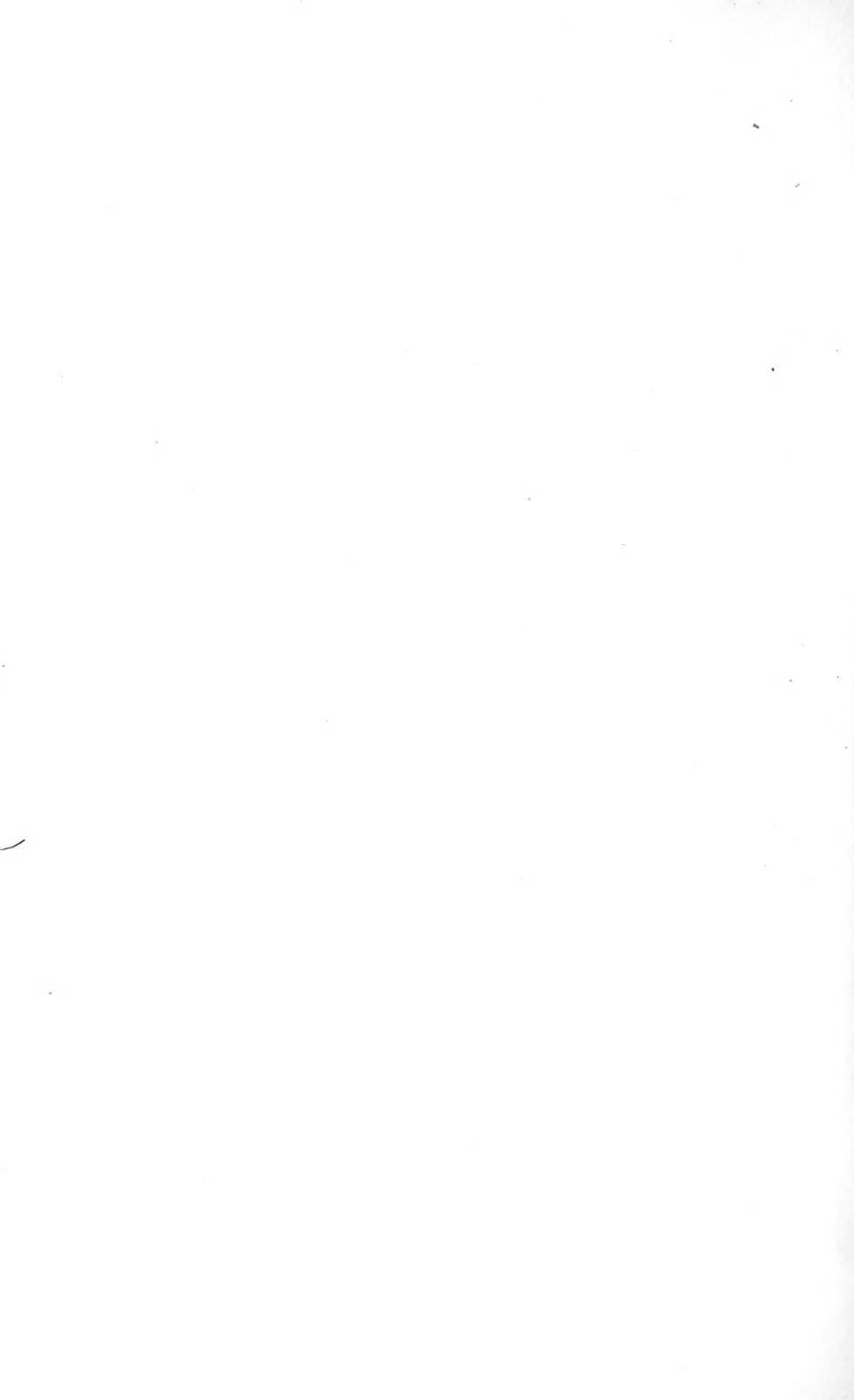
To instant be in season where duty and affection call—

To be known of many friendly-souls and loved and honored by
them all—

That were something—

That is she.

SCOT BUTLER.



Butler Alumna Quarterly

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We Do Thee Honor

Miss Graydon, as Catharine Merrill Professor of English, occupies an admirable and unique place in the history of Butler College. It was a good day for the college when she became one of its faculty. A graduate of Butler, having studied in other famous institutions, a college teacher of experience, bound to her Alma Mater by many ties, she has brought to her work a loving devotion and intelligence entirely above praise. She has been invariably loyal to the administration of the college; never has she shirked the arduous committee duties that have been hers; she has bound the alumni of Butler together and to the college by her creation of the ALUMNAL QUARTERLY; she has been one of the best of helpers on a faculty that has always been rare for the quality of its service; she is idolized by the hosts of students whom she has instructed and helped and whose interest she has made her own not only in the class room but out to the ends of the earth.

Everywhere in the world, where Butler students are, these honor Miss Graydon. We all know her for her good works. She is a type of American college professor—is the type vanishing or old-fashioned?—whose spirit of service and self-sacrifice is one of the best and most priceless things in American life. Miss Graydon is a true woman and a true teacher. Hers will be a bright name in Butler College history.

THOMAS C. HOWE.

One counts. If the one happens to be a Miss Katharine Graydon it counts big. We realize this to the full now that Miss Graydon is away, and we have had opportunity to measure some of the work that she has been doing for Butler College. We can not bring her back now, and ought not to do so until her well-earned vacation is completed. But we can and do dedicate to her these pages expressive of our esteem and our fervent wish for her happy return to Butler in the best of health and spirits. HILTON U. BROWN.

I consider it a privilege to be permitted to express my appreciation of Katharine Graydon. Those of us who were of the student body in the middle nineties did not come under the influence of this good woman in the class room. Some of us know her through the more or less intermittent contact our professional business and domestic affairs have permitted us to have with the college, mainly through the Alumni Association. Of that organization, she has been the inspiration. In her is combined the frailty of her sex which impels one to come to her support and the dynamic loyalty of the undergraduate. It is a rare combination which makes Katharine Graydon an extraordinary woman. Her loyalty has never lost any of its fire.

It is good for people to know Katharine Graydon. The world needs more women like her. No less wholesome is the influence of herself and her kind for young men and women than for those of mature years, whose routine affairs are those of commerce. It seems to me that one of her most endearing qualities is that of appreciation. I have been deeply impressed by her spontaneous exhibitions of that trait in connection with Butler's tributes to her service men. It has been an honor for men to fight for women at home like Katharine Graydon. And as long as there are such women will there be men who will go through hell for them.

If it is, as I believe it should be, the principal function of a college to build character, then Butler College has an asset, indeed, in her whom these lines are intended to honor. R. A. BULL.

Allegro and Penseroso

A relative of Miss Graydon's once told me about his invention of the ideal letter of recommendation. A discharged employe asked him to draft a recommendation for which he could get other signatures. In considerable embarrassment, he finally hit upon this form, "I gladly recommend the bearer for any position for which he is qualified." The applicant afterward thanked him profusely; nobody had refused to sign his letter. I would gladly recommend Miss Graydon "for any position," without qualification, on my part, I mean; for according to my observation she is amply able to fill any position on earth. In fact I feel certain, from seeing her work in the QUARTERLY, that even celestial positions would not be beyond her ability; she would certainly make a good recording angel. At Butler she has, at different times, served in the two highest salaried types of positions in the educational world; athletic coach—was not the whole football team in her Browning class one semester—and janitor—have you ever seen her in the main building the afternoon before a Founder's Day address or a Commencement? She has taught Greek, English, and war literature. She has conducted banquets and memorial services. She and her sisters built one of the most attractive residences in the city and, in spite of the efforts of one of the best architects of whom I know, they got it finished at the schedule time. She even succeeded, at times, in getting matter through the official board of publications on East Washington Street without any improvement being made in it. She is a writer of rare charm, and a successful editor. Just now, she has been called half-way around the world to act as pageant-master and centennial director. She is a worker of tireless energy and respect-compelling efficiency, and into all drudgery of detail she carries the spirit of Virgil's line, "*forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*"* So I ask, is there any position she can not fill?

But this is not a letter of recommendation. Neither is it, I am glad to think, an obituary notice. And yet it is not out of place in the QUARTERLY. Nor is there any demand, embarrassing to an historian, to depart from the strict truth. I am merely asked, as

* The writer has a daughter who is now studying Virgil.

an associate of Miss Graydon's for some fifteen years on the faculty of Butler College, to take advantage of her absence to give the readers of the QUARTERLY a colleague's appreciation of her personality and her services. As one who was a member of the faculty when Miss Graydon, in 1906, became the incumbent of the Catharine Merrill Chair of English Literature, and who is not now connected with the college in any official way, it may be appropriate for me in these pages both to give unreserved expression to the pleasure of past associations and to frankly avow my admiration of the great and devoted service which Miss Graydon has rendered Butler College.

In the new era which the interest of the alumni is ushering in, it is well to remember how much of that interest has been nurtured by the QUARTERLY and by the correspondence and hospitality of its editor. Before Miss Graydon began her work with us, the alumni were like sheep without a shepherd. They lived their own lives without much knowledge of each other or of their Alma Mater. Class associations, unless they culminated in matrimony, frequently died out soon after graduation. Students left, with the kindest of feelings toward the institution and the faculty, feelings which were fully reciprocated on the other side, but in too many cases they lost touch with Butler and were lost to Butler in the course of a few years. The QUARTERLY and its indefatigable creator gathered news from far and near and gave it to a widening circle. Alumni and former students soon found themselves part of an enlarged family, among whose members warm and friendly feelings were maintained. Marriages, births, and deaths now found a family Bible in which they were chronicled and enshrined. Changes of work or addresses were registered, and an increasing number of alumni kept in touch with each other and with their college. This quiet, but unremitting influence, has been at work at all times, though often unrecognized, to enrich the life of all who have been connected with Butler College, and to strengthen the hold of the college upon its sons and daughters.

A little plain talking may not be out of place. The task of the editor is not always easy. I speak from knowledge for I have had experience of my own in connection with the Indiana Quarterly

Magazine of History. No one who has not gone through some such tribulation can appreciate the difficulties involved in conducting a magazine which can not pay for articles and has limited advertising. Those whom destiny has plainly pointed out as authors of certain articles, refuse to write them. Or if wearied by importunate solicitation they finally send them in, the contribution comes too late to be of use in the issue for which it was intended. Those who should subscribe, do not; and those who do, postpone payment till postage on notices consumes a large proportion of their remittance. The preparation of copy, the correction of proof, the mailing list, all add weight to the shoulders of the unfortunate editor. All this, mind you, by way of addition, in the case of the editor of the QUARTERLY, to the full work of a college professor with a larger number of hours of recitation and lectures than prevails in most standard colleges. It is not my purpose to arouse sympathy for the editor by this recital of difficulties, but to bespeak for her a fuller measure of support and co-operation than she has as yet enjoyed.

No one can calculate the value of such a person as Miss Katharine Graydon to a college community. A member of one of the oldest and most highly respected families of the state, she embodies the best traditions of that fine and vigorous intellectual life which has brought renown to Indiana. Counting among her friends many of the choicest spirits of the country both in the east and the west she brings to her students and to the many others to whom the hospitality of her home is extended the sense of genuine culture and high standards of living. An appreciative reader of good literature, with an unerring judgment in discriminating between the wheat and the chaff, her class room instills in the minds of all who attend a genuine love of letters. It was not mere chance, but a part of the very nature of things, that when the Great War came, and Butler boys went out to give their lives for their country, it was Miss Graydon who kept in closest touch with them—it was she who became the chronicler of their deeds; it is she who is keeping their fragrant memory an all pervading influence within the college walls. For the fine spirit of the English and the American college, which the war has forever glorified, is the spirit of her life, the essence of her teaching.

CHRISTOPHER B. COLEMAN.

Tributes from Her Students

Unfortunately I had only a short course with Miss Graydon in the study of Browning and Tennyson. I caught something of her interest in these poets whom she understood and appreciated so thoroughly. But I value more than this the influence of her unselfishness, the beauty of her spirit, and the sweetness of her character.

CLASS OF 1907—*Elizabeth Whitesides Carr.*

In a campaign for college funds, Miss Graydon was working to found the chair in memory of Miss Catherine Merrill, when first introduced to the Class of 1908. The introduction was most fitting. Service to the college has since been the life, the love of Miss Graydon and in it she has grown in the affection of thousands of students to whom her self-effacing devotion has endeared her.

CLASS OF 1908—*Mallie J. Murphy.*

When the class of 1909 entered on its Junior year at Butler College, Miss Graydon matriculated as a Freshman, and immediately there sprang into being the traditional affection which exists between the first and third year classes. We protected her for Butler College, and ever since, she has protected Butler College for us. We are happy to lend her inspiration and enthusiasm for people and nature to Hawaii for a few months, but, as her sponsor class, we summon her back to our Alma Mater. We summon her before she loses herself to the lure of that fascinating country, before she eats of the Lotus Flower. We summon her to what has been for years the "firstling" of her heart—the Greater Butler.

CLASS OF 1909—*Elizabeth Brayton.*

"He that is not with us is against us." Many of us alumni and students not at heart disloyal might be classed with those against us; but Miss Graydon, always actively and progressively loyal, is the one who has made for Butler records in the past, and who will make for her still greater records in the future.

CLASS OF 1910—*Robert J. McKay.*

When I think of Miss Graydon, I have a sense of a gracious presence that diffuses kindliness and good will. Miss Graydon's class work has always been of superior order; she knows her work and loves it; but even more than this, it is her beautiful spirit that makes her so valuable to Butler. No student within the radius of her influence can fail to be benefited. No school having on its faculty a person of such sweetness, ability, and willing sacrificial spirit, can fail to serve its community.

CLASS OF 1911—*Hope W. Graham.*

We who live in the glory of the Butler spirit which you made to grow in our hearts, bid you hail! With you Butler College is a passion of devotion. You know only the beautiful and the true. We bow before your life of goodness. Take unto yourself our sincere esteem and may your lovely spirit serve to guide the college and its children always.

CLASS OF 1912—*Frederick E. Schortemeier.*

Probably the most eloquent tribute to Miss Graydon's influence and effectiveness are the memories of her former students. It is the belief of the writer that, whenever talk turns to Butler among former students, Miss Graydon holds a larger and dearer part in that conversation than any other person.

CLASS OF 1913—*William C. Kassebaum.*

On behalf of the class of 1914, I wish to express appreciation of the sincere and constant interest which has been taken in Butler College by Miss Graydon. With that quiet devotion and beautiful steadiness which is characteristic of noble womanhood, she has made us feel that her interest in the college is indeed a personal one; and we love her for it.

CLASS OF 1914—*Paul W. Ward.*

No fitting eulogy can be written or spoken of Miss Graydon. She is the warmest, most sympathetic, and truest friend we have.

CLASS OF 1915—*B. Wallace Lewis.*

It was the general conviction among Miss Graydon's pupils that she was not teaching the facts and fancies of the literary world

merely as facts and fancies, but that she recognized these as powerful moulders of character and never missed an opportunity to try to make them effective in the hearts and lives of her pupils.

CLASS OF 1916—*Fred W. Wolff.*

The class of 1917 feels that college years revealed no truth of deeper import than the high beauty of a character which loves, toils, and serves outpouringly for the uplifting of life. Such did Miss Graydon's friendship teach us. We love and honor her and shall not fail of her ennobling touch as long as memory recalls our college days.

CLASS OF 1917—*Lola Blount Conner.*

No one has ever come in contact with Miss Graydon but has felt a profound admiration for her ability always to see the good, the beautiful, the traits of positive value in everyone with whom she became acquainted—both in literature and in actual life.

CLASS OF 1918—*Wallace C. Wadsworth.*

It is characteristic of youth that we seldom fully appreciate our true friends in the present. We rarely realize all that our college does for us until we leave it, or all that our instructors mean to us until we can no longer go to them for help and guidance. Every college or university has some personality who symbolizes, to those that have passed into the alumni class, all that is fine for which their school stands. Around this individual center the pleasant memories of college days. To the class of 1919 Miss Graydon has been this symbol of Butler spirit and; with unclouded confidence they will commend her upon her return to future classes that they may claim her in reality as we do now in memory.

CLASS OF 1919—*Jean Brown.*

We, the Class of Nineteen Twenty, wish in some measure to express our appreciation of one who has done so much for us during our four years of college life. We also wish to express our deep regret that she will not be here with us on the day that all college students look forward to—Commencement. We feel, however, that Miss Graydon's loyalty will ever be with us even in her absence.

CLASS OF 1920—*Mabelle Wright.*

Butler College Founder's Day

February 7, 1920 College Chapel, Ten A. M.

Singing—Doxology.

Lord's Prayer.

Singing—"America."

PRESIDENT HOWE: We have come together this morning for some observance of our Founder's Day—for the college observance of this occasion. I think we are all of us likely to lose sight of how the things that we enjoy began, where they took root, and how they have grown. I think that is particularly true of the institutions that help us. For example, our colleges all have a history, an interesting history, and this college like the others has its interesting history. Its beginnings lie back a little before the end of the first half of the last century, about 1845. The men who were prominent in those days in the Christian church (or the Disciples of Christ) began to think of the establishment of a college, and as a result of their thinking and their consultation there was granted a charter for what was to be known as the Northwestern Christian University. This was granted in 1849 and became effective in 1850. Then in 1855 the doors of the institution were opened, the buildings having been erected out on College Avenue, which took its name from this institution. After a while, it was thought that it was becoming too crowded down in the city and it was decided to come to Irvington, which was then considered a good deal of a wilderness and a long journey from Indianapolis. That was in 1874, as the block of stone in the front of this building will tell. Doctor Timothy Stone remarked to me that those stair steps had been well worn by shoe leather, and so they have been since 1874—trodden by a good many thousands of people. Then the name was changed from Northwestern Christian University (which was to be a college or university of the Northwest Territory) to Butler University, because of the man who had been so generous with his possessions in endowing the college. His picture is on the wall behind me, a

man of great character and of sterling qualities. On these walls you see pictures of some of the men who had to do with the founding of the College. Later the name was changed from Butler University to Butler College, and then later we were changed from a stock corporation to a self-perpetuating government. This college is governed by a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees.

And now we have come to the time when we must make another move, and the Board of Trustees of the college have decided that the new site must be much larger, one we shall have for all time to come, a site that will contain one hundred to one hundred fifty acres of land in the near vicinity, so that a new plant may be constructed which will furnish facilities for the boys and girls of this city in the years, and shall we say centuries, ahead. Because after all, ladies and gentlemen, I think we ought to regard this institution not as for today or tomorrow, but for one hundred and fifty or two hundred years from now, and we ought to build with that thought in mind. When you see Harvard and Yale, King's College (now Columbia), those great institutions that reach so far back into the past, you realize what it means for an institution to grow from a small beginning to a great and influential college or university.

So this morning we think of the men who have founded this college. This is the birthday of Ovid Butler, the man whose name the college bears. They have done their part in making it possible for us to enjoy many things. I have thought back lately on my life, if you will allow a personal reference, and I have thought of some of the good things that are mine because by chance I came to Butler College. And I am sure after awhile you will think back upon good things that have come into your life because you came here. I am sure that would be true of any institution that you might attend, but it happens you are attending here, and these men are directly connected with those good things going on in your lives just now and it is worth while to think of these men and to resolve that we will be worthy successors and be founders anew in the institution which they loved and for which they denied themselves, that we will do our part to see that those who come after us may

enjoy the fruit of our labors and that they may rise to bless us for what we have done.

Vocal solo, Miss Hope Bedford: "Spring Is Coming."

PRESIDENT HOWE: I take very great pleasure in introducing to you this morning the speaker who is to address us. Doctor John Timothy Stone is the pastor of one of the greatest churches of Chicago. He is a man who has had a distinguished career in public life. He is not only a great churchman, not only has he held great positions as such, but he has taken an active interest in college affairs and is a part of the governing body of Wooster and of Amherst. We have been trying for a number of years to find some way to get him to come to Indianapolis to speak to us at the college, but his many engagements have always prevented him. So I am very happy this morning to present him and to give you the opportunity of hearing him speak.

Address

DOCTOR JOHN TIMOTHY STONE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: I assure you, Mr. President and Members of the Faculty, that it is a great pleasure to be here. I do not think you differ very much from other college students I have faced, so I will talk as if we had always known one another.

And first I want to say that primarily the great problem facing all of us today is threefold. I believe that first it is related to our conception of God; second, it is related to our relationship to our fellowmen and our attitude to our fellowmen, and third, it is a matter of the personal equation, and that includes personal character. I do not wish to take a text, and yet I want to embody what I have to say in certain verses that I think you will find interesting. In the fourth chapter of First Timothy, from the twelfth verse on, you will find these words:

"Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.

"Till I come, give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine.

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy with the laying on of hands of the presbytery.

"Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all.

"Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee."

Now along the line of this three-fold outline of power that I have given you, the relationship of each man to God, his fellowmen, and to himself, let us consider these verses. First, "Despise not thy youth." Your present age, your years, your forelook, your opportunity, is not to be despised. Second, "Give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine." There is the subject matter of study. Third, "Neglect not the gift that is in thee." Fourth, "Meditate upon these things." Fifth, "Take heed unto thyself * * * * and continue in them." Then he says if you do this you will save yourselves and those that hear.

First of all let us consider a little more clearly this morning that this world in which we are living is not the world of which we speak in general terms—you have all heard speakers who sum it all up by saying, "The age in which we live is the greatest age the world has ever seen." Well, it is surely a very interesting age, and I would say a most difficult age. I will not say it is the most promising, the most remarkable, the most exceptional, but I am sure it is the most difficult age of the world. The nations of the world are realizing that fact in a big way. The standards of spiritual life and of moral life about which men have philosophized so much, which have been made so much a matter of philosophy and ethics, these standards of mankind are being questioned. There is an attitude on the part of the world which expresses itself in a great interrogation point across the sky and everywhere men are ques-

tioning, not because they disbelieve, but because they are confused; they do not know which way to turn because of the complexity of the time in which we live. The standards of a few years ago are being disregarded by many people. The practical applications of righteousness are now in question by many social and national orders. Everywhere there is confusion of thought; hence the age is an extremely difficult one.

Second, it is difficult because everywhere people are asking the question, and perhaps with some degree of thoughtfulness and worthiness, "Is it possible for us to work under old standards? Can we adjust ourselves to old conditions and old organizations and old society and old regulations, or are there to be entirely new standards?" The difficult thing in this world is to relate ourselves and the old standards to conditions as they exist now. Anybody can start a new religion, anybody can start a new philosophy; but the difficult thing in this world is to utilize the progressive thought and philosophy of life that we can relate ourselves aright to old conditions and at the same time adjust ourselves to the new. Professor W——, of Wooster, has recently said that a great many people think liberty is going anywhere, in any direction, under any possible conditions. Suppose a locomotive should leave the track and go into the fields, is the locomotive at liberty when it leaves the track? The power of that locomotive is keeping on the track; the liberty of that locomotive is in keeping on the great groundwork that the track has laid, not trying to do the work of an airship or an automobile, but staying on the track. If you and I are to go from sea to sea and traverse continents we must be able to have our liberty along established lines, and not simply cut loose and think we can do anything we desire along any line. The great need in this world is to be able to so differentiate between the liberty of life and the license of life, the reality of the new and the establishment of the past, that we can adjust ourselves to new conditions and still relate ourselves aright to past conditions.

You will find in this same thought that the time in which we live is a most serious and difficult time because the nations are not relating themselves to one another in combination, in organization,

along established lines of government. Some of the new national philosophers are giving us to understand today that we must look to the national development of life in order to understand our own relationship to other nations that are far behind. The great questions being studied today are being studied along the line of the varied relationships of nations. No man who is wise is careless enough to prophesy as to the future of the development of our own government or its relation to itself, to say nothing of its relation to other governments. The whole realm of finance is in the same situation. This very morning of February, 1920, the financial leaders of this country do not know what is before us, but they are not panic-stricken, they are not running together in Wall Street or in La Salle Street and saying "What are we going to do? We are approaching a crisis!" They do not think that; but they are wondering about the financial condition, a condition they have never before witnessed, one that has never been paralleled in the history of economic study, wondering how it is going to work itself out in a nation where wages are increasing until employers are wondering how far they will increase and how they will meet their tasks and adjust themselves to the exacting conditions of government and also relate themselves aright to the exacting conditions which prevail, that there may be a wise expenditure and a wise conservation in order to build up the future of business. This not only relates to the industrial and financial leaders, but to all the developments of manufacturing interests and transportation interests and all that enters into the great social economy.

Scholarship is also facing great difficulties of adjustment. I will not go into that because I do not want to take up an academic phase, but I want to say a word as to religion. Men are beginning to realize that the philosophy of religion is not so important to human life as its relation to religion. Men are asking the question, Does this philosophy mean religious power, or is it the embodiment of some course that makes the ideal the actual? Are we going to bring about a conception of religious philosophy which means actuality instead of theory? Are we going to create a life in which the religious element today is going back to the fundamentals of the

Ten Commandments, or are we going to accept other things in their place? The Ten Commandments are not fashionable in certain places today. But the question is not whether we are going philosophy a little better, but whether we are going to actualize the philosophy and theory of religion that we now have.

To come back to our subject, I want you to note that the writer of this letter put first in this list, "Let no man despise thy youth." The youth in the colleges today will have more to do with solving this problem than their professors or their seniors, or the graduates of the institution in which they are now undergraduates. The future of this whole question is related to the youth that are now in our colleges and are going out to face the realization of these questions. Time moves very rapidly. You do not realize it now and it is not wise that you should. It is not necessary that you as students consider too seriously the fact that time is of such quality that "a thousand years are but as a day and a day as a thousand years;" nor to quote the Psalmist when he says, "We spend our years as a tale that is told." The recognition of the rapidity of time will come when you are forty or fifty years older. There is no necessity for you to consider it very seriously at the present time. A day may be very short, and an hour may be very long if you do not know the answers to questions in examination. Time is a relative matter, but after you graduate three years pass quickly, five years pass quickly, and you come back to the reunions—then you find it so.

Arthur Hoyt, of Amherst College, in one of his remarkable lectures says that the work that a man does the first five years he is out of academic training will in all human probability solve the power and the influence of his life. That is true. There are exceptions. What you do immediately after graduation will in all probability influence the success of your life work and your relations to men. But he might have gone farther, for it is true, although there are exceptions, that the standard of the work which the youth does in his academic course will influence these first five years and will make them what they are, which will make his life what it is to be. "Despise not thy youth." This complex

day in which we are living is the opportunity of the college student, for the hard things, the complexities and difficulties, are what count in making life what it ought to be. The easy life is a recognized failure. The hard things in life bring out the traits which mean success. "Oh for the joy of the doing, Oh for the joy of working!" may be the sentence of a poet, but Kipling meant more than that. He meant the joy of success in life is not attainment but in contending.

The student life is a life of privilege. I wonder if you have read the illustration of the struggles of two gray moths that a man had in his room for the purpose of studying them. These were two Royal moths. He saw the trembling of the cocoon, saw the moth make his way from the cocoon and then watched the struggle as the great gray wings sought in every way to free themselves from the cocoon, and finally all but a single arm was free. He watched the struggle for a long time and finally took his scissors and snipped the connection and the moth was free, and on its great gray wings sailed out into the room. First it went away from the light, then little by little came back, but it was but a gray and brown moth and the man said "Where is the Royal moth?" Then he noticed the other cocoon from which the other moth was struggling to escape, and the same thing happened, it was able to free itself all but one piece of the wing. But he watched it struggle hour after hour and pretty soon all over the back of the moth there came those beautiful rich colors, yellow and red and blue, then the brighter colors reaching out into the wings until every part of that great wing-like arm was covered by these beautiful colors, and still it struggled until at last the arm that bound it was broken and it flew free. But the Royal moth would never have had this beauty of coloring had it not struggled to get free. And there is no chance in this world for a life of strength and power, of culture and beauty, except through struggle. What do you mean by an Arts course? It means a combination of mental strength and mental beauty. It means that the curved lines of life are adjusted right with the straight lines of strength.

Why do I say that the student's life today is a life of privilege,

greater privilege than in previous years? Because the student's life is faced by the complex life, the unknown difficulties of unadjusted relations. A few years ago the war made its effect felt in our colleges, and all those who have been related to the boards of our colleges know the problems that are facing us now and have faced us as a result of war. Now we are back on a normal basis, but we are facing problems that have never been equalled, and there never was such a chance for the college student as today because of these unsolved problems.

Perhaps some of you have read a recent life of Carleton Parker, by his wife, which is remarkable, but the saddening thing is that such a life could be developed and lived in our age with all its strength and distinction for forty years, and die and go out without any sense of the great relationship between man and God. But you will find that in the splendid development of life, in the widening opportunity to help our nation in its economic problems and those it is called on with other nations to solve, that men are looking to the young college man with his mental equipment, for help.

Two things more in this line. Thoughtful business men are looking to academic centers for the solution of their problems. You say, "No, they are looking entirely to the scientific schools, to the schools which are related to the mechanical relationships and adjustments of life, to the specialized schools." There is where you are wrong, and I will prove it to you. In one of our cities here in the central district, a city which has gone into the hundreds of thousands and on into the millions of production in the last five or ten years, a head of one of these great works sent to the president of one of our colleges, a college no larger than this, and asked if he could send his manager to the senior class to talk with every student in the class who was thinking of going into other than professional life, with the hope of relating him to their work, and then he made this astonishing statement: We have learned in the development of our work that the man who specializes along any line is not the man who most successfully meets our problems in the industrial world. We want the man whose arts training has so enabled him to cope with special problems that we can direct his

efforts because his mental culture and training make it possible." And he asked that his manager might have a personal interview with every member of the senior class in order to select the man trained in arts work which they might train for this industrial leadership, even though it took a special course of study. These hard problems need fundamentally trained minds.

I am a great lover of the truth as followed by men like Julius Seelye and Mark Hopkins, men who believed in the higher purposes of academic training, and as a graduate of Amherst and also a trustee I want to say that it is utter nonsense to think that the world is not looking for men in whom some may think the classical training has been over-emphasized, when institutions such as we have never in its history had to turn away so many from its doors—had to advance its intellectual standards in order to keep out some men who were not ready to come in. The training which Mark Hopkins and Julius Seelye advocated is the training which fits the man and the woman to meet any contingency, rather than to fit them for some special relation along narrow lines. You will not remember what you learn today (I hope you will remember it until after examinations). I recall some of the chemical formulas I learned, and learned them because it was necessary for me to know them, but I am sure I could not repeat one of them now. Nor do I remember a lot of historical dates I once knew. And you will not remember a great many things—theorems in geometry and things like that. But you will not forget this: You have learned here in the mathematical and scientific world, in the classics, where to find the truth, to find it exactly, to find it immediately, to help solve any problem that may come before you—not because you have all this information in your head—you'd be insane if you tried that—but because you know where to go to get help. I saw a man in Boston once, only twenty-four years old, who could answer any question you asked him. Two or three of us worked a scheme so that we caught on to an arrangement of mirrors, with a gray-haired sage sitting there with a lot of books, and when this man could not answer the mirrors helped him out. He was well informed, no doubt, but not for that sort of a proposition. And

personality enters in there, character enters in there. A friend of mine said that it was Mark Hopkins at one end of the plank and the student at the other that made the great university, and the time is coming when in all of our universities and colleges the man or woman who is chosen to fill an important position will not be the one who is a specialist, but the instructor, the professor whose moral, intellectual and spiritual character is sufficiently strong to guide the youth. There comes in the personal element.

Hence I want you to see that youth is a great privilege. And then there is a thrill to it. Down at New Haven the other day there was a man who had come back from China in the interest of the Student Volunteer movement. This fellow told some of the blessings and privileges in going to China, the advantage of being one of the leaders in the great things being done there, and he showed some pictures he had obtained. He said, "Young men, there is nothing which will be presented to you in New Haven that will give you such remarkable opportunity to enjoy intercourse with cultured, intelligent people, to meet the people of the various nations in diplomatic circles," and do you know, there wasn't a single man that volunteered. Then a little fellow with one shoulder hunched up, so bent over that it took him five minutes to get up on the platform, said: "Boys, I've been out there eight years—went out in the Boxer uprising—that's where I got this, and I'm going back, because the Lord Jesus Christ needs Yale men to work for Him out there." Then he told of some of the things he had suffered. Nine men came forward after he got through and put down their names on the volunteer list.

I tell you, young men and young women, the possibilities for development in the future are wonderful. The thrill is there, the opportunity is there. Of course in every college there is the man who will throw back his head and say "What's the use?" But don't let him influence you. You pray for him—if you can't get him under the pump. It is just a question of being influenced by that sort of purposeless fellow, or being influenced by a life that counts, a life that has purpose and snap and opportunity in it.

And now I want to tell you something which is by the way; this

is personal. Corrine Shattuck was a girl fifty years ago, a girl who did not have a chance because she was not physically strong. My father was a Congregational minister in a little town outside of Boston, and in connection with that church there was a normal school of which he was principal. My mother was bringing up a somewhat obstreperous family and at the same time was housewife, attending to the duties of the wife of a minister and professor as well, and those were the days when servants were not in vogue. Corrine Shattuck wanted an education. She came to that normal school, where she graduated with much effort. She applied to the American Board of Foreign Missions for appointment to Turkey, and was refused. Her lungs were not strong and she was not strong physically. She worked a year or so more and my mother worked and studied with her. She tried again and was refused. But she was not discouraged—she went to work with physical exercises and everything to make her body strong, she took long walks, she studied the kinds of food that would give her the most nourishment and make her strong, and at the end of three years she was accepted. A few years ago I talked with Doctor Platt in the city of Poughkeepsie. He had made a trip around the world to see the missions. He knew I was a minister of the Presbyterian church and that I was probably better posted in Presbyterian missions than those of any other denomination. I did not know he knew anything about Corrine Shattuck and did not mention her, although I had known her from babyhood. Here is what he said: In all the realm of missions, through India, China, South America, in all the work that is going on in the Philippines, in Siam—everywhere, I have not known of any woman whose life in my judgment has counted for as much as Corrine Shattuck's. She was the woman who saved so many lives in the massacres of twenty years ago; she was the woman who stood in the compound with three hundred helpless women and children, and who, wrapping the American flag around her, said to the Kurds with their battle axes who confronted her, "If you come into this compound you come over my dead body." And not one entered. She was the woman who, when she was brought back across the sea and carried from the ship on a

stretcher, said, "Oh, how I wish I could go back to those people whom I love!" Forty or fifty years before this girl in the normal school realized something of the opportunities of life; she surmounted obstacles in order to fit herself for this opportunity, and here was a man who had been all over the world coming back to say that not a man or a woman had he seen who had done more for the age than Corrine Shattuck.

What a chance there is today! Corrine Shattuck never had the chance the girls graduating today have.

My other points are far more brief, but just as important. "Give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine." Reading is your study, the relationship of the curriculum to your life, not simply the outside reading you may do. Unless you are pretty careful you will spend your time reading the unimportant rather than the important. I have always thought that the student who did not do some personal, individual work in his reading and study which grew out of his original thought, was not attaining to all that he should in his work. And this reading is related to exhortation. A great many people will tell you what to do. It is not necessary that you do all they tell you. But the student who is doing the right kind of work in his reading will disseminate the right kind of thought in his exhortation. The doctrines are the main points of criticism. It is a great thing to know how to appreciate true criticism. If we ask somebody to come to Chicago to criticize our Chicago Orchestra, whom do we get? Somebody who knows nothing about music? No. Here is a man from southern France, one of their wonderful musicians there for years, who has come over here as a critic. Perhaps he is in a box. What does he do? Does he take out his note book and look at the first violin and criticize the way he holds his instrument? Does he look at the bass viol, the oboe, or the kettle drums and say those men are not playing right? No. That wonderful musician is wrapt in attention. I have seen these critics sit there with tears streaming down their faces. Why? They did not know there was anything like that in America. They were carried away; but it is hard to get a word out of them. After a time possibly they will say something

that will improve the value of the orchestra, but they do not say anything about it in the way of minute criticism. But you get somebody who does not know an oboe from a bass viol and he will be very free to say that the orchestra has many faults. A man went into a barber shop and said "Who stuffed that owl? Why, I could do better than that myself! It's a shame for any man to turn out a piece of work like that!" And just then the owl hopped off its perch.

Anybody in the world can criticize. It is a sign of small intelligence to knock, a manifestation of a vacant mind. The man who does not know how to recite will criticize his professor. I remember a fellow we had who used to turn to the man behind him for the answer to questions. One day the professor asked what Orinoco stood for, and this man behind him said, "Black Forest of Germany." This fellow who thought it was smart to prompt him wrong was one of the greatest knockers in our class. He ended in the penitentiary, thank God.

"Give attendance to reading and exhortation," but do not stop there. "Doctrine" is also included. What does that mean? We are afraid of that word today; we get away from a man who says anything about doctrine. Doctrine is the insensate truth, the unrecognized force, the stability of that which is builded. Doctrine is the steel that goes into the concrete structure. A friend who is a mechanical engineer said that if you take a lead pencil and sink it three-fourths of an inch into a slab of concrete it would not be any stronger relative to its position than the modern steel structure is when properly put together. These great steel structures are built on a foundation, and doctrine is the steel. You see the work on the outside, but you do not see this steel inside, and yet the storms and winds beat upon it and the building does not quiver. Doctrine is the steel in the structure. What is the doctrine we need the most of? It is the doctrine that is founded on the fundamentals of truth. If you boys and girls have the great fundamentals of righteousness built into your system, built into your very lives, you need not be afraid of any phase of life.

A few months ago I preached a sermon and after I had finished

a young fellow about sixteen came up to me. He was half-back on the college team, he had a noble face, but he came up rather timidly, and the reason I was impressed was that I had preached on immortality. He took my hand and said, "Do you know I got immortality into me this morning and I'm going out a different boy?" and then he beat it. You get immortality into your soul, and what do you care about the little things of life? The little things of life will trouble you no more.

I am through, with just this brief review. "Neglect not the gift," and "Meditate upon these things." The man that never meditates, the man that can not see the glory in the Eidelweiss as well as in the Matterhorn under whose shadow it grows and with whose melting snows it is nourished has not the right idea. The broader view should make the little duties mean more. When you have seen the Matterhorn and climbed it and seen the great and glorious peaks and Zermatt at its base you realize the great realities of life, and then the little things will mean more. You will not neglect these things, you will meditate and take heed unto them, and then you will be able to save the other fellow as well as yourself.

This idea of service that we are hearing so much about today, social service, community service, with all its value is not a means but a result, and it has a sure and permanent foundation under it. And if your soul is alive, if your heart is aflame, your life will be one of service and you need not worry about your religion—it will be seen by everybody. And how this old world needs you!

I love a sunset, and I have climbed to the top of many a peak in the Rockies and the Alps to see a sunset. I love to get on my horse and go as far as he will go, then tie him and go up higher and higher, past the timber line, up and up, stopping many times to regain my breath, and finally reaching the summit. Why? To see the sunset and the glory of it. Then I have stumbled, almost fallen down the mountainside until I go to my horse, the faithful beast who will take me to the cabin where I sleep. But I tell you I have never seen a sunset in the Alps or the Rockies that has touched my soul as has the sunset looking down Superior or Huron Street in Chicago, when out of the gloom and blackness and soot and smoke

the stream of human life comes pouring out of the factories. About five-thirty at night I love to get into the great throng of people of different races and color coming out of the factories. Sometimes the wind lifts the smoke and soot and the sun shines on their faces—it is more glorious than any sunset I ever witnessed on any mountain peak.

Boys and girls, men and women, this is your chance. The world and its need is yours; youth and its power is yours. May God bless you in your service to the world of which you are a vital part.

Vocal solo: Miss Hope Bedford, "Will O' Wisp."

Benediction by Dr. Jabez Hall.

Banquet

Claypool Hotel, February 7, 1920

PRESIDENT HOWE: Friends of the College—Pursuant to our established custom we are here tonight to celebrate another Founder's Day. Sixty-five years ago the college was opened. Seventy years ago this day the charter of the college became effective.

Since we last met we have had a busy and eventful year in the college. We had last spring the heaviest enrollment we have ever had for the second semester, and last fall we had by far the heaviest enrollment we have ever had for the first semester, not considering the enrollment of last year which was exceptional due to the S. A. T. C. The second semester for this year has just been enrolled, and is still the largest we have ever had. We are reaching, if we have not already passed, our limit so far as capacity of buildings is concerned, and then what can a college do in the way of stretching out to meet new conditions?

I heard day before yesterday of one of the great universities in this Middle West, in an adjoining state, in which they prepared last fall for sixty sections in beginning English. Now for those

who do not know how large a section should be I will say that under the rules of the Northern Central Association of Colleges it should not exceed about thirty students, which would mean about 1,800 freshmen taking English. When the enrollment took place there were ninety sections enrolled instead of sixty, making 2,700 students in beginning English. In that university they had a tradition that nobody who was in any way related to any member of the faculty might teach; but as happens in war times and in emergencies, traditions of that kind had to be broken, and the wives of members of the faculty—anybody who might be willing to teach, so the story goes, was called to take a class in English. We are not quite that bad, but we have our troubles in meeting the teaching situation and we are feeling growing pains all the time out at the college.

We are glad, indeed, that so many came tonight. It is to be regretted that some of our good friends might have been here but for illness. Many have sent their regrets on this account. And I have here a message that I am sure you will be glad to hear. It is this:

“President T. C. Howe, Indianapolis. Greetings from the fair land of Hawaii to Butler College for Founder's Day.

“KATHARINE M. GRAYDON.”

We miss Miss Graydon very much tonight. She took leave of absence last fall and left only a short time ago to spend the spring and summer at Honolulu. She needed the rest, and she longed for the opportunity to renew pleasant associations of other days in the Island, so we may be sure that she is quite happy out there in Honolulu tonight.

Now, it has been our custom on Founder's Day to have come to us a speaker of distinction, a man of mark, who should come to us at the college and bring a message for the students, and then afterwards be with us in the evening. We are very happy this year to have Doctor John Timothy Stone, of Chicago. As I said this morning, we have tried several times before to get Doctor Stone, but he has been busy and could not come. I wish you might have

been at the college this morning to hear the fine, inspiring words he brought to our students as he spoke to them.

I now take great pleasure in presenting to you Doctor Stone, who will address us.

Address

DR. JOHN TIMOTHY STONE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—Indiana has the reputation in Chicago of not needing any counsel or help or wisdom from outside the state, although she is always willing to give a great deal to other states, and I am sure she is able to do so because no state in the Central West is held in higher esteem, not only in regard to what others have told us, but as represented in our own citizenship. So I feel as if I were coming to friends, to those who are certainly appreciated in my own home. Ever since I read the Hoosier Schoolmaster I have felt that I would like to know more of Indiana, and the more I do know the more I want to know.

I do not feel out of place as a Presbyterian, either. Some years ago I was in Atlanta at the time of our General Assembly, and a friend of mine told me of an incident that he came in contact with that he said made him feel at home. A colored minister had been to another city where there had been a big fire, and he was trying to tell about it when he came home, about the danger of falling buildings, and especially the wires that were charged with electricity. One of his friends asked him if he wasn't afraid of these wires, but he replied, "Ah didn't care, I'se been Calvinized."

I lived for ten years in Baltimore and grew to be very fond of the colored people. They somehow know if you know them and you get along all right if you understand them. This morning at the Claypool I asked the waiter what his name was. He said it was "Smith." I said, "Oh, I didn't know but what this hotel was

named for you." "Oh, no, sir; it was named for a better man than me."

I think, Mr. President, that nobody realizes more than I that Butler College has a real place, for the small college is coming to occupy a real place of its own, because of its distinctive associations in its own comparative neighborhood, reaching out and touching other neighborhoods. We used to say in the eastern colleges, especially some of them that had a long, prominent, academic history, that the aim and effort was to reach the entire nation, and perhaps there is a certain wise philosophy in the small college reaching out to a diversified area and touching the whole nation. Still it seems to me that although this will be increasingly true, with railroad facilities and with the general spread of life to the different parts of the country, and the loyalty to certain colleges and institutions—it seems to me that there is a great influence on the community and the state from the small academic institution. I have been thinking as I sat here tonight of how much it means to a city such as this, and to the entire state, to have an institution just like this, the center of your educational interests and all for which academic and arts and scientific courses stand. It means culture in its highest and best sense; it means earnestness and sympathy in its highest and best sense. You can find centers in this country where there have not been colleges, and they lack something which is possessed by the cities where such institutions have been built. It is an indefinable something that stands for the higher stamp of the ideal, for a surer and more permanent structure as to the future. And I want to congratulate you, as many other institutions in our country may be congratulated, upon the influence of your institution here.

I was preaching a week ago Sunday out in north Chicago and in talking to a friend I asked him something about this college, and he made this statement. He was not in any way connected with the denomination or with the college, but he said: "Well, it is one of those colleges that has stamped its own identity on its community, and in that community it stands for things." And I think it means a great deal to have such a reputation among those who are not of

your own community and who are not related by any academic ties. I believe more than ever that there is need just now of cultivating all for which the college stands. I believe with all my heart in the university and what the university stands for and what it is doing, and surely our country is remarkably blessed with them. But there is something that the university can not do that is being done by the college today, and the test of the permanency of our smaller colleges, denominationally founded and perhaps denominationally supported, is that spirit of Christian earnestness which makes us all loyal to the great body politic of the Christian churches rather than denominationalists. And I believe this spirit, which is becoming more and more extended today, has a very definite and permanent effect on our country as a whole.

I read the other day what one of our congressmen said in bringing out some of the characteristics of Washington, that the great poise of the man was in his ability in all serious times to allow the great influences of this country to blend themselves with his own judgment, that he was able to lead the people with authority and still preserve the great principles of democracy. We are living amidst great difficulties today; we are hearing on every side of problems that we can not understand; we are sailing in depths that we can not fathom, we are not sure of the danger spots. We have things to contend with that our fathers knew nothing about. The ideals of philosophy today are not confined as they once were, they extend much farther. Many of the interpretations that once were thought fundamental when we were children have ceased to have the same authority they did have. But this is sure, that the Christian college and its influence today is needed as a great balancing power as we seek to adjust the growing intellectual unrest to the common standards of education, and if anything can act as this balancing power, it is the Christian college.

We sometimes get discouraged with our own age. We all do this, either through ignorance or weariness. If we read history we can find many things in past generations that were more discouraging than our own. I have no pessimistic view of the future or the present. We have a great many problems, but we have great

inspirations, and I firmly believe that the Christian college will do more than it has done to establish standards which help to solve these problems, and that you and I have a great deal to be thankful for.

I have had the honor to serve on the Board of Trustees of such institutions as this, and I believe that we must make more in our colleges of some of those things which count for the permanent establishment of high ideals in our nation, and we must not let the material blessings which are needed ever counterbalance or equal the great essential qualifications which our colleges must give. But I also want to say that in my judgment the first great need of the American college today, to say nothing of the university, the first great need of the American college today, and especially the Christian college, no matter how it may be founded or carried on, is to give the professors in those institutions an adequate salary, a living wage, a higher wage than in the past, so that they may not only care for their families without worry, but that they may be able to use their intellect and time to cultivate and elevate the standards to which they have devoted their lives. We talk today about the high cost of living and the increase in wages and salaries of various kinds, and we know it all too well, but I tell you until the men who have devoted their lives to the training of our youth can feel that they are receiving just as much in proportion as the bricklayer, the stone mason or the carpenter, we have no right to consider our nation true to the liberty of intelligence or to the intelligence of liberty. We must recognize this—I speak as an official and trustee of some of our institutions. This is the great need, and business men must recognize it. The salaries are entirely inadequate, but we must not depend on the rich men to leave legacies to make up this deficiency.

Then I want to say that I believe the college today must recognize through its constituency the fact that it must be equipped in such a way that our young life will recognize that we are as interested and serious in their educational and ideal welfare as we are in the commercial and industrial activities of our land. Sometimes people say any building will do, that there are traditions clinging

to the older buildings, and it is not the building after all. Of course it is harder to carry over to the new building the *esprit de corps* that you had in the old building, and it does not depend on the building, it is the men and the women who are the spirit and the life, not the architecture, but yet the best that the modern building can afford is none too good for the best equipment of our sons and daughters, of our grandchildren. I believe that although this should come second, for wherever is the man there is the institution, yet wherever is the well trained man there is development along material lines and I believe we ought to recognize that what we expect in business should be expected in educational institutions, and that is development, progress.

Some years ago when we were putting over a certain project in one part of this country four or five bankers and business men were addressed by an educational man, a man connected with the Church. One of these business men said, "What's the use? Your college and church does not need anything better. It has gotten along for generations, why should it not go along just as it has?" And one of the men, a successful man who had just put up a great building and become an authority in that city, spoke in the same strain, and another man who had a large dry goods store. Then this man from the college said, "Gentlemen, you have not made your banks, and you have not made your dry goods establishments any more than they have made you, and what you need in the great commercial and financial world today is to recognize that in the carrying on aright of the Church of Jesus Christ and of the educational institutions of our country it rests as much with you to make our growth possible as it does with us to make your development possible. We need each other." I believe it works both ways.

You have a great asset in the loyalty which shows itself at such times as this, in the spirit that radiates from your lives; and you have a great opportunity in the present. As I said to the students, there never has been a greater opportunity. You have a chance through your support of this institution to show to the world that you are not only working for a better college, a better institution doing better work, but just so sure as you do this the reflex will

come back and you will have a stronger influence, you will have a stronger city, you will have a stronger student body and a stronger professorship, a mutual confidence which will work out in all lines of activity.

I want to close with this thought: What is there in all the world that is worth putting your money into so much as the training of your sons and daughters. You can make money and you can leave money, but if that money is simply accumulated or is put into the material things that do not last, what good does it do? I have had enough experience in this old world to say this without hesitation, that the man or the woman who accumulates or inherits money and leaves that money to sons and daughters who have not the proper character for thoughtful Christian development, for wise judgment in the use of that money, leaves to those children a greater curse than a blessing. But if money is left in such way that it will train the youth who come after us, it is a real blessing. What is better than to leave money so that it will live from generation to generation and on into time indefinitely, making character in the youth of the land?

Mr. President, it has been a pleasure and honor to be with you and I shall not only carry away a pleasant memory of this day and of your institution, but I have also added to my estimate of the value of the State of Indiana.

PRESIDENT HOWE: I am very grateful to Doctor Stone for the words he has spoken. They were not suggested to him, but came out of his own personal experience as a Director of Wooster and of Amherst and as he has come in contact with other institutions. Doctor Stone said to our students this morning that he was not going to tell them at any great length about the greatness of this age—they had probably been told that several times already from the platform, which was correct. He said something else, however, which was very much in point, and that is that this is a difficult time and an exceedingly interesting time in which to live. I would rather live now than any time I have read about, and yet it is a hard time to live because of the problems that face us. But there

is a challenge that comes to a good citizen out of that sort of time. The colleges find themselves involved in very difficult situations. In a recent noteworthy volume the author quotes a gentleman who is not in particular favor with a good many of us, one Lenine, in his statement that the surest way to break down the capitalist system is to debauch currency, and that you can confiscate a man's property by gradually inflating the currency. That thing is happening in the colleges. We have had our income cut in two by what has happened in the last few years. When a dollar only returns forty or forty-five cents that means disaster to the man with a fixed salary. The colleges are suffering keenly, but perhaps it is the best thing that ever happened, because out of the suffering is coming a realization of their needs, and all over the country business men, great and small, men in great industries, in banks, everywhere, are beginning to awaken to the alarming situation that we shall have no trained men to take up the teaching jobs in the next few years in our colleges and universities.

Now friends, we are in sore straits at Butler College. The college can no longer continue to be what it has been; it must either grow larger or decay. So some of our friends who have seen this coming and have felt it have associated themselves to help bring about a new day in the affairs of the college. It is the most promising sign that has appeared on our horizon, lo, these many years. Friends, let me say just this word. It is a pretty humiliating thing for college folks to have their private affairs thrown open to the public gaze.

A funny picture appeared in a paper a few days ago of a line of men going past a distributing window and receiving their arms full of money, then here comes a modest college professor, and the man at the window says, "What do you want?" "I just want enough to buy a cup of coffee and a doughnut." Now that may sound funny to some folks, but it isn't so awfully funny to a college professor because its too uncomfortably near the truth.

I was down in New York the other day and a friend of mine showed me a copy of a sign which had been posted down in Wall Street by the Window Cleaners' Union. It read something like this: "Recruits wanted for the Window Cleaners' Union. \$6.00 to

\$9.00 a day wages. Why be a college professor when you can be a window cleaner?"

Now folks, the college professors are not going to keep on being college professors under the present circumstances, and then where are you going to find a place to send your boys and girls to be trained for life? You heard the situation at this neighboring university—ninety sections of English when they had expected sixty. Of course the teaching is not efficient, and yet these teachers have to take the thing that is dearest to you, that boy or that girl, and help to make a man or a woman out of them. You need not think these college men, these professors are beggars, but they have been doing this thing for a long time and it has got to the place where the teacher, the college professor, can not keep on allowing his loyalty to be capitalized so heavily. But it is not for the college professor that I care a snap, it is for the boy and girl that I am interested, my boy and my girl, and the next generation in this country, the men and the women who are going to carry on our industrial enterprises, who will carry on the affairs of the city, the state and the nation in the great competition of the world's business. That is why we have to strengthen the hands of these college men; that is why we must give them a living wage; that is why we have to make it possible for them to be up to, if not above, the comfort line where they can do their work, as Doctor Stone has so eloquently said, serving us in caring for the dearest thing we know anything about.

Now friends, that is all my speech. I have nothing more to say. Now I am going to introduce some of these gentlemen who have taken it upon themselves to give to Indianapolis the thing that we need to meet our superlative opportunity here—a great and adequate college. I will ask these gentlemen to speak in succession, and so that you may be spared hearing the sound of my voice again this evening I will name them now.

Clay Trusty will speak to you about the plans of the Committee of Twenty-five and One Hundred. Mr. R. F. Davidson will come next, and he will be followed by Dr. Harry Pritchard, the new secretary of the Board of Education of the Disciples of Christ, and a

member of the Executive Board of the Interchurch Movement, and finally, our beloved Mr. Hilton U. Brown, president of the Board of Trustees of Butler College. These men will speak as they have been named.

Address

REV. CLAY TRUSTY, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA: Ladies and Gentlemen, Alumni of the College—I have been asked to give an account of the Committee of Twenty-five and One Hundred, about which you may have seen something in the papers, and something of the things that we are hoping will come to pass. I shall say first that the origin of this Committee was at the National Convention of the Disciples of Christ, held in Cincinnati last October, when a group of men from Butler held some meetings which were not announced, in which we talked about Butler College and the things we would like to see at Butler. There was a committee appointed to come back home and consult with the authorities at Butler concerning her future welfare and policies. We found in Mr. Brown and President Howe men who were anxious to co-operate and tell us all about Butler, things we had not known. Some of us had been attending meetings like this for some time, but we had gone away after hearing all these things, thinking it was a good speech, and stopped there. But we began to realize that when President Howe pointed his finger in our faces and told us that some things were going to happen, that perhaps they would happen, and we resolved that if we could find enough men interested in Butler College to try to help out in this situation we would do so.

Some forty-eight men were asked to come to a meeting in which we talked over the situation. About twenty responded, and they said various things about Butler, about Indianapolis and the educational situation here. Every man at that meeting was anxious

that we might be able to do something to get behind plans, to co-operate any way we could with Butler College to give Indianapolis the educational institution she deserves and is going to have in the next ten years, perhaps sooner. Every man expressed himself as believing that this is the time and the place to begin a campaign for larger things. We began to talk about what we would like to see done. We resolved that no member of the faculty of Butler or anyone officially connected with the college should be a member of our organization, that we would go as men interested in Butler but not officially connected with the college, and undertake to help make this institution one of which we would have more reason than ever to be proud. We completed our organization, the Committee of Twenty-five, which includes forty-eight men, looking to the organization of a Committee of One Hundred who will co-operate, mark you, co-operate and who will follow a leader. There is no revolutionary spirit here, there is no danger of working at cross purposes. We are only anxious to assist in every way possible in the plans which will be and which are now formulated and ready to launch by the Trustees of Butler. We went to them saying that we are here to serve you, we will go when you say go and come when you say come. We believe that with the organization of the Committee of One Hundred we can secure probably two hundred men and women in Indianapolis who are willing to work. We do not want any honorary list, if you please. We serve notice now that every man and woman who goes into this must expect to work. If you become a member of the Committee of One Hundred it will mean money, time, energy and thought. Because as you have been hearing, we must do something. It is the time for action, the time for speechmaking is past.

Here is what we would like to see done. We would like to see Butler College have new buildings. Most of us would like to see them on a new site. We would like to see the salaries of a number of the professors increased to take care of the educational situation in central Indiana. We would like to see the college enlarged, to add to the departments that are there a number of others, and to create if possible a university which will stand alongside of the

great universities of the country. We have said that to start with, we would like to have eight million dollars. Someone says that is a good deal of money for a place like that to ask for. But if we do not ask for it we will never get it. We are not expecting this money will be raised this year. We are expecting to induce (if that is necessary) the Board of Trustees to inaugurate a campaign for two million dollars within a short time. We are willing to help them if possible to secure that money. We want to see a program that is worth while. We want to see Indianapolis back of Butler College in a way that we have reason to believe she will be. We want to see larger things in athletics, of which Mr. Davidson will speak to you. The Committee of One Hundred is simply this, a group of men interested in Butler College who have formed an organization whose chief purpose is to help the men at Butler do the things which we believe ought to be done and want to see done, and that unless we do this and do it now we believe our opportunity will be past.

We are talking about a larger Indianapolis, a greater Indianapolis, and we believe Indianapolis will be glad to join with us for a larger college, looking forward to a university, if you please, that will add to our community as nothing else can add to it. We ask your co-operation. We want a general secretary and manager, somebody who will lead us. We want offices established down town where we can get to work. We want a man who is alive and on the job, who will go after the money and get it, who will lead us on to victory as rapidly as possible, who will stay with the task not only this year but next year and following years and will make it his business to see that Butler College is a growing institution for the larger and better interests of the state. I believe that plans are on foot and that we will be able to announce before very long that things are being done, that money is being raised. Some of us are anxious to start, perhaps too anxious; perhaps it is well to go a little slower, but we are anxious to get things going. We hope that next Founders' Day we can announce that something has been done. I believe as surely as I stand here tonight, knowing what I do, that we will be able to tell you some very good things next year.

I trust every man and woman here tonight will lend us their hearty co-operation, sympathy and support, give us your time and money and energy for a larger Butler College. There are great times ahead of us, I am sure.

Address

R. F. DAVIDSON, INDIANAPOLIS: All things considered, Butler College in athletics has had a glorious history. She has soared to the highest peaks of victory, and at times she has groped in that miasmatic mist of defeat which at those times has spread like a depressing pall over the whole land. Some of our men have worn the laurel wreath; others have learned to endure hardships as good soldiers. "Time would fail me to tell of Gideon and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephtha, of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets: Who through faith subdued kingdoms." As I recall the feats of the long ago time and the boasting of those who accomplished those feats I feel that they "by faith through weakness became strong, waxed mighty in battle and put to flight the armies of the enemy," and I am firmly convinced that however strong their faith it was not unsupported by works. But their faith in themselves was strong. On one occasion at chapel before a game, one of the students who made his way by preaching on Sundays said that he had announced to his congregation (I hope he did it reverently) that "Next Saturday, the Lord willing, Butler would defeat Indiana University, and the following Saturday they would beat DePauw, whether or no."

As I review the past I can recall many a Spurius Lartius, many a Titus Herminius, who stood beside Horatius and kept the bridge against the thirty thousand—soldiers all.

And now as one approaches the state of senile decrepitude, when the principal event of the day is wandering with tottering steps from one spot of sunshine to another, supported by a cane, when

memory is about the only thing that is left, to such an one I think it may be pardoned if he should try to live again the great events in which he played even a small part, but which remind him, as Kipling says, that "once he was a devil of a man." So may I be permitted to say that thus far in a life fairly active, rewarded with a few minor and insignificant successes but with many failures, the proudest moment I recall is the time when by the favor of fortune I was able to play a humble part in the subjugation of a rival college on a great occasion, memorable in those days. I can close my eyes and see it all clearly now. The crowd banked in the grandstand, faces all ablur; the men in the field, hoping and yet afraid to hope. The mass of bright colors, the waving fans, the flutter of flags, the gaily decked horses, the old-fashioned sea-going hack covered and filled with enthusiastic students, and the surging, throbbing multitude along the side lines kept back by cordons of police—all these things come back to me across a span of thirty years. Music by the rival band, the singing of the battle songs, then the woe of the defeated and the wild, triumphant cheers of the victorious—I can see them now. But the goal was not always of that sort. Many a Spartacus led his little band of gladiators to a forlorn hope; many a David Crockett was vanquished at the Alamo, and many a Custer fought his last fight against hopeless odds. Some groups were famous in history for the victories they won, and some for the way in which they met defeat. Who shall say as to which class belongs the greater weight of glory; the thing that counts is the spirit to fight, fight, fight, whether it lead to victory or to death. Now that is all right as a matter of principle and a rule of conduct, but I believe it is much more satisfactory to the participants in a great event to emerge therefrom, as we might say, live soldiers and victorious instead of defeated and dead ones. I am firmly convinced that if Horatius had not successfully breasted the current of old Father Tiber when the bridge went down, Lord Macaulay never would have known the scathing things he said to the Tuscan hosts on the other bank. So I say that the men at Butler College are entitled to their fair chance to a taste of the cup of success, and they must have their fair share of the fruits of

victory, and it is up to the friends of Butler to see that they have that chance.

As a part of the activities of the Committee of Twenty-five plans have been formulated for advancement along athletic lines. We have a great city here. We should have a great civic pride in this college and its performances in the athletic field. A plan has been worked out and submitted to the Faculty and approved, it has been submitted to the Board of Trustees and approved, and I had hoped tonight to be able to make a very important announcement in connection with the program and the operations of that Committee, but things are not yet ready and I trust you will excuse me from any further reference to the details of plans or personnel.

Why are these things being planned? Why has that plan been sanctioned by the Faculty and by the Board of Trustees? It is not to give a few young men a chance to be carried on the shoulders of their comrades; it is not to give the players a chance to star as the idols of the undergraduates. No, it is a part of a great, big, broad plan for the advancement of Butler College, but it may be that the activities in the athletic department may show you earlier and more easily seen results than some of the activities in the other branches of college life. The idea is not simply to produce good teams, winning teams, but the idea is to produce men and women, and fit them properly for life's great work. Without making any reflection upon physical education at Butler in the years that are gone, we can promise that the future will be an advancement at least over what has been there in that respect heretofore.

We all love the old college. If Butler College never does another thing than the good she has done in this community, she will have surely justified her existence. But the years that lie behind are there only as a foundation for the building of the future. I love that old school; I love the old buildings. On Sundays and holidays and in vacation, I like to wander through its empty halls and hear in fancy the echoing of the footsteps that once trod these same boards—they have gone in various paths since then, some have stumbled, some have marched into the setting sun. I like to visit the empty class rooms, peopled as they are for me by the

friends of my youth and hallowed with memories that bless and burn. I love the old school. Butler College has done many things for its students for which we should be deeply grateful, and anything that we may do will be nothing but a just return. When I think of these things I am moved to paraphrase the impulse that stirred the poet Burns when he wrote:

*“That I for poor old Scotland’s (Butler’s) sake
Some useful plan or book could make,
Or sing a song.”*

Address

DR. HARRY PRITCHARD, Secretary Board of Education Disciples of Christ: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—I did not know until four days ago that I was to have a place on this program, but I am certain anything I shall say will be very decidedly an anticlimax to that eloquent and learned address on athletics to which we have just listened. I never knew until tonight that there were so many great athletes in ancient history.

The other day in New York a colored gentleman got on a Broadway car and said to the conductor, “Will you please procrastinate me at 23rd Street?” “What’s that?” “Will you please procrastinate me at 23rd Street?” “What’ye mean?” “Oh, you needn’t be lookin’ at me like that. I know what the word means, I looked it up. It means to put off. So please procrastinate me at 23rd Street.” So President Howe gave notice to me that he would procrastinate me at the end of twelve minutes. I think I shall find plenty of material in the topic assigned to me, which, by the way, is one of my own choosing and I shall therefore take the responsibility for anything that is said. If I were to label this talk I would name it “Educational Opportunity.”

From my own viewpoint I regard the city of Indianapolis, all

things considered, with the present state of the institutions which it has, as having the greatest educational opportunity that I know of in the United States. That is a broad statement, but it was verified in the office of the General Secretary of the Educational Board in New York the other day in personal conversation. I have talked with other men who know the educational situation a great deal better than I would dare presume to know it, and it is the unanimous opinion of every man who knows the situation that the city of Indianapolis with its present educational development offers the greatest single opportunity of any city of its size in the United States. That may sound like an exaggeration, but I think it is a conservative statement which will stand the test of critical analysis.

There are two reasons why I think this is so, and these two reasons are also reasons which determine in large measure what an institution shall become. The first one is this: Geographical location. There were a great many things formerly that were guessed at in education, but we are coming in these times to be able to speak with precision with respect to certain laws which obtain in the educational world, and one of these laws is this—that the bulk of the students, undergraduate students, in institutions large and small come from a radius of fifty miles, and an average of eighty per cent come from within a radius of one hundred miles. I shall never forget my surprise when I learned by seeing a map that Harvard University, known from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes, and which has only half of this circle since the Atlantic Ocean forms the other half, yet seventy-five per cent of the student body come from one-half of the circle. I ask you to point out another city anywhere in this country that does not have a great institution already in its midst, that has so great a geographical location, with twenty-nine railroads coming into its center within a radius of fifty miles. So I say that it is easily possible on that side to build a great institution of learning in the city of Indianapolis.

The other thing is this: There are certain laws which govern the support of educational institutions, and since there has been some quoting of Scripture here this evening I might be pardoned if I

quote a text. Here is a text that certainly applies to educational work. "To him that hath shall be given, and to him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have." The educational institution that has "gits," and the educational institution that hath not has taken away even that which it seemeth to have, and Butler College is now in the greatest danger in its history of having taken away that which it hath. The situation which obtains in this institution and others of its kind is extremely grave. Ladies and gentlemen, a college the size of Butler, with no larger resources than it has at the present moment, faces extinction. There is no question that Butler College must either get this eight millions, at least two millions quickly, or go out of business, and that suddenly. I think I am not betraying any confidence when I say that my former friend and classmate, Marion Burton, has just been called to the presidency of the University of Michigan (he was formerly president of Smith College and later of the University of Minnesota) at a salary of \$25,000 a year, with an assured compensation when he retires from office of \$10,000 a year. That \$25,000 a year is as much as the income of the total endowment of Butler College.

Now where does a college get its support? It gets it from three sources. I am not guessing; we know where colleges get their support, and they get it from these three points in exactly the ascending emphasis with which I mention them. First, from friends, people who have not been students, but who in some way have become interested in the institution. In fact, a great deal of college money comes that way. Some colleges have been largely endowed that way. For instance, there is a college in this state where the college president tells this story. One day a gentleman whom he had never seen walked up to him (this was a Christian college) and said he would like to buy a large piece of land and give it to the college. He did, and he afterwards gave that institution a very large sum of money as an endowment. He had never seen the president until that day; it was a Christian college and the gentleman who gave the money was a Jew. So it is from friends that a large amount of money comes to institutions.

The second source of power and strength of any college or uni-

versity is the alumni. Unless the alumni of an institution are loyal to it, it has not much future. Unless they believe in it, it never can go very far. Reference was made to the fact that our distinguished guest tonight is a director of Amherst. Some four or five years ago we sent out a questionnaire to 275 colleges of the United States asking this question: "What percentage of your support and what percentage of your student body come as a direct result of the influence of your alumni?" I shall never forget the answer of Amherst College. It was this: "Eighty per cent of our money and eighty per cent of our students come through our alumni." We found in averaging all the universities and colleges of the country that about fifty per cent of the financial resources of these institutions came from the alumni. That means that Butler College has some very good, live men back of it, and we need not think that the amount of money that has been mentioned here tonight is so much. The other day one man gave Yale eighteen millions, and another gentleman left Princeton fourteen millions. An alumnus of Oberlin left it three millions in stocks which are now worth ten millions. It is not so much money. Princeton University right now is asking for fourteen millions to increase teachers' salaries alone. Smith College for girls is asking for four millions for increased salaries for teachers, and yet we laugh when Clay Trusty mentions eight millions. It is an insignificant sum; it is too small to talk about.

The other thing, and the greatest financial resource of an institution, is its locality. You will find that the bulk of the support of institutions comes from locality. Here again I think Butler College is undoubtedly fortunate in being located in a large city, in being located in a great city, in being located in an American city, in being located in a city which is distinctly homelike and which has for one of its outstanding characteristics the fact that it is a city which loves the good, the true and the beautiful. It has not gone mad on industrialism. It is just the kind of a city in which great educational institutions ought to be built and can be built.

And now I will make a statement which I suppose will be criticized, but I do not care, and I do not want it to be understood as a criticism, but rather as a challenge. I simply state it as a fact, but in order to impress you I will state it as a challenge. I challenge

you to point to any city in America that has had an educational institution in its midst for seventy years, an institution that has been of as high grade in every way as Butler College, that has done so little for it. Point to one. You can not find its parallel on the American continent. There may be a reason for it; I suppose there are many reasons. Perhaps the city has never been asked. Perhaps it is Butler's fault; no, it is in part. But on the other hand I think that is one thing that you gentlemen who are undertaking this campaign will somehow or other, more tactfully than I have done, have to bring to the attention of this city—that it never has done for Butler College what it deserves. One criticism might be that it is a sectarian institution, but I think if Butler is to be criticized on that score it would be in exactly the opposite direction. I point to the fact that Chicago University has a clause in its charter that Butler College never thought of writing in its charter, with respect to the religious affiliations of its president and board of trustees, and yet Chicago University, which is a Baptist institution, has received the support of that city in unstinted measure, one of the largest benefactors being a Jew and another man being a member of another church. So I say that men and women in this city, no matter what their religious affiliations, no matter what their connections educationally may be, must be awakened to the fact that here is an institution worthy of support which has never been adequately supported. Take other cities: Cleveland has two great schools in its midst. The city of Pittsburgh, the city of Cincinnati, have the greatest technical schools on the American continent. Down in the city of Atlanta last May we found there the Georgia Tech, right in the heart of the city. Then there is the Agnes Scott School on the outskirts of the city, one of the great girls' schools in the nation, at least the greatest south of the Mason and Dixon Line. Then they have a great Episcopalian boys' school. And Atlanta is just about the size of Indianapolis. Then we went out to the great Emory University, and we found that there Atlanta had during the years of the war built a great educational institution, put up ten great buildings of Georgia marble, and the first unit of that university will have thirty-two buildings.

Now we brag about the eminent Hoosiers among the alumni of

Butler College; we brag about Indiana standing at the top educationally; we have talked about what a great intellectual center Indianapolis is. I wonder if the time has not come perhaps to prove whether we mean what we say, whether these words are simply fluff, or whether we actually intend to cash in.

These are plain words, but the ultimatum rendered by the relentless logic of the determinism under which we live is this—that Butler College must be endowed or die. Endowment or death is the verdict. But I believe that the better half of that ultimatum will prevail and I confidently believe that within five years Butler College will have eight million dollars.

Address

HILTON U. BROWN, INDIANAPOLIS: Mr. President, and Friends of Butler College—We are a good deal like a well regulated family. We may quarrel among ourselves at the breakfast table and call one another names and it will all be true; but you let a neighbor come in and try the same tactics and see how quickly we get together as one man. Now, all these things that have been said about Butler College are true, and all these men are prophets. The time that we have foreseen for years has come. The ghost of opportunity knocketh at the door. But this is not a wake yet. I had a good deal rather have a wake than the coroner. Now, Butler College is more important than the life of any man or any generation. Whenever you read the obituary of any prominent citizen in this city or vicinity you will most likely find somewhere in the lines that he got his early education at the old Northwestern Christian College or at Butler College. And that means that the contributions which this institution has made for several generations that have come and gone since the charter of the college was granted have been blessed beyond all our comprehension, and it takes some event like the death of a man who has helped to build up this community to recall

to us some of the valuable contributions this institution has made to Indianapolis and to Indiana. It is worth fighting for. We are not going to bury this institution. We have been talking a long time, but we felt that things were not just right—perhaps that is the reason we have not succeeded in doing more. But now by the consensus of judgment the time is ripe and you, ladies and gentlemen—you notice I put ladies before gentlemen—I always do, and particularly now in considering the future of this institution, because you are the people to make its success possible—you, ladies and gentlemen, are going to be approached more persistently and more relentlessly for contributions than you have ever before in your brief (speaking of the ladies) and your very long (speaking of the gentlemen) lives. And you are not going to escape by putting down a contribution for \$1.98. This is not a bargain occasion. You are going to give more money than you ever knew you had, because you never know you have any money when the collector comes around, and you probably have not, but you have the capacity to get it and that is what we want.

I talked to a French soldier who had been in the second battle of the Marne, and I talked with an American captain in the Second Division who came up on the first day of that great battle and relieved the French regiment. There were seventy men in that French regiment that after three days of endless fighting had merged out of the woods and came retreating down to Metz—the Paris road, and this Second Division facing the other direction approached. The leader of the seventy saluted the Colonel, the American commanding officer, and asked “Shall we pass through your lines, or die here?” And the Colonel said, “Pass through. You have done your share.” And the seventy tired, filthy, battle smelling, blood-covered French veterans passed through and on toward Paris; and those lean, fresh, khaki-uniformed Americans (and some of them, thank God, I see here tonight) passed on toward the approaching Germans. The Frenchmen said “You had better turn back, there is an avalanche coming down the road,” and the American boys replied, “What do you think we came over here for, to turn back?” And they went forward as gaily as this Committee of Twenty-five that you have heard of here tonight is

going forward, and marched to the same victory which this Committee demands for Butler College.

Some of us are rather stale. We feel just like a man that goes up to the telephone with a pencil and as he talks digs into the plaster, or into the table, and digs and digs with that pencil until he has made an impression. That is just what we do, only we find after we have left the phone that we have unconsciously spelled out the word "Butler." Some of us are so full of this project that it is part of our lives. We are like the man who said he talked to himself in order to find out what was in his own mind, or like the boy who turns his pockets inside out to find out what the inventory includes. And when I turn my mind inside out I nearly always discover something relating to the one fad of my feeble and uninteresting career. It is a good thing to have a worth-while fad, and mine has always been Butler College. Sometimes a fad that hangs on to a man is the only thing about him that is worth while, and that is how some of us who have been fighting the battles of this institution and dreaming of the day which in God's Providence is now about to appear, feel. We do not necessarily fight for this larger institution because we hope to see it larger, but we fight for the same reason that the City of Indianapolis fought a few years ago for the electric trolley system. The old mule lines were no longer adequate. We do not fight because we want a great institution comparable with other great institutions, but we feel that this community needs an institution of the size and capacity and usefulness that we have in mind, that that need is imperative, and that it is our duty to see that the institution is made what the community has now grown to demand. We want an institution that will do the things that these gentlemen have laid before you. We want a large acreage, in the first place, because some of you may strike oil and come back to the old campus and look about and say, "You need a few more departments, don't you?" and then President Howe—who will still be faithful and we hope will still be wielding the power that resides in his right arm and in his strong intellectuality—will say, "We do." And then when you give these new departments we must have room enough so they can be created. We must have the acreage and we must have an outlet, and when we

do our part we will demand that the City of Indianapolis do its part. We will not drive around Robin Hood's barn and over railroads and switches to get to it; we want it as accessible as any of the great institutions in this or any other city. If we build it in Irvington we must have a thoroughfare to Irvington, not be compelled to pass through such tribulations to reach our homes and this institution as we have passed through all these years. Then we have a right to have a good street car system, and Doctor Jameson, who is one of our Board of Trustees and who is now taking control of the street railway, is going to help us get what we need. And we must have and will have a driveway to Irvington wide enough so that a Ford can pass a milk wagon without getting up on the sidewalk.

Now, all these things go together. You build a great institution and you build the whole city. First you build it physically and the city rises to it. Here is an institution seventy years old, with live people in every department, with thousands of graduates all over the world, and they are going to help us to perfect this new arrangement which we propose, and with this new college and the new money and the new equipment which we must also have, we are going to rise to the situation and be citizens of no mean city, and also patrons and students of no mean institution. Just a few miles away are other institutions, and within seventy-five miles, as the doctor has explained, the bulk of the attendance is to be found. Within seventy-five miles of Indianapolis are more men and women than could be crowded into all the colleges and educational institutions of this state, but why in the name of the great horn spoon should this institution be selected if it has not the equipment of the little old red school house?

Our business now is to put into this institution enough energy and new life so that beginning with one year from tonight when we meet together on Founders' Day we may be able to tell of many new glories that are added to this already distinguished institution.

PRESIDENT HOWE: Enough has been said. It is time to go out and do. Will you rise while Doctor Paul dismisses us with a word of prayer?

Benediction by Dr. Paul.

The Story of the Hawaiian Mission

By KATHARINE MERRILL GRAYDON

To one looking for the first time upon the fair Hawaiian Islands they seem the realization of the "sure word of prophecy: Ye shall run and not be weary; ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace; for the eyes of the Lord are always upon the land, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year." "For the land is a land of hills and valleys; and the mountains shall bring peace to the people."

And they seem, too, the country of which the eternal Homer had caught sight: "the world's end, where life is most easy for man; and where neither snow nor cold nor storm is known, but always Ocean sendeth forth the breeze of the shrill West to blow cool on man."

And Shelley knew the land as the place where "moonlight and song and feeling are one."

Other poets, also, have been dreaming and singing of just such air, such sky, such mountains and sea and vegetation as are found in this little cluster of Islands "set in the silver sea;" this "happy breed of men," "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

In 1778 the English navigator, Captain Cook, visited this then nameless country. He looked upon the mountain chains, mercilessly seamed and gored and cleft, but covered to the peak with soft fernery and shrubbery; he saw and heard the loud-sounding sea as it dashed against coral reefs or extended over watery ways to the horizon; he felt the balmy air; the eternal stars shone in their largeness and brightness; the tropical colors and radiant flowers and birds of brilliant plumage, which, too, have passed away at the breath of civilization: all these met his vision. Indeed, Nature had created a Paradise. The only unlovely thing in this garden of the Lord was Man. Here were human beings in their primitive stage and state, not "a little lower than the angels," but little—very little—above the animals of the wildness. They were the naked natives—ignorant, debased, idolatrous, given over to

tabu and human sacrifice, living in caves when the elements demanded protection, eating roots of the forest and uncooked fish of the sea, addicted to infanticide and paricide, stupid to all the loveliness of their surroundings. Indeed, it was a fathomless depth of degradation.

Today, one hundred forty-two years later, one sails luxuriously to Honolulu, the capital city of the united group of islands, under preservation and possession of the United States government. This up-to-date municipality of less than 75,000 people presents good business buildings, churches, schools, residences, cement walks, electric car lines, automobiles, many nationalities, the Hawaiians in civilized dress speaking English, large churches of their own, well organized and self-supporting, carrying on missionary work at home and abroad, hospitals, kindergartens, homes for the indigent aged, until one exclaims, "What hath God wrought!"

The Pilgrim Fathers, who left their native land and crossed the ocean and braved the horrors of the American wilderness to obtain civil and religious freedom, founded the most prosperous and progressive nation of history and created a new era in the world. But a higher movement began when there went out from the United States and other enlightened countries pilgrims seeking not so much to establish their own rights as to promote the welfare of others, and even to uplift and to save the most unworthy of mankind—a movement influential in transforming the human race.

The ancient condition of these Islanders was like that of the natives of the South Pacific, to whose race they belonged. Many years ago a company of Polynesians driven by storms, drew near to these islands in canoes and joyfully beheld their beautiful mountains. They landed, gaining a living from the native productions of mountains and sea. Through unknown ages, the descendants of this company roamed over this little ocean world, knowing of no land beyond the blue horizon of the surrounding waters. The primitive condition of these people was well described by St. Paul, who saw better than he knew the heathen world at large, when he wrote they were "filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetness, maliciousness, full of envy, murder, malignity,

inventors of evil things, without natural affection," etc. To such degradation the arrival of white men from civilized countries was like the coming of beings from another planet.

Captain Cook had been sent out by the British government for astronomical purposes to the island of Tahiti. In his effort to find a northern and shorter passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, he stumbled, in 1778, on this group of Islands, named them for his patron, Lord Sandwich, and made them known to the world. A rare opportunity was his to give to these natives their first knowledge of civilization, but he was unequal to the occasion and thoroughly unworthy of it. The poor people looked upon him as divine, prostrated themselves in his presence, brought him gifts of richest store. The king gave to him six splendid feather cloaks, which were worth, in the labor of making alone, over a million dollars. In return Cook gave the King one linen shirt and a cutlass! The Britisher took advantage of their superstitious reverence and exacted immense supplies of food, taking the sacred fence of their temple for fuel. This desecration of their religious rights was in time resented. The King, for protesting, was arrested, and all who tried to rescue him were shot down. The result of the whole matter was that Cook himself was killed. His coming among them was like the springing of a wolf into a sheepfold to slay some of the flock and to be slain himself.

After this disastrous termination of Cook's visits to Hawaii, no ships approached the land for years, so cruel a reputation had the people acquired for barbarism. In time, however, fur trade with the northwest coast of our country began, and vessels often put into the Islands for supplies. After this trade declined, that of sandalwood commenced, the fragrant wood being taken to China and sold at great price for incense in temples. In course of years the whale oil business began and whaling vessels visited here for supplies and for wintering. When in about 1860 this interest, too, declined, new agricultural enterprises were started, and sugar, rice, and other tropical productions brought great wealth to the Islands.

The influence of the many adventurers who visited this little

land in these various capacities was most deplorable. While a very few, like Captain Vancouver, urged the natives to give up war and to do away with tabu, and in general exerted a good influence, others were little better than the savages themselves and left in their wake only the devouring influence of disease and intoxicants and a modernized system of warfare.

A strife had now arisen among the Chiefs for the rule of Hawaii, the largest of the group, which spread to Maui, over to Oahu and across to Kauai, until in 1810 all were subdued and the whole group united into one monarchical form of government under Kamehameha I, known as "The Great," or "The Lonely One"—and a truly great Chief he was. This cessation of inter-island warfare and establishment of a united government over the group paved the way for the abolition of tabu, and the two changes were a wonderful providential preparation for the coming of the Gospel. Tabu was a cruelly strict system of prohibition, which fell with especial weight upon women and common people. Men and women could not eat together, could not eat food baked in the same oven, could not cross the shadow of royalty, women could not eat bananas, cocoanuts, fish, pork, or other good things, save on pain of death. The strictures were very numerous and complex. We have no conception of the strength of character required to break tabu, for it meant the doing away with idolatry. To us the entanglement of tabu and idol-worship seems inane and foolish; but to them it was desperately real. Both fell into ruins at once, not brought about suddenly by any one great force, but by various influences until the whole system disintegrated and fell apart.

While these political and religious changes were happening on the Islands, interest in the natives was being excited in New England by several Hawaiian youths who had been employed as seamen on returning whaling vessels. One of these boys, Obookiah, was found one morning by Rev. Mr. Dwight, weeping on the steps of a Yale College building and by him kindly cared for; until sent to a school then organized for foreign children. Here he became converted and begged piteously that Christian teachers be sent to his people. This entreaty and the fact that he, when about ready

to return to homeland on fire with enthusiasm over what would be accomplished there by his Great Story, suddenly died, aroused much interest in New England churches; and so, in 1819, a little over forty years after the discovery of Hawaii, the first missionaries set sail. The happenings of life seem at times so strange and inexplicable that we call them mysterious; but when the elevation which years bring gives perspective and clears away the mists, how wondrous the picture and how still more wondrous the plan! Obookiah's death accomplished more for these Islands than a life of Methuselah's length could ever have accomplished.

So, in 1820, arrived the first missionaries, among them being the Bingham, the Chamberlains, the Thurstons—names honored and dear. From a worldly point of view, a wild enterprise it was, for these young brave hearts. To go with their refined wives from the peace and order and sweet amenity of civilization to live among the savages was almost like going into the infernal regions; but the faith and Christian devotion with which they went forth were rewarded beyond expectation, for unknown to them idolatry had been voluntarily abolished.

The first difficulty encountered was to gain permission to land and to live in the Islands, for the degraded foreigners, living with the natives, were intent on keeping them out; but the King, finally, with reluctance allowed them to land one year on trial. The next difficulty lay in taking up residence in the midst of such people. When the wives of the company first saw the natives, they exclaimed, "Can these be human beings?" and some of them went below in their cabin and wept. The owner of a trading vessel on seeing them land exclaimed, "These ladies can not remain here. They will all return in less than one year." And with kind solicitude he gave orders that his vessels should give free passage to the United States whenever they should apply.

There were at times, things ridiculous as well as revolting in the appearance of the natives, especially when they tried to combine with their own barbaric style the fashions of civilized peoples. Soon after the arrival of the missionaries, the accession of Liholiho to sovereignty was celebrated. The wives of the King were borne

in a procession with great pomp. The head queen was seated in a whale boat carried by seventy men. Her covering was seventy-two yards of orange and scarlet double-width kersey cloth which was wrapped around and around her waist until her arms were held by it in horizontal position, while the remainder formed a train borne by her attendants. These people were greatly attracted by shoes. Their feet had never been housed. One missionary tells of the delay to his service because a whole congregation must depend for entrance upon one pair of shoes—the shoes thrown from the window after each worshipper had reached his pew.

If, however, there were untold difficulties, there were, also some encouraging features to the situation. One was the wonder with which the natives regarded books and reading. Their zeal to learn to read and to possess a book was great. Another advantage lay in the favor and help of the wives of the first Kamehameha, and of several high chiefs. One, Keopuolani, was the granddaughter of the king who received Captain Cook and the mother of the kings Kamehameha II and III. So sacred was her person that whenever she walked abroad all who saw her prostrated themselves to earth. She was one of the first converts and showed true Christian character, working earnestly for the establishment of churches and schools. The convert on Oahu was the Queen-Regent Kaahumanu, favorite wife of Kamehameha I. She was so changed from a haughty, cruel, degraded savage that her people spoke of her as the "new Kaahumanu," and not her least loving friends were the missionaries. Quite as notable was Kapiolani, also the daughter of kings. In 1824 she made up her mind to break the spell of belief in Pele, the awful goddess of the volcano; so, for this purpose she walked one hundred miles to Kilauea. Her husband and many friends implored her not to arouse the wrath of the goddess; a priest met her at the edge of the crater and predicted certain death; but she courageously descended into the volcano up to the brink of the burning lake, and there defiantly ate the berries consecrated to the goddess and threw stones into the fountain of fire, exclaiming, "Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele." Then in the lurid glow the dusky woman knelt in

prayer. This is dramatic, but much more is it significant and appealing. These women possessed some marks of true greatness—they knew the Light when they saw it; they had strength of character to live up to what they were taught was the Truth; they sweetened and softened under the words of the Great Message; they loved their people and in every way wished to help them. It was a force for good scarcely realized when these rulers of state, whose power was despotic, allied themselves with the mission cause. Surely, the stars seemed to be fighting against barbarism.

The American Board early determined to hasten the Christianizing of the Hawaiian Islands that they might be held up as an example of the success of Foreign Missions, and for this reason sent there their strong men in large numbers. But, notwithstanding many favoring circumstances, the great mass of the people long continued indifferent to the teaching. It took time to beat into their darkened minds the conception of a holy God who demanded holiness of living, and a need of salvation.

The missionaries finally came to realize more than they had done their own need of divine help to change the character of the people. The result of increased earnestness was felt in a revival all over the Islands as has rarely been seen in the history of the Church. People were so moved they did not attend to business; little children instead of playing on the beach were heard in the thickets and among the rocks, praying; natives crowded the houses of the missionaries to be taught. As a result, from 1836 to 1840, about twenty thousand were received in the churches. The outcome of this revival was a progress and prosperity which have continued down to this day. One of the most important of the many results was the change in the form of the civil government. Heretofore, the king and chiefs had been savage despots and the people under them cringing slaves. Under the new religious influence, however, the rulers came to realize the need of a better government and, in course of time, the King voluntarily relinquished a large part of his lands and of his power for the good of his people. Previously, he had been owner of all the lands; now, he assigned one-third of them to the government and one-third of them to the common

people. He appointed a commission which should see that every Hawaiian family possessed a title to land on which they and their forefathers had lived. He, also, employed the best legal talent to form a code of laws and a constitution of government. This constitution provided for a legislature consisting of nobles appointed by the King and of representatives elected by the people, a judiciary of higher and lower courts, and an excellent system of public schools. Now, because of having so good a system of government, the Hawaiian Islands obtained recognition from other nations as an independent country. This was needed, for usurpations of France in the Pacific had extended to these Islands, and a long struggle had been made by Roman Catholic priests and French war vessels to bring them under the dominion of France; English officials had twice tried to seize them for Britain; and Russia had once sought them for her possession, having even hoisted her flag over them. With great skill the Hawaiian government had thwarted all these efforts, and obtained a joint treaty from France and Britain by which they promised forever to respect the independence of the Hawaiian Islands and "never to take possession of any part of the territory of which they are composed." The United States had previously made a treaty of friendly recognition of Hawaii as an independent country, and so the little land took a place in the world as entitled to the rank and privilege of a civilized and Christianized nation.

The American Board now entered on a course which seriously imperiled the results of the fifty years of mission work that had been performed in these islands. Concluding that their object of quickly evangelizing the Hawaiians had been accomplished and that they could hold them up to the world as illustration of missionary success, they determined to withdraw from them; so, in 1870, a jubilee celebration of fifty years of labor was held with great enthusiasm in Honolulu; and in the Kawaiahao Church in the presence of three thousand people, of the King and Queen, the high officials of the government and the representatives of foreign powers, memorial addresses were delivered in the Hawaiian and English languages and the announcement made that the work of

the American Board in the Hawaiian Islands was completed. Delightful though this announcement was abroad, it was received by many people in the Islands with sad forebodings. The Hawaiian Christians were, indeed, not strong enough to manage their own churches.

After this time the government was conducted by monarchs who, with one exception, were far from friendly to the mission cause. As it had been of great advantage to the missionaries during the fifty previous years for the kings and chiefs to use their influence in their behalf, so now it was an equally great disadvantage for the King and his officials to use their influence against them.

A struggle began in which successive rulers tried to override or to change the constitution of the government in order to obtain greater power and money for their dissipation and senseless pomp. The painful history of these political events combines with the story of the missionary operations like the strange blending found on Hawaii of barren lava-flows with tracts of luxuriant vegetation. Down through the later Kamehamehas to the dissolute Kalakaua and his sister Liliuokalani, the spirit of the government and the spirit of the missionaries were in direct and sad opposition. It seemed as if the wave of paganism were again sweeping the land, as if the accomplishment of earlier years, at so costly a price, were being wrested from their now weary and frail hands, when Kalakaua started on his career of demoralization and persecution of the Christian churches. But the indignation of the better classes against the evil course of this corrupt king finally rose to white heat and demanded a new constitution of limited power. The effort of his sister to subvert the government was not less iniquitous than Kalakaua's, and the end of all the struggle was that the Islands were in time annexed by the United States. The political question had long since ceased to be whether or not the Hawaiian government should maintain her independence, but now was what foreign government should hold her control—England, Japan, Germany, or the United States. All that Hawaii is—industrially, politically, religiously—she owes to the band of good men and women who went out to her from New England. It is interesting

to note that during the unhappy struggles, the most intelligent natives resisted the evil course of the kings at no little peril to themselves. The traveler on the Islands sometimes finds trees of gorgeous bloom rising alone out of the ancient lava-flows, seemingly the more beautiful by contrast with their gloomy surroundings. So, the steadfast integrity of these Hawaiians appears the more striking because of its continuance amid the almost universal corruption of the people and the threats of the monarchs. All this struggle with paganism would doubtless never have occurred if the mission work had been continued in the Islands and the natives constantly lifted to a higher character and nerved to resist the temptations and threats of corrupt rulers.

But notwithstanding these demoralizing influences Hawaii has grown in wealth, refinement and material prosperity. There are no poor houses in the Islands, no occasion for them. All the people are in fairly comfortable circumstances; all the children are taught the English language in the public schools; the natives are peaceful, law-abiding people; the number of convicts in prison is only one-third of one per cent of the population, and the greater part of these are Asiatics or Portuguese. A happy result of Christianizing the natives is seen in the schools, in the Christian Associations, in missionary enterprises for the conversion of the islanders of the South Pacific—in the many, many forms of beautiful activities resulting from the descendants of the early missionaries.

All this change from barbarism to civilization has cost the American churches about one million dollars. This investment has paid, even in dollars and cents, for the annual income of the Islands is many times that amount. This investment has paid in the security of life and property that has thereby been caused. Instead of being a pirate's lair, as without the missionary enterprise they would have been, the Islands are safe and charming places of resort. The United States spent six millions of dollars in subduing the little tribe of Modoc Indians in California; in ten years, \$232,000,000 in wars with the Indians, and in their whole history \$500,000,000 in such wars; but the Hawaiians are far better renovated by a mere fraction of such expenditure. This investment has paid

in the social and moral good that has been thereby caused and which can not be estimated in money, for its price is above rubies.

This investment has paid also in the thousands of persons who have been received into the churches. It is true that these converts have not risen to the high character that has been displayed in countries of older civilization and that in recent times they have degenerated. As one goes to them with high standards of character to which our race has come through centuries of Christian privilege, one sees much in them to regret; but when one calls to mind what they formerly were and considers from what depths of degradation they have been lifted, one can not but wonder at what they are. The words once uttered by the saintly John Newton of himself, might well be adopted by them: "I am not what I was; I am not what I should be; I am not what I shall be; but by the grace of God I am what I am."

All that they are, all their progress and prosperity, all the safety and delight of life among them is because of the hopes and aims and labors and prayers of those great early missionaries—the Alexanders, Armstrongs, Bingham, Baldwins, Bishops, Damons, Castles, Cookes, Chamberlains, Parkers, Thurstons, and many others—an eternal bead roll.

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

ISSUED JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER

Published by the Alumni Association of Butler College, Indianapolis, Ind. Subscription price, two dollars per year.

Entered as second-class matter, March 26, 1912, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Officers of the Alumni Association—President, Robert A. Bull, '97; First Vice-President, Vincent G. Clifford, '79; Second Vice-President, Anna K. Murphy, '10; Treasurer, Stanley Sellick, '16.

Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly—Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

Founder's Day

Another Founder's Day has been celebrated at Butler—and what a happy and thrilling day it was! To youth almost all days are happy; but to older folks, who know how many gray days there are, there is a peculiar satisfaction in thus participating in a festival in which the gentler joys of memory are added to the thrill of anticipation. It was a most significant Founder's Day, perhaps the most momentous one in the life of the college. Speakers emphasized this in both morning and evening programs.

In the first place it is a unique period in the history of the world. The Great War has left nothing unchanged, and all the nations seem standing on the tiptoe of expectation, awaiting the great reconstruction of a war-torn and puzzled world. Then we are at the beginning of a new era for Butler College. With our old buildings crowded far beyond their capacity, with hundreds of beaming young faces to be seen in corridors and class rooms, with all departments demanding opportunities for development, even the most conservative of us must realize that a new expansion is inevitable.

These two ideas—a newer and better world order and a better and bigger Butler, were the main ideas brought out by Dr. Stone in his morning chapel address, and by the various speakers at the

evening dinner. Dr. Stone's address in the chapel was reverent in tone and helpful in its content, as he presented briefly but forcefully the great power inherent in youth, when it is informed by knowledge and inspired by vision. At the dinner, the good friends of Butler who work as well as they talk, for the interests of the college, sent everybody home with the determination to do all in his power to make possible that greater institution that the city and the community so badly need, the institution that shall grow from the Butler we all know and love. Butler's career in the past has been an honorable one—well may her children rise up and call her blessed. But in the future the college will bring its opportunities within the reach of thousands to whom it can not minister with smaller equipment.

It was a good day all around; it was one of the big white milestones on the road of Butler history.

MRS. JESSIE CHRISTIAN BROWN, '97.

Commencement

The features of the Commencement program will be as heretofore: Baccalaureate Address, Sunday afternoon, June 13; Philokurian Reunion, June 14; Class Day and Alumni Reunion, June 16; Commencement, June 17. More definite announcement will be made later. Now is your time, however, to begin to make plans to be present.

Class of '95

The Silver Anniversary falls this year to the Class of '95. It is hoped that every member may be back to join in a celebration. The present directory of the Class is:

May Brayton (Mrs. A. A. Johnson), 209 Downey Ave., Indianapolis.

Nelson Dewey Brayton, M. D., Miami, Arizona.

Harriet Brevoort (Mrs. A. N. Blessing), Montrose, Colorado.

Edward Augustus Brown, M. D., 1511 Pleasant St., Indianapolis.

Edgar Thomas Forsyth, 5329 University Ave., Indianapolis.

Georgia Noble Galvin (Mrs. Mansur Oakes), 2121 N. Alabama St., Indianapolis.

Dorinda Green (Mrs. R. G. Morgan), Plainfield, Ind.

Dora Collins Hadley (Mrs. E. H. Clifford), Lawrenceburg, Ind.

George Wilson Hoke, 2027 Ashland Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Arthur Albert Johnson, Washington, D. C.

May Louisa Lepper, 866 E. Main St., Portland, Oregon.

Laura Mace (Mrs. Robert F. Hester), Bloomington, Ind.

Rose McNeal (Mrs. Walter Kessler), 53 The Blacherne, Indianapolis.

Bertha Negley (Mrs. Eugene Wright), 136 S. Arlington Ave., Indianapolis.

Grace May Reeves (Mrs. John L. Morris), Columbus, Ind.

Laura Evelyn Rupp, 2134 N. New Jersey St., Indianapolis.

Charles Burr Taylor, M. D., What Cheer, Iowa.

Time has starred three names: Mary Edna Arnold, who died January 2, 1898, at Souders, Illinois; Eva Lou Goodykoontz, who died June 22, 1911, at Indianapolis; and Harry Leonard Henderson, who died in December, 1905, at Michigan City, Indiana.

The New Athletic Director

Harlan Orville Page, better known as Pat Page, assistant coach to A. A. Stagg at Chicago University, has accepted the position as director of athletics at Butler College. Ever since last fall when Butler experienced the most disastrous football season in the history of the college, the alumni and student body have demanded that a permanent athletic director be selected in order that Butler would be put on an athletic equality with DePauw, Wabash and other Indiana colleges.

The coming of Pat Page to Butler marks the passing of the regime of haphazard athletic effort at Butler, and means that from now on Blue and White teams in all branches of sport can be counted on to put up the most scientific as well as the hardest kind of fight against the best teams the state can produce.

Page was graduated from the University of Chicago in 1910 and has been working under Stagg in the athletic department of the university ever since. He prepared for college at Lewis Institute, competing in distance races and basketball.

While at Chicago, Page competed for four years in athletics, playing end and quarterback in football and acting as captain of the Maroons in 1909. Chicago won the western conference championship title two of the four years Page played on the varsity eleven. In basketball, Page played guard on the team that won the western title three successive years and won the national championship by defeating the Pennsylvania University five, champions of the east, in two straight games.

Page was a pitcher on the varsity nine, and while a freshman at Chicago, competed in track. After graduating, Page managed and played on the Chicago University baseball teams that toured the Orient in the fall of 1910 and again in 1915. Page has never entered professional athletics.

As a member of the athletic department of Chicago, he has been right-hand man to Stagg for the last nine years. He has really had the duties of assistant athletic director, and during Stagg's illness he has been head coach for seasons at a time. He is head coach in

basketball and baseball and has been first assistant to Stagg in football since 1911. In Coach Stagg's absence he has acted as track director.

Page has also conducted a school for coaches during the summer months and has been associated with the American College of Physical Culture in Chicago, doing lecture work. He has done some newspaper writing for the Chicago papers.

Besides managing and coaching various varsity teams, Page is greatly interested in collegiate intramural work, and has done much at Chicago to promote mass athletics. During the war he acted as bayonet instructor at Ft. Sheridan.

Mr. Page is not expected to take full charge of affairs at Butler until next fall.—*Indianapolis News*, Sporting Page.

The Athletic Director

It has become universally recognized within the last few years that the duty of an educational institution to its students does not stop at the doors of the classroom, but that physical development and an intelligent participation in sport have a part in the life of the individual student, just as important as the purely educational features of the curriculum.

As a result the athletic director of today is a far different person from the professional coach of ten years ago, whose sole object was to produce a team of highly specialized athletes, and whose measure of success was the number of championships won. Under this system the great majority of the student body took no active part in athletics.

The athletic director is now a member of the faculty, just as a professor of history, of literature, of economics. His work is not seasonal, but he is kept busy from one end of the college year to the other. He has charge of all athletic activities, football, baseball, tennis, basketball and track, and it is his duty to see that the entire

student body takes an active, participating part in intramural athletics as well as to turn out varsity teams of championship caliber. On this basis Butler College and Indianapolis are to be felicitated on the coming of Harlan O. Page, better known in the athletic and college world as "Pat" Page.

By personality and training, Mr. Page is an ideal man for the position at Butler. He is a graduate of Chicago University, was an athlete of ability, playing on numerous championship teams in his undergraduate days, and since 1910 has been right hand man to Alonzo A. Stagg, director of athletics at that institution, and one of the great men of the country in his line of work. Above all, Mr. Page understands the psychology of American youth and embodies in himself the characteristics of ability, sportsmanship and gentlemanliness that form our conception of an ideal American. Mr. Stagg paid a personal tribute to Mr. Page when he said to the Butler committee: "If you had asked me to recommend the best man in the country I could have conscientiously recommended no one but Pat Page."

President Howe, the trustees, faculty and alumni of Butler are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts to abolish the old, haphazard, fuzzy, unsystematic methods of athletic control, and on the installation of an effective system of athletic development. It is a fitting start toward the attainment of Butler's ideals as embodied in the plan for an enlarged institution.—*Indianapolis News*, Editorial.

From the Treasurer

We discovered that many of the subscriptions to the QUARTERLY were not paid up—some were a year or two behind. In most cases it was not wholly the fault of the subscriber—our system was weak—yet the mailing list was allowed to stand. This, of course, resulted in a deficit when we attempted to pay the printer's bills. The editor used to make up such deficits, but we would not think of continuing on that basis; neither would you if you were in our place. Our letter to almost everybody on the mailing list was cold-blooded and formal, but we hadn't time to write each a personal letter and explain, arrears, advance in subscription rates, deficits, etc., neither could we donate the money to hire it done, hence the shock which some of you received.

The responses to the letters sent out—over six hundred of them—were humorous, critical, and appreciative, and the treasury has been replenished quite materially. You will enjoy these clippings from some of the many replies:

Indianapolis, Ind.

Please accept my dues for this year and the two preceding and my apologies for not sending them sooner.

LUCY TOPP.

Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va.

Enclosed you will find \$2.00 per your notice of December 12. I must receive the QUARTERLY for I sure want to keep in touch with Butler doings. I have always been proud of Butler College and, therefore, anxious to be familiar with what you folks have on hand.

CLOYD GOODNIGHT, President.

Plattsburg, Mo.

Am enclosing check for \$2.00. Butler folks are not thick out here. It would be interesting to me to see your Missouri mailing list. With very best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year for "the College that I love the best" and for yourself.

CARL BURKHARDT.

Charlestown, Ind.

With best wishes for the success of the QUARTERLY.

MRS. T. J. MARSHALL.

Indiana State Board of Health.

Please make sure that I do not miss the January number.

I. L. MILLER,
State Food and Drug Commissioner.

Danville, Ill.

Find enclosed express order for two dollars for one year's payment for BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY. It is almost forty-eight years since I graduated with the class of 1872. I left the college to go into the Civil War. When that was ended I took some years to gather enough money to finish my course. There are few left of my class. You might say in the QUARTERLY that if any of them see this note, I should be much pleased to hear from them. I would inform them that I am at 147 Robinson Street, Danville, Ill., in my eighty-third year, fairly well, but not able to get about much, on account of weakness in my legs. I should be glad to have a word from any of the old boys. I am one hundred per cent American.

Going, but quite slowly; living, but quite lowly.

W. R. JEWELL.

Lafayette, Ind., 638 Ferry Street.

Of course I want the QUARTERLY. Please say in the QUARTERLY that I have moved from Los Angeles to Lafayette, Ind., and have taken the pastorate of the Lafayette church.

My daughter, Mildred K. Jessup, who was three years in Butler, finished her university course in University of Southern California, with an extra year in post graduate work and is now teaching English and Latin in the high school at Woodlake, California.

J. NEWTON JESSUP.

State Normal School, Minot, N. D.

I am enclosing herewith check for two dollars to pay my membership in the B. C. A. Q. Did not know it had lapsed.

The QUARTERLY is a decidedly creditable publication and should continue its career.

WM. F. CLARKE.

San Francisco, Cal.

Enclosed please find check for year's subscription. Pardon delay.

MRS. PAUL B. HAY.

Cambridge City, Ind.

In reply to yours of 18th inst. I just plead negligence. Sure I want the QUARTERLY. It is just like getting a letter from home to receive the QUARTERLY. Enclosed find check to the amount of \$2.00.

JENNIE N. KISER.

Rockford, Ill.

A decade or so ago one of the requirements for admission to Butler was *ordinary human intelligence*. May I suggest that letters to the Alumni would do well to take that point into consideration? Kindly strike my name from the list. ETHEL HORTON.

Shelbyville, Ind.

Find enclosed check for two dollars annual alumni fee. I enjoy the QUARTERLY very much and am sorry for the delay in sending dues. It was an oversight. ELVA A. YARLING.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Yours of recent date received. I am indeed sorry that I have been so negligent about my Alumni dues for this year. Please find enclosed two dollars for the ensuing year. Begging your pardon for my tardiness, I remain, EMMA C. STRADLING.

Detroit, Mich.

This subscription had escaped my notice and I am glad to be reminded. For the convenience of both of us please do not send QUARTERLY unless dues have been paid in advance.

C. E. OBETZ.

LaPorte, Ind.

Your letter about the BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY reached me during the holidays, so I have been rather slow in answering. I certainly appreciate the QUARTERLY and should hate to have to miss the January number, so I am herewith enclosing a cheque for \$2.00.

IRMA STONE.

Wichita, Kansas.

Enclosed please find my check for \$2.00 for dues in the Butler College Alumni Association to October, 1920, as per your letter of December 18. The only reason it has not been sent before is that it was overlooked, as I appreciate the QUARTERLY very much. I look forward to its coming with the greatest interest, and the more especially so for the reason that there are only a few Butler people in this part of the country and I rarely hear of their doings except from that source.

It is now twenty years since I was at Butler. I would appreciate it if my location should be mentioned in the QUARTERLY some time as I doubt if many of those I used to know have heard of me for a long time. My court is in the nature of a county court and has no exact counterpart in Indiana. I have also been a member of the Teachers' Committee on our Board of Education for about five years and this, to a certain extent, has kept me in touch with educational matters. JESSE D. WALL.

New Haven, Conn.

I am very sorry that your letter of December 18 was mislaid and that I only noticed today (when the QUARTERLY arrived) that you had requested dues by January 15. I trust my check can be used at this late date and that the QUARTERLY will continue to reach this address.

W. R. LONGLEY.

Hiram College, Hiram, Ohio.

I'd be glad to contribute to a fund for the benefit of Butler, but it keeps me busy with my dues in the "Society for the Maintenance of the Children of Indigent College Professors." E. H. CLARKE.

Note: Prof. Clarke's dues are paid.—Treasurer.

Flanagan, Ill.

With thanks for your courtesy, and hopes for the success of the QUARTERLY, I am,

CHAS. A. STEVENS.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Enclosed please find check for \$2.00 for subscription to the QUARTERLY. I am very sure that if you would send your bills when subscriptions expire, there would not be so many running backward in subscriptions.

I would also suggest that you print the name of your secretary, as neither I nor my secretary can decipher the writing.

A. B. THRASHER.

Warren, Ohio.

Here comes my "\$2.00 due" and thank you for the reminder. In addition to "dues" do we have, or why can't we have a large number of alumni making annual allowances to Butler College from their tithe? With Men and Millions pledge still working and the "Hiram campaign" and other specials which I hope to put across here, I could not do much more with my tithe this year but, if I was apprised of such a program in advance, I could count her a ten or thereabouts before it was all voted out.

HALLY C. BURKHART.

Indianapolis, Ind.

I enjoy the QUARTERLY very much and would miss it if my name should be taken from your mailing list. Accept my best wishes for a happy and successful New Year. Again thanking you for calling my attention to my neglect, I am,

RUTH CANNADAY.

Miami, Florida.

Best wishes for Butler and the QUARTERLY and all the force.

OLLIE M. CHANDLER.

Rossville, Ind.

Please find enclosed my check for four (\$4.00) dollars in payment of the annual Alumni dues of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Cassel of the classes of 1867 and 1868.

F. C. CASSEL.

Some of the many, many others who sent in their subscriptions with appreciative letters, but which for want of space we can not publish, are:

Crate D. Bowen, Miami, Fla.; Fred M. Wade, Manchester, Iowa; Mildred Moorhead Shafto, Spring Lake Beach, N. J.; James B. Curtis, New York City, N. Y.; J. W. Barnett, Needham, Mass.; B. M. Davis, Oxford, Ohio; Lora Carver, Indianapolis, Ind.; T. N. Hill, Bina, C. P., India; Andrew Leitch, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Hiram Hadley, Mesilla Park, N. M.; Vance Garner, Indianapolis, Ind.; Dr. Clarence Reidenbach, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mattie Empson, New York City, N. Y.; Hon. Martin A. Morrison, Washington, D. C.; R. A. Bull, Sewickley, Pa.; Wm. Mullendore, Franklin, Ind.; Laz Noble, Warrenton, Va.; Laura A. Reed Bridges, Newcastle, Ind.; Mrs. A. M. Fletcher, Proctorsville, Vt.; A. H. Washburn, Petosky, Mich.; Ross R. Scott, Somerset, Pa.; Z. T. Sweeney, Columbus, Ind.; Hugh Th. Miller, Columbus, Ind.; M. T. Clifford, Tacoma, Wash.; U. C. Mallon, Francisville, Ind.; Frances M. Perry, Tucson, Ariz.; Irene Hunt, Spokane, Wash.; Marjorie Curme, Chicago, Ill.; Vida G. Cottman, Madison, Ind.; Lola Walling, Pennville, Ind.; B. A. Markham, Angola, Ind.; H. A. Morrison, Chicago, Illinois.

ELMA A. HILL, '16: The October number of the QUARTERLY has reached us and I don't want to put off a single day the letter I've been intending to write you. The BUTLER QUARTERLY has been such a treat to us this year and we wouldn't have missed all these numbers for anything. Last year before they began coming to us, Mr. Rioch always shared his copies, so we have not been without them once and don't want to be. We note the change in price and can appreciate why that is necessary.

Almost two years have passed since we left the home land. Now that we are at work the months go by quickly. We are spending some of the time in camp these winter months and from our camp

go out to little villages all about, visiting the people as we have opportunities. Mr. Hill has several evangelists working with him; I have one Bible woman. This work is intensely interesting and we feel we are beginning to know and understand the people.

I have not yet seen Margaret Davis Stevens. She and Dr. Stevens reached Bombay the fifteenth of November. They had a good voyage and are very happy here. Dr. Stevens is already at work with Dr. Wanless at Miraj. We are looking forward to the time when there will be more Butler men and women in India. It is good to know that Margaret is here.

We are wishing for you and for our friends at Butler the best of all good things for this New Year.

Personal Mention

Roy Bonsib, ex-'10, is secretary of the National Tanner's Council, New York.

Miss Faustina Alston, ex-'15, of Hamilton, Ohio, is teaching in the high school at Middletown, Ohio.

Mrs. Ruth Hendrickson Alee, '11, and Miss Margaret Axtell, '09, are teaching French in Manual Training High School.

Roger W. Wallace, '09, is with the Division of Rehabilitation of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, with offices in Baltimore.

Rev. E. P. Wise, '87, has charge of a prosperous church at Akron, Ohio; a Sunday school of 600. He is doing fine work.

Miss Katherine Quinn, '04, has resigned her position as head of the Latin Department of the Seymour (Ind.) high school to take up social service work in Indianapolis.

Christopher Bush Coleman, formerly professor of History in Butler College, goes to Meadville, Pa., in July, to take charge of the Department of History in Allegheny College.

Henry Jameson, '19, who has been working in the draughting and construction departments of the Insley Manufacturing Co., has been sent to New York City by the firm for a year's experience in its salesmanship.

Xerxes Silver, '14, is spending a few months with his parents near Lebanon, after severing connections with the War Risk Insurance Bureau, in which he did some important work both abroad and at Washington headquarters.

Howard G. Hanvey, ex-'09, is engaged in publicity and advertising work in San Francisco, following ten years in newspaper work, mostly with the San Francisco Chronicle. He is handling the Salvation Army and other accounts.

John Fuller of the class of 1917 has returned to his home in Indianapolis on four months' furlough from his work with the National City Bank of New York. For the last fourteen months, Mr. Fuller has been in the service of the International Banking Corporation, London. Previous to that he was in the foreign service of the National City Bank in Russia.

"In commemoration of the only Paonia man to fall in battle, who was at the same time the oldest of Paonians in point of service and in every way truly typical of the patriotic American spirit, the organization unanimously chose to be known as the Ralph Wilson Post of the American Legion."

This is the son of Omar Wilson, '87, at Paonia, Colorado.

In the "Friend" of January, 1920, the "oldest newspaper west of the Rockies," published in Honolulu, appears this delightful paragraph in bold faced type:

"To assist Miss Damon with the staging of the Centennial Pageant, Miss Katharine M. Graydon was invited to come to Honolulu. That she has accepted the invitation is a matter of congratulation to many of her former students at Punahou and to others throughout the islands who remember her as a vital force in the community some years ago.

"Miss Graydon has meant far more than the average teacher to a generation of Punahou students in her keen understanding of, and sympathy with, human nature, in her fine scholarship, her high idealism and her unswerving loyalty. For a number of years she has been professor of English at Butler College and comes to Hawaii on vacation from that work."

A recent issue of The Red Cross Bulletin (March 8), published at national headquarters in Washington, contained the following announcement regarding Arthur William Dunn, formerly on the Shortridge High School faculty and the Butler Summer School staff:

"Much interest attached to the announcement made at the meeting (Junior Red Cross, in connection with N. E. A. convention, Cleveland) by James N. Rule, National Director of the Junior Red Cross, that Arthur W. Dunn, a member of the staff of the United States Commissioner of Education in Membership, has been appointed to develop the program of 'Education in Citizenship through Service,' which is to constitute a large part of the Junior peace program.

"Mr. Dunn is probably the best-known teacher and writer in the field of practical citizenship among the public school men of today. Commissioner Claxton, who was present at the meeting, indicated that the Federal Bureau of Education is co-operating in every possible way with the American Red Cross."

Miss Frazee, another former Shortridge teacher, is already engaged in Junior Red Cross work at national headquarters.

Marriages

FOX-CONNER.—On May 31, in Greenwich, Connecticut, were married Mr. Theodore P. Fox and Miss Louise Elizabeth Conner, '17. Mr. and Mrs. Fox are living at home in Utica, New York.

DUNCAN-COOPER.—On October 29, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Clarke Duncan and Miss Margaret Cooper, ex-'21. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan are living in Dallas, Texas.

WINN-MUCK.—In October were married Mr. Lewis Winn and Miss Mary Marguriete Muck, ex-'22. Mr. and Mrs. Winn are at home on a farm near Edinburg.

DOUGLAS-MORGAN.—On February 28, in Greenfield, were married Dr. Stephen Douglas and Dr. Helen Matthews Morgan, ex-'20. Dr. and Mrs. Douglas are at home in Seymour.

BONHAM-MATTHEWS.—On March 6, in Columbus, Ohio, were married Earl Terence Bonham, '19, and Miss Helen Louise Matthews, ex-'20. Mr. and Mrs. Bonham will be at home in Columbus, Ohio.

WINDERS-HECKER.—On March 27, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Garrison Charles Winders, ex-'18, and Miss Gertrude June Hecker, '20. Mr. and Mrs. Winders will be at home in Irvington.

CARR-ZOERCHER.—On March 31, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Robert Upton Carr, Cornell University, and Miss Mary Zoercher, '17. Mr. and Mrs. Carr will be at home in Akron, Ohio.

Births

BEEM.—To Mr. Roger M. Beem and Mrs. Helen Baron Beem, ex-'20, on October 14, a daughter—Mary Elizabeth.

KNAPP.—To Mr. Wallace Knapp, '84, and Mrs. Florence Schofield Knapp, ex-'04, on December 14, a daughter—Mary Emily.

STEVENS.—To Dr. John Egbert Stevens and Mrs. Margaret Davis Stevens, ex-'15, on December 31, at Miraj, India, a daughter—Ruth Anna.

BOSART.—To Mr. Russell S. Bosart and Mrs. Helen Reed Bosart, '18, on January 8, a daughter—Helen Margaret.

GEORGE.—To Mr. Richard George, ex-'15, and Mrs. Ellen Graham George, '16, on January 16, a son—Richard Herbert.

CHALEFOUR.—To Mr. George Chalefour and Mrs. Jessie Breadheft Chalefour, '13, on January 20, a son—George Chadbourn.

ROBINSON.—To Mr. D. Sommer Robinson, '10, and Mrs. Oma Glassburn Robinson, at Madison, Wisconsin, on January 22, a daughter—Joan.

HINDS.—To Mr. Emerson Hinds, '19, and Mrs. Alice Greenlee Hinds, '19, on January 2, at Lafayette, a son—George Emerson.

HARRISON.—To Professor John S. Harrison and Mrs. Harrison, on March 8, a son—Thomas Southworth.

Deaths

MERRILL.—Charles White Merrill, ex-'81, treasurer of the Bobbs-Merrill Publishing Company, publishers, and president of the Hollenbeck Press, died February 18, at his home in Indianapolis.

Butler College folk of forty years ago remember with appreciation the alert boy of eighteen who interested himself alike in athletics and in scholarship and won golden opinions in all departments of student activity. He walked back and forth between Indianapolis and Irvington, jumped freight trains, played baseball, swam and rowed, and lived out of doors, and was at the same time a close student. His clear tenor voice is remembered as it carried the college choruses and kept them true. He specialized in English and in languages and kept up his French and Spanish and Italian even out of school, while still and always loyal to the traditions and standards of Greek and Latin as he gained them from professors Hopkins and Butler. He early developed the tastes and tendencies of the scholar, found the increasing interest in contemplative literature and, as he grew older, withdrew more and more from contact with men, preferring the comradeship of books to the superficialities of ordinary social intercourse, and became increasingly reticent and retiring as the world of books strengthened its hold upon his life. He commanded the affection of little children who liked his evident understanding and his quiet ways. To those whose good fortune brought them into the inner circle of his contemplative earnest life he was a distinguished personality. They recall him as a man of clear, keen judgment, strong convictions, high sense of duty and of justice and well rounded character.

A CLASSMATE.

Statistical Summary for Year 1919-1920

ATTENDANCE

Graduate students	25
Undergraduate students	584
Special	31

640

Total students—second semester, 1917-1918.....	357
Total students—second semester, 1918-1919.....	420
Total students—second semester, 1919-1920.....	530

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION 1919-1920

Indianapolis	437
Other parts of state.....	141
Other states (20 states represented).....	58
Foreign (3 countries represented).....	4

640

RELIGIOUS AFFILIATION

	Disciple	M. E.	Pres.	Bap.	Other	None
1919-1920.....	264	144	69	32	87	44
1918-1919.....	216	130	63	33	108	110
1917-1918.....	151	101	44	18	28	15

HONOR ROLL—FIRST SEMESTER, 1919-1920

Frances Miriam Weaver.....	93.33
Roy Melvin Thompson.....	91.83
Mary Agnes Showalter.....	91.33
Mary Allen Sandy.....	90.53
Florence Mildred Hoover.....	90.33
Talitha Agnes Gerlach.....	90.32
Pauline Anna Whittenberger.....	89.93
Ruth Fillmore	89.90
Agnes Padou	89.60
James Murat Himler.....	89.50

College average -----	77.41
Women -----	79.13
Men -----	74.44
Per cent of failure—women-----	2.70
Per cent of failure—men-----	8.32
Average of all students making above 90 per cent-----	4.91

Notice

The annual alumni fee has been raised to two dollars for the purpose of paying the expense of issuing the QUARTERLY. This increase went into effect October 1, 1919. Send your fee as soon thereafter as convenient to the alumni treasurer, Stanley Sellick, Butler College, Indianapolis.



WHY BE CONTENT with ordinary jewelry when you may have our special designs and high grade workmanship at no higher prices? It is human nature to admire the beautiful. To combine use and beauty is the highest art in craftsmanship. This is our aim in making jewelry. We want you to judge of the result by an examination of our stock.

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Butler Alumnaal Quarterly

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

July, 1920

Vol. IX, No. 2

INDIANAPOLIS

Entered as second-class matter March 26, 1912, at the post
office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Butler Alumna Quarterly

VOL. IX

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JULY, 1920

No. 2

Commencement Address

THE COLLEGE AND THE WORLD CONFLICT

By REV. GEORGE A. CAMPBELL, of the Union Avenue Christian Church, St. Louis

A thing that never fails to appeal to our imagination was the meeting of Stanley and Livingstone.

David Livingstone, as you will remember, had been cut off from the world for years, and when Stanley broke in upon him and brought to that great pioneer, the discoverer of Central Africa, many letters from home, which he turned over to Livingstone, immediately, Livingstone said to Stanley, "Tell me the news of the world. How is the world getting on?" "Read the letters from home," said Mr. Stanley. "No, no," said Livingstone, "I have waited many years for letters from home, and I can wait a few hours longer before reading them. Tell me how the world is getting on." And so Stanley told him that General Grant had been elected President of the United States, that the Atlantic and the Pacific had been united by a railroad, that the Franco-Prussian War had taken place, he told him of the siege of Paris, and the new developments in Egypt, that a cable had been laid, connecting Europe and America. And Stanley relates that as he told of these great happenings of the world, Livingstone's face showed great animation, and finally, during a pause, for a moment, to hear what Livingstone thought of it all, Livingstone said, "You have brought new life to me. You have brought new life to me. You have brought new life to me"—he said over and over again.

Now, I think that Livingstone represents our hunger for knowl-

edge of the world. Livingstone had been separated from the world for years; he had not heard a word as to what was happening. But here we are, living right in the midst of it, right in the thick of it all; we have all events dated and marked, and yet in our hearts there is a great hunger, it seems to me, to know how the world is getting on.

Perhaps we are too close to know; we are too much a part of the world to have the ability to make true measurement; but we want to know how the world is getting on. We are not satisfied, simply, to know how our friends are getting on, or how the small circles of each part are getting on, but we want to know how this great big world, of which we are a part, is getting on. We are hungry to know. We want to know how humanity, as a whole, is tending.

Now, that is not easy to tell. It is not easy to analyze the world situation. We buy several newspapers in a day, in the hopes that they will tell us how this world is getting on. We get greatly excited over political conventions, because they, perhaps, will tell us how the world is getting on.

But we are to answer this question in no brief way. And my message, today, is that the college course is, perhaps, the best way to know how this world is getting on. It is the best standard of measurement. We come and take a four years' course in college, in order that we may appraise the tendencies of the world, in order that we may know the deeper things of the world's tendencies; in order that we may gain some victories in helping direct the world's tendencies.

Now, there is a good deal of partisan passion in the world, and a good deal of partisan creed. The college course tends to lead us away from that—to lead us away from the passionate, partisan view of the world, and to give us a complete view of the world, which we cannot get otherwise.

The college course brings the whole world to us; it brings all the past to us; we see the past in proper perspective, and we come to know the events of the past without passion, and in the light of those events, we come to judge the present, and to guide the future.

Now, the college student stands before the library, filled with great books, all the books that have been written and preserved, are at his command. He stands before these libraries with but one thought in his mind—"I want to know your secret"—and he opens the books to try to find out the secret of all the books that have been written.

He enters the laboratory of the physical world, and there he says, "I want to know your secret; I want to know what truths you have to divulge."

He stands before all the philosophies that have ever been thought out, and he says, "I want to know your secret; I want to know the truths that you have to offer."

He is in the attitude of the truth seeker, of a partisan seeker—not partisan creed, but he has the spirit of a truth seeker; and coming to have that spirit, during his four years' college course, he is better able to answer this question than any other person—How is the world getting on?

The college course ought to teach the student to know how to think. Perhaps the chief value of a college course is to give the college student the spirit of inquiry—always seeking the truth.

I heard Professor Parker, who was once the head of the Chicago Normal School, when I attended the University of Chicago, give a course of lectures on education, and although I was not studying that department, I went over to hear his lectures, and I can give you the first sentence of his first lecture. He said, "A man may be very well educated without knowing how to either read or write." I thought that was a very strange sentence for a leading educator to give us in his first lecture. I had thought that education was obtained from books. I had thought of education as being gotten out of colleges, but Professor Parker led us to see that the educated man was of an inquiring mind, and that the man who didn't know how to read yet might know a great deal about things, and a great deal about how the human mind works. A man who has an inquiring mind, who is always seeking the truth, will be the man who will affect the world.

The college course ought to teach students to be original. This

world is languishing because of mediocrity. The Church is languishing; the State is languishing; every department of business is languishing; America is thwarted in its great world's opportunity, because of mediocrity. What we most need, today, is leadership—leadership that really has initiative. That is what we need—initiative. We need people who can outline some new program for life, who can make some new discoveries, who can mark out some new path. Unless the college has given us that kind of leadership it has failed, it seems to me, of its greatest function.

If we have simply come here to learn what past men and women have thought and done, and have followed in their steps, we have missed, it seems to me, the greatest challenge of our age, which is for outstanding leadership, men and women of initiative, men and women of experiment, men and women who are willing to risk and venture.

Now, there is one very happy tendency in our lives today. We know there are a great many tendencies which, perhaps, we deprecate, but there is one very happy tendency, and that is that the boys who have been to the war and have come back, are entering, in a very large measure, our colleges and universities.

In the year 1800 the average American spent eighty-two days in school. In the year 1900, the average American spent over a thousand days in school. Of one thousand people who enter the public schools, only fourteen graduate. These young men and young women here today, represent fourteen out of a thousand, who enter the schools.

When the war was on we all said, "Well, the boys have got a touch of outdoor life, and perhaps they will all go to the farm; perhaps they will not go to the colleges any more; perhaps their contact with outdoor life will lead them in different paths." But, in a larger number than ever, they have entered the colleges and universities of this country. Every college in America has had an unprecedented year of growth, this past year. That is a very happy tendency. Those boys got a cosmopolitan viewpoint, as they got a little breath of the work of the world, and they say, "If we are to know how the world is getting on, if we are to know the deeper life of the world,

we must go to the colleges." They realize that the leadership of the world is in the hands of the college. The man who doesn't go to college has one chance in two hundred and fifty to be a leader of men. For every college leader of men, who becomes prominent enough to have his name in the encyclopedia of biography, you have to pass by two hundred and fifty people who are not college graduates, before you reach his name.

Now, our young men have seen that; and our young women got that breath of cosmopolitanism, also, and so, I believe that is the most hopeful tendency that I can mention, today—the fact that our young men and young women believe that they want, for a time, to set themselves apart from the world, to read the books of the world, to study in our colleges, in order that they may know what this world needs, and in order that they may become the competent leaders that the world is demanding.

So that the first point I am making is that we go to college to get an appraisement of the world, through intellectual training, through a calm, dispassionate, careful study of all the thought of the world.

And my second thought, this morning, is that the mere intellect is not enough; that just to be able to think is not sufficient; that education, in itself, carries with it a danger. The educated man may be more harmful than the uneducated man, because he is more resourceful, and he has greater ability to influence others.

But my second thought is that the college, in itself, is not an end. One man goes to a medical college in order to learn things. The medical school, itself, is not founded simply to produce medical graduates. The medical school is founded in order that the health of the world may be better. An engineer does not go to college simply to learn engineering. He goes to college in order that he may build the world's railroads, the world's telephones, and the world's telegraph systems and the world's bridges. He goes to college in order that he may become learned in his profession, and, in turn, that he may serve the world. So it is with law. So it is with the minister. So it is with any education. We do not get education for education's sake. Education for education's sake is

worse, perhaps, if anything, than art for art's sake. Education is for service. Education is for the help of the world.

When we go into the college for a four years' course, to learn how the world is getting on, to learn the needs of the world, then we are to take this learning out into the world, and apply it to the service of the world.

The college is a sort of a democracy, in itself. Here we have the beautiful spirit of the college; we have a democracy; we have our own societies and our own sororities, and our own fraternities, and we have a fellowship that is beautiful. Now, that is what the world needs—just the fellowship of the college, just the friendship of the college, just the comradeship of the college, just this democracy of the college, the world needs, and it is the business and the task of the college graduates to take this spirit of fellowship and comradeship and democracy out into the big world and apply it.

We have heard all of our lives, and the world has accepted for many centuries, the creed that we are to love our neighbor as ourselves. That creed, I think, has been accepted the world over. But we haven't quite defined who our neighbor is. We say we must love our neighbor as ourselves, but the moment we come to apply that doctrine as to who our neighbor is, then we have differences, and the differences cause clashings of creed and clashings of every kind, and out of that understanding as to who our neighbor is, come wars and great deluges of suffering and blood upon the world.

Now, the college man, through his fellowship of four years, or more than four years in college, has come to understand the neighborliness of life. He has come to understand the value of friendship, and it is just that, more than anything else, that the college student needs to take out into the world, so as to be able to guide the world into something better.

It has been said that the little red school house is the safeguard, the bulwark of our civilization. But the tendency, we find, at the present time, is for a large number of our college professors to leave the teaching work and go into business. There is a call of

commercialism abroad in the land, that is draining our colleges, today, in a wonderful way.

I presume that there is hardly a commencement address given in America, this year, without this note being emphasized—that the moneyed interests of America ought to make it possible that every man in the teaching profession might stay in that profession. Despite the high cost of living times, the moneyed interests of America ought to make it possible that every man who has made a success in the teaching profession, might stay in that profession.

In the city in which I live a man who was getting four thousand dollars a year as a professor of political economy, just left his college to take a position in Chicago at twelve thousand dollars a year.

Now, if the college is the bulwark of civilization, if it is the training place for the thought of the American life, if it is the heart center from which the fellowship and comradeship of the life are created, which the world sorely needs, we cannot commend the situation in America, with our teaching profession being drained; and, more than any other profession in America, that profession is threatened with greater diminishing, because the great moneyed interests, or the commercial interests, are taking many of our most successful teachers away from the profession.

A new force has come into our American life, in a very large way, in recent years, and that is Woman. I do not know that we are yet aware of this new, great power, that has come into our American life politics, in recent years. Woman has struggled through centuries for her equality with Man, and just now she has come to absolute equality—if not to absolute equality, she is demanding that equality; she is demanding that every law written, in all the centuries past, making her oppressed, be set aside; she is demanding that every such law be broken; she is demanding that every law that in any way curtails her freedom, be abrogated in every civilized country of the world; she is demanding that all dual standards of morality be abrogated, and that one standard of morality and equality be erected.

If Benjamin Kidd be right, in his book, which is one of the best

that has come from the press in several years—The Science of Power—in his two marvelous chapters on Woman—if he be right, this is what Woman is going to bring us to: She is going to bring us new friendship; she is going to bring us new mother love, to be applied to all the problems of life.

Benjamin Kidd says that Woman has been in training, in the spirit of sacrifice, for not only centuries, but millenniums, for this object, for this day of her new power, and she is going out, not demanding the immediate good, but demanding the future good. She has been trained through processes of motherhood, for centuries, to wait for good. Man has been a fighter; Man has been demanding immediate good; but Woman is going to demand the ultimate good, the supreme good, and she is going to bring the spirit of sacrifice, the spirit of friendship and the spirit of love to apply to all the problems of the world.

I don't know but what it is always dangerous for mere Man to tell about women. I don't know that Mr. Dooley was right. You know Mr. Dooley said to his friend Hennessy, "When I was a very young man I wrote a book on Woman. I am much older now, and I am going to bring out a new edition of that book on Woman, but I am somewhat handicapped financially, and I cannot write the whole book over, and so I am going to publish the book the same as before, but I am going to put what scientists call an errata, at the last, and under that I am going to write, "Dear Readers: Wherever you come to the word 'is,' in this book, read it 'is not,' and wherever you come to the words 'is not,' read 'perhaps,' or 'maybe,' or 'the Lord only knows!'" (Laughter.)

Now, what I have said about women, I have said under this second point that I am trying to make—that the college graduate is to take this spirit of friendship and fellowship, this spirit of democracy that he has learned in these inner circles, and apply it to the life of the world. There are more women graduates from these colleges than there are men, and those women are going to take this spirit of fellowship, this spirit of love, and apply it to the world, and they are not going to demand immediate good, but the ultimate and future good. Man has always been a compromiser, but Woman

is not a compromiser, unless my judgment needs to be revised, like Mr. Dooley's.

A leading journal had an article on women, the other day, and it said that we pass through five stages in life. The first stage is that of passivity, when we are acted upon, but we don't act upon, except by our smiles, and our cries. The second stage is that of wilfulness, when the child says, "I will," and begins to assert himself. The third stage is that of inquiry—the age of questioning, when we are bothering our fathers and mothers by multiplicity of questions. The fourth stage is that of silence, when the mind turns in upon itself, with regard to the deeper questions of life, with regard to religion, with regard to love, and those deeper and profounder things that we don't talk about during a certain stage in our lives.

I think, perhaps, we all carry part of those stages all through our lives. We are never quite active, never quite anything but passive, but we never get quite by that passive stage. We are always passive, to an extent. We never quite get over being wilful and stubborn, and we never quite get over asking questions, even in a suspicious way; and we never get quite over the stage of silence. I think we are getting today—and Woman is getting out of all these stages—into a stage of expression, into a stage of world expression, so that if Benjamin Kidd be right, the future of the world rests, today, more with women than with men; at least, she is a great force, and for the first time in the history of the world, an equal force with Man.

You remember that when the poem of Stephen Phillips, in which he depicts Apollo proposing to the maiden, offering her freedom from the world's sorrow, and he says to her, "If you will marry me I will lift you up into the Heavens, far above the sorrows of the world, and you will look down, and perhaps you will see some of the turmoil of earth, but you will not be part of it," and then the shepherd boy proposed to her, and she turned to Apollo and said, "I cannot marry you. I remember when I was a babe my mother nursed me, and I remember her tears fell upon my cheeks, and I wondered at those tears, but my mother told me that those tears

were a part of the world's sorrow and the world's work. I cannot be lifted above the world's sorrow and the world's work. I must be a part of it." And so she turned to the shepherd boy and accepted his proposal, and she said to him, "You and I will be part of the world; we will have our own work, we will have our own sorrows and our own burdens, and we will be in the thick of it all."

I think there is some danger in taking that view of Apollo, and getting above the toil and sweat of life, and looking down upon people who are not so fortunate as is the college graduate, and walking through life with the consciousness that we are college graduates, and a little above other people. That is an entirely wrong attitude. The idea of the maiden with reference to the sorrows and the work of the world, was right. We must be a part of the world's sorrow, be a part of the world's struggle, have our own work to do, and not disdain the man or woman who has not had an equal opportunity with us. We should enter into full sympathy with them.

The best thing you can do with the college diploma, after you get it, is to forget that you have it. It is better to plunge into the work of the world, and not go out of the college with a superecilious air that you are better than the common run of people. There is only one way to be happy in the world, and that is to give yourself with abandon to the work of the world. If you have the other attitude—the aristocratic attitude of looking down on others—it doesn't matter what causes the aristocratic attitude, whether it be wealth, looks, or a college diploma—no matter what it is, if you have it, you are not going to be happy. You will be happy only as you lose yourselves in the great thick of the fight, and struggle to make the world better.

Now, my last thought is that we need some deep motive, to get down, away down deep, where decisions are made—lasting decisions are made.

I have tried to say that we go to college to learn to talk, to train our minds, to get a wide view of things, to get a catholic view of things, a non-partisan view of things. And then I have tried to

say that we are to carry this spirit of fellowship, this spirit of love, this spirit of give and take that we learn in college, in all classes of society, out into the world, and put it into practice.

Now, this is hard to do. One of the hardest things in the world, to do—perhaps the hardest—is to love your neighbor as yourself. The most difficult task we will find in the world is to serve. It is a hard thing to do, to know how to serve the world well.

In this day of confusion, when some people fear that there are great revolutionary tendencies at work, the world needs the college graduate as a steadying factor, and the world needs this spirit of fellowship. But how are you going to live up to these ideals? That is the problem. I think that every one of us has a religious nature. Away down in the deep places of our souls there are places where decisions are made, and if made there they give us motives, and give us impressions that carry us forward.

Now, somehow or other, if the college graduate is going to make his thoughts serviceable to the world, and make his fellowship serviceable to the world, he must make these decisions in the deepest part of his spiritual nature.

Today we are all under the temptation of being swept off of our feet by two great calls, by two great contentions—one of pleasure—worldly pleasure—and the other that of money. It seems to me that we are going almost mad over those two things—pleasure and money.

Now, how are the college people going into a world of commerce, a world of all sorts of sensual pleasures, and money, and withstand that condition? It will not be easy.

Now, let me say a word about money: I think we were never under the stress of the temptation of money, as we are today. And necessarily so. It takes so much more money than it used to take, to live. What attitude are you going to take toward money? That will determine most of your lives. You cannot take the attitude of not wanting it; you cannot take the attitude that you are going to utterly disdain it, unless you go back to the middle ages and assume the attitude that all pleasure is evil, and all money is evil, and take upon yourselves the attitude of absolute poverty.

We do not look upon that as good, today. Our civilization does not look upon repression as good. It looks upon expression as good.

There were, back in the middle ages, and beyond, a class of people who took the position that all pleasure was a sin. If they sat down at the table to eat they would eat the things that they didn't like, because to eat the things that they liked was a sin. Now, we have passed beyond that. We do not accept that creed, today. We say, all other things being equal, "Let us have the things that we like."

But how are you going to withstand the call of money, this temptation that confronts the world?

The man who is ambitious to have something in the world, is a better man than he who has no ambition to have anything. I think the young man who goes about in the world, having no ambition for worldly things, is not as good a man as he who is ambitious. You want to have something. It is better to live in a fairly good house, than in a wretched house. It is better to be able to take a journey, once in a while, than to remain in the little village in which you were born.

It is a very difficult thing to do what I am advising you to do—to try to have money, and not to be mastered by money. That is your problem. That is the problem of the graduate, today. It is more the problem of the graduate, today, than in any other year within my memory, because the temptation is greater, today, than it ever was before, and the only way I know, to deal with this question, is to get the motives formed in your life, in the deep places of your soul, where motives are strong, and where they have a passion that sweeps everything else aside and makes them the controlling motives in your life.

You remember Mr. Babson tells the story that he was down in South America once, where he met a prince, and he said to this prince—a very intelligent man—"Tell me why South America has not made the progress that North America has? Why haven't you made the progress that the North American civilization has made?" And the prince replied, "I will tell you: Our fathers came to South America to seek gold. Your fathers came to North America to seek God. That is the difference. You have the pas-

sion, you have the motives of altruism that we do not have. We got into scrambles and clashings, here, and into internal wars over money, but you struggled along, in your early civilization, with a great passion for God."

Now, that is our problem in American life, today. How can we keep up the passion for God, and not be swept off our feet by the passion for gold? Every one of you will go out into the world, sooner or later, to face that temptation, and to choose between gold and God.

I have, now, just one suggestion to make with reference to dealing with this deep, fundamental motive of life, that is common to us all, that is non-creedal, that is non-partisan, with which every man and woman is stamped, who is made in the image of his God.

I would like to say that the problem that you confront is that you may be broad minded and still have convictions. I believe in very broad-minded people. I believe in people being sympathetic with those who differ from them. But the problem is to adjust those two, to be broad minded, and yet to have convictions that hold you to high ideals. The need of academic courses, today, is that in becoming broad minded, we shall not lose our convictions, and, losing our convictions, lose our passion for God, and become possessed of the passion for gold, or pleasure.

The college teaches us to be critical. We read a book, we analyze it, we look at it with a critical eye; we become very critical; we take nothing for granted. Let the mind be critical; let there be no dark corners in life, no book unopened; no doctrine not investigated; nothing taken for granted; we are to be critical to the limit. I would say to the college student, use your critical faculties to the limit. Yet we ought all be creative. How can we be critical and not be destructive? With your critical acumen you must build. There is no room for the critical mind in the world, but to be critical and creative at the same time—that is the need of the world.

This is my suggestion with reference to this great deep place in our souls. What shall we do with it? While you are critical of doctrines, while you are critical of what your fathers believed—that is well—don't take anything for granted; don't be supersti-

tious. But there is a large place, a large margin in life, where the intellect does not decide. Is there a God? Or is there not a God? You can take either side of that question, and you can have some arguments on both sides.

Do we live beyond the grave? Or do we die, to be no more? There are arguments on both sides of that question. You can cultivate one class of arguments, or you can cultivate another.

Is there a distinctive thing within us, called a soul, that is different from the mind and spirit, or whatever you wish to call it, that is an immortal part of us? You can take two sides of that question. You can take the positive, or the negative side, and you can find arguments on both sides.

I have struggled through those problems, myself. And this is the conclusion I have come to: There is a large margin, where you have your choice of the arguments, as to which ones you will emphasize, cultivate and enlarge upon. Whenever I come to this margin of life, when there seems to be arguments on both sides, I wilfully choose the best. I take this will, which is a part of my nature, and I say to myself, "I will to believe the best; I will to believe that there is a God; I will to believe that the soul does not die; I will to believe that we are to give an account for the deeds done in the body; I will to believe that the men in the past have spoken as they were inspired by the Spirit, this omnipresent Spirit, that created all things; I will to believe the best about my friends; I will to believe the best about my religion."

I think that every one of you college students, here today, can take either course. You can will to walk negatively through life, with reference to the deeper places, deeper beliefs; or you can will to walk positively. You can will to take the agnostic spirit, or you can take the positive attitude all through life. If you will to take a positive attitude through life there will be a stimulative evidence coming to you that will be more and more satisfying with reference to your own life. So that when you face the temptation, whether it is money, or God, or whether it is pleasure, or passion for greater good, you will be able to call upon those great resources—those

great religious resources of your life, and go on through the temptation, and give your thought to the service of humanity, give your fellowship to the service of humanity, because you are drawing that from, not capricious decisions, but from decisions made in the eternity of your own hearts.

When I was a boy I lived in Northwest Canada, among those great wheat fields, where the great danger in the fall was from frost that would come while the wheat was standing, and destroy the value of the wheat. The farmers left their straw stacks standing from the year previous, and the telegraphic communications from all over the province would come into the towns, indicating whether on certain nights there would likely be frost, and if there was to be a frost the word would be flashed to these farmers for miles and miles around, in that lovely prairie country, and then they would light all these straw piles and create heat waves, to try to drive the frost waves back.

That is what the college is. From all over the world there comes in here—into these academic halls—information which you gather up, and then you light the fires of your own souls, to flash out into the world, giving the uplift that is needed.

I went up the Mississippi River the other day, in one of the large boats, and we had several thousand people on board, and we came to that wonderful Keokuk dam, and we went into a lock, and there our boat stood, with four great, strong walls on each side of our boat, and it seemed as though our progress was thwarted, and we could go no further. Then the water began to come in and our boat began to lift, and lift, and pretty soon we began to see the tops of the trees, and then we saw further down in the trees, and after a while we saw the landscape, and soon we steamed ahead up the Mississippi, beyond the Keokuk dam.

That may indicate my thought of the college. We have come in between these college walls, we have been shut away from the world; we have not seen the world for the time being; we have been absent from the world, yet the waters of information, the waters of culture, the waters of fellowship, the waters of congeniality and

friendship have been flowing in, and lifted, and lifted us, and now we see the world, and we see its perspective, and we are about to go into this great world, taking out with us this new, larger view, and this new and larger passion.

I congratulate you upon being graduated in this great year of the world's history. Never was there such a year. Never was there such a background for a graduate from a college. You are conscious of Armenia; as you sit here you are conscious of that great Soviet Russia; you are conscious of the disturbed and distraught Germany; you are conscious of a France, trying to feel its way along; you are conscious of great rumblings from England, and from every nation of the world, and you are conscious of the fact that this world is waiting for guidance, intelligent guidance, waiting for friendly guidance, waiting for the fellowship of the college student. Never was there such an opportunity for leadership.

I congratulate you upon being graduated today, and if you hold to the high ideals that you have learned here, you will be a steady power, a guiding power in the world's work.

May God bless you to be such.

Baccalaureate Sermon

REV. CLARENCE REIDENBACH, PH. D.

JUNE 13, 1920.

The text, this afternoon, is from the lesson which the President read to us—the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. Mark: "Jesus came preaching the Gospel of God, and saying the time is fulfilled, the kingdom of God is at hand, repent and believe the Gospel."

The subject of the sermon is The Keynote of the Kingdom.

The melting pot of criticism and unrest has engulfed Christianity. The feeling toward it is something like the feeling of the ancient Hebrews would have been, had they opened the Sacred Ark of the Covenant, and found it empty.

The ark is being opened, and it is said to be empty. Christianity

is looked upon as a kind of lost leader, and that in a day when it is most needed. Even more, the church is said to be a whited sepulchre, full of dead men's bones, rattling in the pulpit, and rattling in the pews.

The sign of the cross has become a cross of bones, surmounted by a skull. God is not among us. The church and the race is restless.

Jesus came in an age of unrest. Social and political revolts were frequent. The religion of His nation was petrified. It was as dead, and as dry, and as hard as a rock. The masses of the people were longing for a Messiah, and for the promised kingdom. The whole Mediterranean world was tossed as the sea. The pristine virtue of the Romans was gone; the creative age of philosophy had passed; the religions of Nature, and the national religions had broken down.

Into this situation came Jesus. He smote the dry rock, and therefrom flowed streams of living water.

"Jesus came preaching the Gospel of God, and saying 'The time is fulfilled; the Kingdom of God is at hand; repent and believe the Gospel.'"

This is a summary of His preaching, as He began His ministry in Galilee. It is the keynote of His preaching, and coming when it did, it is the keynote of His kingdom.

"Jesus came preaching the Gospel of God." He came preaching religion—that so-called futile occupation of this present time.

With Jesus, religion was absolutely fundamental. To live was, with Jesus, to know God.

What I am saying this afternoon is that no one is fully equipped to cope with life, who has not learned to send the tap roots of his life far down into the fundamental realities to draw inspiration for his heart and soul.

I am going to say a word about the "futile occupation" of the day—preaching—and I do it not only that I may undertake to persuade some to be preachers, but that I may persuade all to support the work that the minister is undertaking to do.

"Jesus came preaching the Gospel." When one is preaching, he is delivering ideas, and ideas are powers—sometimes they are high

explosives. There have been men who have been able to turn the world upside down with what they had to say. The age has ever been renewed by such men. The prophets were the regenerators of religion. Christianity, itself, was born in preaching. John the Baptist was the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Paul, Luther, Wesley, Knox, Alexander Campbell—all have been men who had the power to shake the people up by what they said. The world has more than once been turned upside down by a man with a message.

We need better preaching. We need a prepared ministry for this day of unrest, and we need a minister who has the intellectual power equal to that of anybody in town. He can not have the power that is greater than that of everybody else in town because of a general lack of education such as formerly existed, because education is general now. If a minister meets with success, he must stay at his work of preparation a little longer, and work a little more earnestly than most people. We need strong men in this work, and yet, sometimes when I have talked with the officers in my church—present company excepted—enthusiasm with the idea of young men going into the ministry has come as an after-thought.

We need an honest and a virile ministry. My idea of what the church and what life needs, today, as much as anything else, is a messenger who will shake up the church and make people sit up and take notice.

The ministry is stultifying itself because, in many instances, it is not telling all that it is living by. A man cannot think and live by one kind of thought in his heart during the week, and stir folks with another line of thought on Sunday. It is not that ministers will deliberately utter an untruth, but they will hold back some things that they feel to be vital. If the ministry would open up those things that it really holds and believes to be for the good of the public today, we would have another revolution.

That means that we must have a religion and a church that is taking account of the scientific knowledge that the world possesses.

We cannot ignore this knowledge, because practical inventions have come from it, and by those practical results science has commended itself to the public. "Amazing fruit has been plucked from the tree of knowledge."

We must take account of the intellectual possessions of our day that deal with historical study. Criticism is not dealing merely with the church and Christianity. Criticism is dealing with every idea and institution we have. We need not be surprised that it deals with religion, and the liberal—so-called liberal—is taking account of what men are thinking and feeling, to try to save the Faith. The so-called liberal is not a perverse enemy of the faith. He is undertaking to save the faith, and to make it possible for the men and women of our day to see how they can believe in God and serve Him. That does not mean that anybody who is sensible and earnest must change for the mere sake of changing. Jesus built upon the old; He came not to destroy, but to fulfill. We must remember that a vital religion has been built upon an old theology, and if anybody has reverence for God, and love in his heart, he is of the sons of God.

We have two types of mind. Some folks thrill when they hear the time-honored words. On the other hand, there are a lot of men who seem to like their theology as they like their biscuits—hot every morning. Christianity has in its possessions treasures both new and old.

Jesus said "The time is fulfilled, the Kingdom of God is at hand." Jesus was making religion a very real and a very near thing. He was bringing it out of the mists of the far away, to the focus of the here and now. He was bringing it near to men's hearts.

Religion must be understood as something that any normal man can be expected to have. But how is it with religion? We wear it frequently as we wear a dress suit, especially for the first time. We feel properly dressed, but ill at ease in the sight of other people.

Christianity must be made a thing that fits on to daily life, something that the man on the bleachers can feel is a part of his life,

and that he can live by, day by day. It must be something too that the people in the grandstand, or any place else, can have for their own, and can make a program of life.

We must understand, for instance, that if we are drawing money from our family to educate ourselves, and do not make the most of our time, we are getting money under false pretence. We must understand that if we take other folks' umbrellas and books, it is not merely a joke but petty thievery. We must understand that if we pass our examinations with a higher grade than we are really entitled to, it is not just a joke but dishonesty, and is a dishonor to us. We must understand that if we take an education, and a preparation for life, from our family, or from an institution, or from society, and make no return to that society, we have been getting something for nothing. Religion must be made to appear a normal thing, that any normal man can be expected to have.

Jesus said "The Kingdom of God is not far away." "The Kingdom of God is at hand." And that concept of the Kingdom is one that has a very near application to our own day. We hear the great surge of democracy in these latter days. As an internal problem it is called the social revolution, and the word of Jesus concerning the Kingdom comes in just there. Jesus said "The Kingdom of God is at hand;" and that meant at least two things. It meant, first of all, the Kingdom of God, that wherever God rules in a human heart, there is the Kingdom of God. That meant, for the second thing, that the basis of that Kingdom is neighborliness, and brotherhood one with another. Jesus was saying that every man must have his chance, and that every man has his right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Now, that doesn't mean that Jesus was preaching class selfishness; it doesn't mean that He was taking the side of one class against another. It is not going to do any good to turn the tables upside down and put the hand workers of the world on top and the capitalist class and the other workers underneath the table to eat the crumbs that fall therefrom. That is not what Jesus has in mind. Jesus has in mind a community where every man has his chance and receives from that community as he has made and does make

his contribution. We shall not have a true liberty or a true equality, until we have a true fraternity—and we are going to have a true fraternity under the guidance of the spirit of Jesus Christ.

It does not mean that the Church has got to put on social programs. The Church cannot do the work of the organized Charity Association. The Church cannot do the work of the organized Justice Association—and I am sorry that we have not sooner developed the organized Justice Association—through which the conscience of the Church may express itself. Perhaps we will develop it in the future. The Church is to develop the social conscience, but it is not to put on social programs.

Nor is it meant that the minister has to be a social expert. What minister is going to be able to pass upon the merits of a strike that is a thousand miles away? It is the motive and the business of the minister of Jesus Christ to deal with the motives of men, and make men uncomfortable when they sit within the sound of his voice, if they are sinners in their relations with their fellow men.

“The Kingdom of God was at hand,” and they could have it if they would. Was it at hand for them, and is it at hand for us? I think it is. I do not see the need for pessimism in this present day of reaction. It is true that there is a reaction. We do not see so many aeroplanes flying over, as we did during the war, and people are not flying as high morally as they did before the Armistice was signed.

But we always have a period of reaction after a war. War is a great stimulant—a stimulant that tends to exhaust, and now it has been withdrawn, leaving us like children let out of school. We have declared a moral holiday. We expected more than the war could deliver, any way. The race is not going to be purged by war. Nor is it going to be purged once and for all. That is an antiquated idea of conversion and redemption. We are just on the point, now, where we can save and help humanity. The race is like a ship rounding Cape Horn—it is now exposed to the stormy blasts, but having left behind the turbulent Atlantic, it has an opportunity to sail out upon the broad and placid Pacific.

The last thing that Jesus said was, "Repent and believe the Gospel."

In this message Jesus points with a straight finger at every individual. One thing that Christianity did was to discover the individual. The individual was more or less submerged in Judaism. The Jewish people, altogether, collectively, was the Son of God. But Jesus came, emphasizing not only the Sonship of Israel but His own Sonship, and He called every individual to enjoy that Sonship with Him. The individual is the primordial germ of the new social order. If we are going to have a new day we must have it by changing the individual and resting it upon the Christian individual.

Jesus was preaching, here, a Gospel of Salvation by Faith. Paul preached it, Luther preached it. And what does it mean? Faith simply means an attitude toward life—it means the taking of a working hypothesis. "Faith is an attitude of the soul, in which it makes a venture on life."

Salvation by Faith was preached by Jesus, by Paul, by Luther, by Wesley—those men that have made religious history. And if we are going to have a creative day in religion, now, we have got to have a spiritual passion. We need that, in this run-down religious day. We need a religion that heats our blood and moves us with as much power, at least, as fear or hatred. We are not going to get along with a religion which is a "worship of humanity." We have got to have a worship of God, and a passion for God. We are going, now, upon the passion of a past age, to a large extent, and unless we have a passion of our own, for God, our spiritual reserves will be used up, and the light of the world is liable to fail.

We need a touch of mysticism in the race. It has been the mystics, these men who have stood face to face with God, that have renewed the life of the world. Joan of Arc was a mystic; Luther was a mystic; these were the mystics, and these are the ones who have made their contributions to the on-going of the world.

There have been dead seas of history, and it was necessary that an angel come to trouble the waters. We need a transfiguration of

Christianity in our day. We need a Christianity set on fire, like the burning bush, but not consumed by that fire.

God expects every man to do his duty. Jesus said "Repent and believe the Gospel." When we pray "Thy Kingdom come," it doesn't mean a mere passive permission. It means active loyalty to help it come.

We need the enthusiasm of the college people for the Kingdom of God. If you are going to live merely for self, you will simply add to the unrest of the world. College people find their religious habits more or less upset, during the four years they are in the institution of learning. There are many reasons for it, and it is natural, when they go out into the world, very often to find that they are lost to religion, so far as any active service is concerned, although they may have a religious experience in their own hearts. But you cannot live alone in religion, any more than you can live alone in anything else. College people can be the saviors of the world, and if anyone really believes in the Christian ideals, it is their duty to find a place where they can serve, in spite of an out-worn theology, in spite of any hypocrites that may be in the Church. The world needs God. There is something beyond. We need that God which is beyond.

We live not by bread alone, but also by that One who inhabited eternity. We need God for our sense of need; we need Him for the sense of wonder and doubt.

When the old Greeks were looking for the secret of the Universe they had to transcend the materialistic philosophy of the Ionics, and rise to the spiritual philosophy of Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. We are not going to understand this world that we live in by materialistic philosophy. It has been tried more than once. We need God for our lives, and no one is equipped to go out into life, unless he has known God.

The library at Harvard—the Memorial Library—is built in honor of a young man who went down on the Titanic, and his picture is in the center of that building. It is the first sight that greets one's eye as he steps inside the door. You can look away into the interior and see it, and as you climb the winding stairs

going up into that building, you see that picture again and again. His spirit inspired that institution. The spirit of Jesus has inspired us, and when we need inspiration we can get it by gazing upon Him who breathed the breath of life into men nineteen centuries ago. Because of unrest, they needed Jesus then. In unrest we need Him now. We need the second, or the third, or whatever coming it may be, of Christ, and it is for us to eat and drink of His Spirit "till He come."

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

ISSUED JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER

Published by the Alumni Association of Butler College, Indianapolis, Ind.
Subscription price, three dollars per year.

Entered as second-class matter, March 26, 1912, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Officers of the Alumni Association—President, Robert A. Bull, '97; First Vice-President, Vincent G. Clifford, '79; Second Vice-President, Anna K. Murphy, '10; Treasurer, Stanley Sellick, '16.

Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumna! Quarterly—Katherine M. Graydon, '78.

The Butler College family and its friends gathered in June for the usual round of home-comings, hospitalities and hand-clasps, that sixty-five commencements have grown to mean. These gatherings become more precious as the years multiply. The more one lives, the more significant are the influences and the tangible touch of the things that helped to make one.

June had arrayed the campus in all its glory, ready for the dignified program the week afforded: The Baccalaureate Sermon preached on Sunday afternoon in the Chapel by Rev. Clarence Reidenbach; the Sunday evening supper given to the Senior Class by the Faculty Club on the lawn of President and Mrs. Howe; on Tuesday evening a reception to the Senior Class by President and Mrs. Howe; Class Day on Wednesday morning in the Chapel; Class reunions; Alumni supper; Graduating Exercises of the Senior Class in the Chapel.

Alumni Reunion

At five o'clock, the alumni gathered on the lawn before the main building, where a picnic supper was served under the management of Mrs. Hilton U. Brown, '80; Mrs. T. C. Howe, '89; Mrs. Charles B. Davis, '12; Mrs. Amy Baner Groom, '16, and Miss Maude Russell, '11. A large number of alumni was present and

remained for the evening exercises, which were held in the open, with Mr. Robert A. Bull, '97, presiding. The program opened with the singing of the college song, "In the Gallery of Memories," followed by the president's opening speech.

MR. BULL: It becomes my very pleasant duty to call this meeting to order. This is the third attempt. Weather permitting, we will make it good this time. The exercises are to begin by singing the college song, "In the Gallery of Memories."

Some of these young folks that are in college nowadays are a little bit timid. That was not characteristic of the students to any considerable extent when I was an undergraduate.

This is one of the occasions of the year when the president of the Alumni Association has something to do, and he is supposed to make it very brief at that. The president is merely a figurehead. The Secretary of the Alumni Association has, however, a very important function to perform, and I know that we all greatly regret that this year Miss Graydon is not on the campus to more properly steer this thing than the rest of us are perhaps able to do. I am sure she will return wonderfully recuperated and refreshed from her trip, and in all probability be with us a great many more years, after her return. In the meantime, Miss Lutz is kindly taking her place pro tem. for this evening and she has had considerable to do with getting up the program. In her modesty she might make no mention of the fact that she has really tried to do quite a bit for your entertainment. She wrote me about ten days ago that she had plans made for the presentation of a play and had made arrangements for still another, but her actors disappointed her and that went into the discard, so that we shall have to resort tonight to a few impromptu remarks and the small bit of music you heard a while ago, and a little more of the same kind after a while, but I hope there will be more pepper in it.

This brings me to the order of business, the first item of which is the president's speech, but I am not going to inflict myself upon you. We have been detained and if we stay here very long, we might get wet yet, and so I will go right down the program and find the next item of business, the roll-call of classes. I think prob-

ably Major Daugherty of the class of 1861 is the oldest alumnus on the grounds. If there are any who would consider the Major the younger as to classes, that person may now have the floor. Otherwise, the Major will rise, and if he will be good enough, we will like to have a few words from him.

MAJOR DAUGHERTY: Mr. President and friends, it is clearly out of my line to make a speech. I never was known in college to make a speech when I could get out of it by any kind of hook or crook. And if I could say anything at all it would be merely to reminisce of the early days when we were young, and when Butler was young, and to call to mind those choice spirits that first put Butler, then known as Northwestern, on its feet. First, of course, was our dear old friend, President Hoshour. Professor Hoss, Professor Benton, and Professor Brown were all men who worked at that time for the interest of the college. Of course the college, the classes and numbers were small, but they were just as enthusiastic in their duties as though they had hundreds under their influence. And of course as I look back I think of so many lost opportunities. I remember dear old Professor Hoshour used to try to stimulate and influence the boys more in the way of progress than any one. And I remember when he got up in chapel one time, after some of the boys had been doing things they ought not to have done, and he said, "Young men, your hands are red with the blood of slaughtered time."

I also remember when Professor Hoss used to take us out on the campus and try to beat surveying and engineering into our pates. Some of us are very sorry that we did not get more of it at that time, because we find that it would have been greatly to our interest had we done so.

And then there was Professor Brown, that choice spirit, and great chemist, who had scarcely a peer in the United States, so enthusiastic in his teaching. In after years I would think back and think, well, if I had read some of the lessons taught by professor, it would certainly have advanced me in a great many ways. We did not pay proper attention to the things he taught. That is, we did not get enough. Of course we had our lessons, got good marks,

and all that, but we could have gotten more than we did at that time. As I say, this is the only thing that I can think of in regard to those people.

And then another one was our dear old Mr. Butler, Ovid Butler, who used to come and it seemed that we were being hovered over by him. He was always pleasant, kindly and gentle in his demeanor. We could scarcely ask him anything especially in regard to our societies, that he was not ready and willing to help us. I thank you.

MR. BULL: Is there any one present who is a member of any other class in the sixties? Any of the seventies? Prof. Demarchus C. Brown, 1879.

PROF. BROWN: I thought you were going to pass me by. There are only two or three members of my class in Indianapolis. They are not here. At least I have not seen them. There are not many of us left. We are getting younger as we go along. Somebody accused me the other day of getting older because I carried a cane, but I lay that entirely to the influenza.

Quite a number of my old students are here this afternoon and it has been a great pleasure to me to speak to them, and to ask them to translate a passage from Plato, which they all declined. I asked Jessup, Dorsey and a few more, and they declined. They were fine Greek students.

Well, there are some things that those of you do not fully appreciate who have not taught in college. The greatest blessing of my life, I think, has been, especially since I left the college, of having men come to see me during the sitting of the legislature or any other time, and tell me that they were ready to do anything for the institution with which I was connected if it would be of service to the state, or service to me, largely because they remembered the good old days at the college. When we hear that sentiment expressed, knowing that it comes through good will and kindness, it pays as well as a salary. It has been my pleasure to have had students many, many times come in and tell me that. One man came to the library today when I happened to be out, and said that he came

merely to express his good will of the old days. He sent me word afterward that he had been there and it made me feel good, and it makes me feel good to be here tonight. I am greatly disappointed that these ladies and gentlemen could not translate Plato when I asked them suddenly this evening, but none the less I am very glad to be here.

MR. BULL: Any member of the class of '80? There is Mr. Hilton U. Brown. We have Mr. Brown on the program for remarks later on so we will excuse him for the time being. I understand that Mrs. Atkinson, who was a member of the class of 1856, was here on the campus, but has gone. I am sorry that she could not stay so that we could welcome her by rising to our feet.

Anybody here from '81, '82, '83, '84, '85? (two members from '84, Mr. Knapp and Mrs. Clark). Mr. Dorsey is present and is a member of the class of '83.

MR. DORSEY: You just heard what Mr. Brown had to say about me. I don't think that was in order. When I graduated from Butler I had a set speech to make on the Iron Age, and after I got through and sat down my father said he believed that was the worst speech he ever heard. But I look back upon my college days as the best of my life and I certainly enjoyed the professors we had here at that time. Prof. Benton was, I think, 80 when I left, but what a wonderful old man he was. He was the sort of professor as Prof. Hoshour was in his influence over the boys in what they should do and how they should do it, and I became quite attached to him. I spent six years here altogether. I started in in the fall of '77 under Prof. Hollenbeck who taught arithmetic. He was in the preparatory department. I got most of my knowledge from Kate Merrill, Prof. Brown and Prof. Butler. We had for president, Professor Burgess at that time.

When I was a senior some stealing went on at the dormitory. Prof. Huston had charge. One night a couple of the girls induced me to go out with them to see what was going on and one of us purloined a pie, and so the next day, being a senior, I was appointed to investigate it with a committee of three. That was a pretty serious

situation, so we set out on the investigation, but of course we never found the thief. Thank you just the same.

MRS. GRACE JULIAN CLARK: Like our friend the Captain, I can remember a good way back. I, too, remember Professor Hoshour. Unfortunately, I was not under him in college, but I remember him very well and how impressive he always was. I remember his coming out to the college a few times. I remember also, very distinctly, how the doctor used to drive out to visit his son and family, I think once a week, after the college came out here, and I used to enjoy seeing him. He was a very dignified figure, sitting in his closed carriage, his wife beside him, and bowing in a stately way to all who greeted him. I remember the Brown brothers, too. Not the Brown referred to by the captain, as they were several years younger. They were several years younger than they are now. I remember when they came out. They drove out and hitched their horse on the other side of this building which was the only building at that time. Both were very good looking young men I remember.

While I am on my feet, I want to make a protest. I do not suppose it is in order to make this protest, but I know there are some persons who will sympathize with me, and that is, I do not want the college moved away from Irvington. It would not only break my heart, but I really feel that it would be a great detriment to the college. I am told by older citizens of Indianapolis that it was a very sad day when Butler moved to Irvington, and that it has taken all these fifty years to recover from the set-back it received from that move. Now do we want it set back another fifty years? I don't. I have heard of no place suggested as admirable in location as the present one, so I want to protest, and I hope that somebody else may say something along this line. Mr. President, it is not quite in order to do so, but I do want to protest again against the removal of the college for the sake of the college.

PRESIDENT BULL: We might prolong discussion on that topic were it not for the fact that it is more properly a business matter which we can come to later, and as a matter of fact there are a number of important business matters to consider tonight, and I

am going to take the liberty, therefore, with the members of the more recent classes. When we get into the nineties we won't expect everybody to talk, as there are too many of them, but if they insist, we will let them do it.

MRS. CORINNE THRASHER CARVIN, '86: I believe I am alone and no other member of my class is here tonight. I was told that the present graduating class numbers fifty. We were only five. That shows how Butler is growing. It has been a great pleasure to see all these dear old friends that I have not seen for about two years, and I certainly have had the best time I ever had, tonight. I certainly enjoyed such a pleasant evening.

MR. JESSUP, '90: There are six of us present tonight out of the eighteen that were graduated thirty years ago. Five years ago we had a reunion of a somewhat formal character and we succeeded in getting eleven of the eighteen together. There was no effort made to get the class together this year, but we have six of them present this evening. Quite an unusual thing belongs to this class and that is this—that out of the eighteen that graduated thirty years ago, all of them are still living. We are pretty well scattered. One is in Idaho, one in West Virginia, one in Illinois, one in Ohio, one in California, Florida, Missouri, and the rest, I suppose, are in Indiana. It is a great pleasure to come back. I myself have been away from the college quite a long time, and was privileged only to return five years ago. Now I am back in the state and I am very much pleased to be back and to have the opportunity and the privilege of meeting again the old friends and especially the members of my class.

MR. SAMUEL SHANK, '92: Well, I am not like the first gentleman that spoke. He said that he had never tried to make a speech. I have tried lots of times but I never succeeded. I have done a lot of talking. I used to have to do a lot of talking round the college here to get out of some of the scrapes that they accused me of, most of them I never committed. Those that I did do, nobody ever suspected me of. I am not going to talk very long, because I know they want to get through with this part of the program. The

president said that he didn't want to hear from the nineties. I belonged to two classes. I belonged to that famous class of 1890 once, stayed with it for three years, found a better one and got out. Well, it took the whole class of 1890 to put me out. I did not want to confess before the faculty what I knew about what somebody else had done. That was usually the way I was accused of a lot of things the rest had been doing.

Speaking of old acquaintances, I think I probably know more people and more classes who have attended Butler. Why, I can remember the days when the Brown boys came out here and came over to our house to parties, waded through the mud knee-deep and the rain to bring the girls along. I can remember when Mrs. Clark was quite a young lady and very many others. Corinne Thrasher and the Butler girls were little playmates of mine in school. Maybe I had better not tell all I remember. I remember that room over there that was occupied by Professor Thrasher, who was the best professor I ever knew. He never kept us over twenty-five or thirty minutes in class. He found out all we knew and did not know in that time and dismissed us, but wouldn't let us out to go home for fear we would disturb the others. So we climbed out the window on a pitchfork.

I want to thank you for calling on the class of '92, and I am sorry that there are not more here because it was the finest class that ever went out of Butler.

Others who were present included: Mr. and Mrs. Hilton U. Brown, '80; B. F. Dailey and Alexander Jameson, '87; Erastus Conner, '88; Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Howe, '89; Henry T. Mann and Mrs. Alexander Jameson, '90; Evelyn Butler, '93; Belle Moore Miller and Mrs. R. F. Davidson, '94; Georgia Gavin Oakes, '95; Retta Barnhill and F. D. Hobson, '96; Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Bull, '97; Frank Brown, '97; Mr. and Mrs. John W. Atherton, Emsley Johnson, Blanche Noel and Walter Smith, '00; I. L. Miller, Goldie Stucker, John K. Kingsbury, Gem Craig Reasoner, '06; Lois Kile and Elizabeth Bogert Schofield, '09; Harry Martindale, Maude Russell, Gertrude Pruitt Hutchcraft, Mildred Moorehead Shafto, '11; Wood Unger, Maude Martin Davis, Fred Shortemeier and

Clarence Reidenbach, '12; Karl Means, '14; Beth Wilson, Muriel Bruner, Howard Caldwell, Bernice Hall Glass, Marjory Hall Montgomery and Ruth Carter, '15; Lucile Sharritt, Amy Banes Groom, Dorothy Bowser, Frieda Haseltine, Louise Hughel Payne, Francis Payne, Carey McCallum and Stanley Sellick, '16; Charlotte Bachman, Alice Brown, Vance Garner, Elsie Felt Caldwell, Ruth Habbe Nethereutt, Leroy Hanby, Myron Hughel, Frances Longshore, Juna Lutz, Virginia McCune, Lena Pavey, Katharine Riley, Margrette Boyer Schortemeier, Hazel Stanley, Robetta Van Arsdell, Florence Wilson and Mary Zoercher Carr, '17; Helen Barry, Katharine Burton, Chester Davis, Mae Hamilton, Mildred Hill Stephenson, Ruby Keefauver, Florence Wood and Mildred Jessup, '18; Edith Dailey, Dorothy Griswold, Helen Jaehne, Margaret Lahr, Grace McGavran, Elizabeth Moore, Vera Morgan, Annie Mullin, Mary Belle Pigman Sims, Gladys Webber and India Wilson, '19; Minnie Adams, Naomi Baker, Basil Bass, Maud Bolander, Gladys Banes Bradley, Esther Heuss, Herman Hosier, Nina Keppel, Gladys Lewis, Thomas Mantle, Bernice Miller, David Rioch, Gail Schooler, Gertrude Hecker Winders and Merrill Woods, '20.

PRESIDENT BULL: We come to the class of 1920 and the admission of the class into the Association. I was very greatly pleased today to learn that there are fifty members of this class who are receiving their Bachelor's degrees. This is the largest class that ever graduated from Butler College. It becomes my very pleasant duty to propose the admission of this class into the Alumni Association. The chair will entertain a motion to that effect. It has been moved and seconded that the class of 1920 be admitted to the Association. It becomes my pleasant duty to announce that fact formally to the class. I should like to read a few lines which were written a good many years ago by an alumnus of Harvard of the class of 1879, William DeWitte Hyde, called "The Altar of the College." I believe the class of 1920 will appreciate more of what that means ten and twenty years from now than they do now. Those of us who have been out of college for a number of years appreciate more and more as the years go by, just what an impression the days on this campus had on our character, and we appre-

ciate the more as we get older the opportunity that is afforded from time to time to come back here, to detach ourselves from commercial and domestic and professional affairs, and get the sort of inspiration we cannot get in business contact, that we can only get from an institution of this kind. The Alumni Association wishes the class of 1920 all of the good wholesome careers that fortune can bestow on its members, the higher success which has been characteristic of the many people who have gone out from these halls. Mr. Hosier has been designated as the representative of the class to acknowledge the honor of admission into the Alumni Association of the class of 1920, and we shall now be very glad to hear from him.

MR. HOSIER: In these days the senior class is finding itself in a state of mixed feelings: a feeling of joy that the commencement season is here; regret that the college days have so soon ended; pleasure that we have been admitted to the Butler Alumni Association; and hope that as alumni we may add something as a monument of our fidelity to the college that, like a mother, has nourished us.

Henry W. Clark has said that the heaviest burden that may be laid upon any person is to admit that there are certain things that one cannot do and certain spheres into which we cannot enter. The members of the class of 1920 could have chosen that burden. It would have been easy to have said, "I cannot do the tasks of the Freshman, the Sophomore, the Junior, or the Senior; I cannot cross the threshold of a college career." But had that burden been accepted, like an obligation, it never could have been laid aside.

Four years ago we began the work of college students with somewhat the feeling of explorers. There is the possibility of the explorer being lost before the consummation of his purpose as there is also the possibility of the college student giving up before the final obstacle has been removed from the way of success. But does the true explorer think of the possibility of failure? Not at least to the degree that the thought itself may mean failure. Nor did we allow the thought of failure to hinder us in the pursuit of our chosen end, the attainment of a college training.

When we entered upon our course we knew that the future held

many a hidden truth and many a mystery. It was best that we did not know all that these four years held for us. It was enough to know that perseverance was the needed asset for every individual. We did not know all that these four years held for us. It was enough to know that alumni you will permit this on our part, we behold the overturned stones of ignorance, the blazed paths through the forest of our own conceit, the wonderful trestle-work supported in the main by the faculty, which with other achievements make up the connecting road between our pre-college days and the world of service now before us.

We are not forgetful that there have been many days of anxiety during the period of our college course, for it has been within this time that our part in the great world war has occupied the attention of all and especially the colleges. Some who should be enjoying these days with the class of '20 are not permitted to do so because tasks other than those within the college walls called them elsewhere. However, theirs is not altogether a loss, but a gain and an immeasurable gain, for the country that we love and for humanity everywhere.

As for the college itself we have seen it come into the dawn of a new hope. It is within our years of training that the movement for a bigger and a better Butler has had an unusual development, if not an actual birth. We have rejoiced that the Butler men and women of former days have not forgotten their Alma Mater. Through their activities the relationship between the past and the present has been strengthened and made a thing of endurance for the future.

As we look into the future we are wondering what is in store for us and for the college. We might say, "Oh, the Alumni who have preceded us have done all that is worthy of accomplishment: there is nothing left for us to do." No, that is not the case. You have set an example that is worthy of the best that is in us. Immediately before us is a great task. The sun has already risen upon us and our work and we trust that before the sun is set our every duty shall have been performed. Whether we labor in America or in some far away country, we hope that the Alumni Association shall

not find occasion to be ashamed of us; yea more, we desire that Butler College shall have just cause to be proud that we are a part of her.

We are changed men and women because that which was formerly a mere desire to get what this institution had to offer has now changed to a spirit of loyalty for Butler College. For this we are indebted to the faculty. Their work will not have been in vain if through us their spirit of sacrifice may be made manifest to the world. Some lessons we may forget, but to forget their devotion to their task we must not, we shall not. Our greatest desire is to show to them our devotion by giving to others the true spirit of life as they would have it done.

As we come to this particular time in our college activities we are indeed happy to find you, the loyal Alumni, awaiting us and ready to receive us into your Association. We thank you for giving us the privileges of your fellowship. In the spirit of loyalty we want to help you to enlarge the usefulness of Butler College.

A violin duet was given by Gertrude Hecker Winders, '20, and Elizabeth Canfield, '21, accompanied by Gladys Lewis, '20.

MR. BULL: We now enter on the purely business part of the program, interspersed with some other incidental features, the first of which is the treasurer's report, by Mr. Sellick.

To The Butler College Alumni Association.

I herewith submit the financial report of the Association for the year June 15th, 1919, to June 15th, 1920.

Cash balance left over from 1919-----	\$ 72.08
Money received on subscriptions-----	758.68
	<hr/>
Total receipts -----	\$830.76
DISBURSEMENTS	
For printing of Quarterly and for stationery-----	814.24
	<hr/>
Balance on hand June 15, 1920-----	\$ 16.52

In submitting this report, I wish to state that all of the stenographic and necessary office work in connection with the collection

of dues was done by the college, gratis; that some of the expense of issuing the *QUARTERLY* was also borne by the College, because at the time the bills were to be paid there were not sufficient funds in the Association treasury to meet them. The college thought it was good advertising and paid part of the bills.

The balance of \$16.52 carried over into next year is not a large fund to begin on. Please answer notices of expiration of subscription promptly.

Respectfully submitted,

STANLEY SELLICK, Treasurer.

It was voted to raise the annual dues to \$3.00, in order to meet the increased expenses of the publication of the *QUARTERLY*.

The nominating committee, consisting of B. F. Dailey, '87, chairman, Dr. John K. Kingsbury, '06, and Mary Zoercher Carr, '17, reported for re-election of all officers, which report was accepted. The officers are: Robert A. Bull, '97, president; Judge Vincent G. Clifford, '79, first vice-president; Anna K. Murphy, '10, second vice-president; Stanley Sellick, '16, treasurer, and Katharine M. Graydon, '78, secretary and editor of the *QUARTERLY*. The committee also recommended that the alumni have some representation on the board of directors, and that they choose one of their members to fill the next vacancy. Robert Frank Davidson, '92, was elected as the representative.

MR. B. F. DAILEY: In connection with the matter of official representation as I interpret it, official representation of the Alumni Association on the Board of Trustees of the college, I noticed an item in the paper this morning in regard to the fact that the Alumni of Wabash College, by a petition, which I believe had seven hundred names, had requested the trustees of that college for official representation of a substantial number of names and they finally decided, I believe, to have twelve members out of the twenty-one, officially representing the Alumni, selected because of that eligibility, which, as I judge from the first reading of the article that I made, is something of a revolution in the corporate affairs of Wabash College. I think it is certainly to be desired that this

Alumni Association have official representation on the Board, and that a request that we have one member, one person selected from our large group, is, to say the least, sufficiently modest. I think, too, that the selection which has been proposed, Frank Davidson, would be absolutely unanimous, and would be received everywhere with the greatest of enthusiasm. We all know Mr. Davidson has his heart here and he is accessible at all times, so as to be very active. I shall be glad to hear from any one who has any thought to express in connection with this matter of representation. I do not know how the Board will receive it. Possibly there are persons here who would have some idea on that point. The meeting is now open for discussion on that suggestion. I submit to you the name of Frank Davidson as our choice for representing Butler College on the Board of Directors.

MR. EMSLEY JOHNSON: I understand that the committee made a motion that Mr. Frank Davidson be selected as a representative of the Alumni Association to go on the Board of Trustees when there is a vacancy. I wish to second the motion.

MR. BULL: The motion is that the Alumni Association have official representation on the Board of Directors of this college if it can be obtained. Of course that implies the consent of the Board, and if that consent is obtained, that we request them to name Mr. R. F. Davidson as our representative. (Motion was carried.)

MR. BULL: Mr. Trusty is going to speak to us now. He is the chairman of the Committee of Twenty-five. Some of you know what that committee is. Probably all of you have some idea on the subject. Mr. Trusty will, I know, have in mind to tell you something of its activities and they are extremely important.

MR. TRUSTY: I tried to miss the train tonight but could not do it. I suppose that the Committee of Twenty-five owes an apology to this organization for things that we have been doing these last few months without being able to consult and confer with the officers of the Alumni Association. We have felt that our activities were only for the interests which were vital to us all, however, and

that we would be glad if we could be able to do anything that would help to encourage and advance the interests of the college along the lines toward which we all desire to go.

The Committee of Twenty-five is composed of a group of men in and about Indianapolis, who have been interested in the development of the college and who have taken it upon themselves to talk with the President, and the Board of Trustees, about the plans for the future. We wish to announce that we are glad that progress has been made and that plans for the college have been realized. I want to assure you that things are indeed brighter than we had reason to expect six months ago. Our opportunity is one that we ought to accept as worthy of a great service we can render to our city and the college. We need your co-operation. We need to work together for a larger Butler with the Board of Trustees and help them to do what we all want done. I thank you.

MR. BULL: All come to order for a few minutes. This Committee of Twenty-five that Mr. Trusty started to explain to us has done some important work, and I am sorry the weather seems to have scared Mr. Trusty off. He seems to have made his disappearance, unless I am mistaken. In his absence, I think Mr. Hilton U. Brown can best explain to us what making a bigger Butler consists of. We won't adjourn this meeting until we get more information.

MR. BROWN: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen. Some of those who have been scared out by the storm have missed a very good speech, but there are enough to appreciate the good facts that I am going to present, not because I am presenting them, but because they have qualities of their own. I am going to make these remarks brief for obvious reasons. I want to say that, so far as I am concerned as a member of the Board, I heartily concur in the recommendation made tonight in reference to a representative of the Alumni on the Board of Directors, and shall use all my influence, which is at least equivalent to one-twenty-first of the Board's chosen hundred per cent to treat resolutions respectfully. That is only indicative of the general feeling and tenor of the Board, which is to co-operate heartily with the great things that are being pro-

jected. A small college has its influence. Knowing its usefulness and what it has accomplished, there is a natural ambition that it reach more persons to be benefited and whose lives can be strengthened by its influence. So it is a proper ambition, not only because we wish to see an institution with which we are connected be prosperous, but because we want to see it make for the good of the state and its community. It is a proper ambition that we should like to see what you have all come to know as a "Bigger Butler," and I think at last that day, while not here, is at least in sight. Through the intercession of the Financial Secretary and those who have labored so heartily with him (and some of them are here tonight and are not alumni of this college) through their efforts it has been possible already to assure the future for the next three years. Now that is important, because it is absolutely essential that the endowment funds of the institution shall not be impaired. The \$750,000 the corporation possesses, in making these enlargements, which must be made at once, must be kept intact. Consequently, in making these enlargements (which must be made now), and which will not await the reconstruction period, it is necessary to raise an emergency fund and that is the business in which we are now engaged—stimulating the Committee of Twenty-five, the Alumni and those who have been informed of the situation that here is the making of a great institution. Now already \$20,000 have been added to the salaries of the underpaid professors, whose prototype the older men tonight praised so highly. There are good men and true here and they have been working for meager salaries. Those salaries have now been increased and made respectable and commensurable with the salaries of college professors in the west. That requires \$20,000 a year in addition to the expenditures that have already and annually been met. Besides that \$20,000, the Board has engaged to employ other professors and employes to the value financially of \$20,000 more, so that we shall have next year \$40,000 additional to meet in the way of salaries and \$40,000 the next year and \$40,000 the next, and I hope thereafter many times that, because the more added to the employment of able men devoted to the educational problem, the larger our influence and the

greater our work. Now this money for next year is in sight and we have engaged to spend it, and that means that the talking point is over and the Board has begun to act.

You can't put too many of the red-bloded Alumni on that Board to suit me, and to suit others. The Board is so constituted that its composition changes every three years. It is self-perpetuating and must be so in order to eliminate all stock.

Having raised this money and having been assured that it has been or will be raised, we have proceeded to spend it, not wastefully, but to do justice to these underpaid men and to add other departments, or we are going to close this institution. We are not going to close it, but we are going to have here a greater and bigger Butler.

MR. BULL: I am sure we are all very glad to hear that very fervent speech. It is all too brief in some respects. I do not know whether the status of the question which was raised in the early part of the evening is in such condition as to permit some frank discussion here tonight or not, about moving Butler out of Irvington, but I don't really know myself what is proposed in that respect. I do not know whether the matter is in such shape that Mr. Brown can speak for the Board in discussing such plans that have been submitted. I am referring to the matter so that if he desires, Mr. Brown may give us some further information on that point, and which may possibly invite some remarks from some of the members who are present.

MR. BROWN: I am afraid I am going to cause too much delay in the proceedings of the meeting. Be that as it may, the Board some time ago adopted a resolution that a new plant should be acquired and that by the session of 1923-24 it is hoped that that plant shall be in operation. It was contemplated at that time that we should probably require either additional grounds on this site or on an entirely new site. The Board is not committed to any site, but it is committed to the proposition of expansion. This is involved: whether it would be wise to construct additional buildings on this site until it has been definitely decided whether we shall

remain here. Consequently the policy has been to make temporary adjustments, such as we find in the new gymnasium and in the arrangements for next year's cafeteria, rather than to put now a large sum into permanent buildings on this site until it has been definitely determined that this is where we are going to remain. Naturally our sentiments are here for those of us who have lived here. But that is not the only question. I wish it were. Rather than to put the buildings here, perhaps we had better pause until it is definitely determined where the permanent site shall be. There are other problems that must be taken into account when we consider that we are undertaking to supply for Indianapolis and Indiana a great university, and there is going to be one here as it is and will inevitably be seen, and we are the proper agencies through whom this should be done. If it can be brought by the common concession of all concerned that this is the proper place, well and good. I am not attempting to prejudice the situation, but I am just thinking out some of the things that pass through our minds. The important thing is to establish and develop an enlarged institution, provide the funds so that we can go ahead and when the time comes we shall have the money to go where it should go or remain where it should remain and construct the structures that it must have. So that is about the situation and certainly as far as the Board has gone; that is about the consummation of the situation. You all know, perhaps, the reasons for the establishment of the college here. The college Board has been discussing this matter a good many hours a day.

In the old catalogs you will find the reasons why this college was put on this spot. The two railroads on either side of the campus were considered an asset. It was long before the days of any other transportation, and there used to be a station on the side of the campus where the students arrived. It was thought to be an asset that these roads were here and there was no other way of getting to town unless you had a horse. I am speaking of the earlier days. Then there came a sort of street car line, which has been entirely destroyed. Presently came the electric lines and the college gave a thousand dollars of its very necessary funds to induce the com-

pany to extend the electric line out Washington street. That helped somewhat. But we are here now between two railroads, and railroads almost out of the question for transportation from town, because the student has to get to classes before train time. But there are colleges that are not on street car lines, and that may be our condition to do without them. The question is in the making, and it is just as well to be thinking and talking about it, earnestly and without bitterness, because it is going to be decided some day and some way, and meantime take refuge in the business of endowing this institution, because no matter whether it stays or whether it moves, we have got to have Two Million Dollars. We cannot run the college any longer on a few hundred thousand dollars, any more than you can run your own household on the money which used to be available for the good housewife. Nor can you run the college on the old basis. I don't suppose the old days will ever return and I don't know whether it is important or not that they shall, if we get on an equal basis, one thing with another, and adjustments are made. There is an endowment of Two Million Dollars needed for this college. It is going to be raised within three years and every alumnus and every old student will want to have a hand in this. I ought to say a word for the former students. Thousands and thousands have gone through these halls and never received a degree, and they are just as loyal as those who stayed long enough to get a sheepskin—loyal as we who stayed, and they are interested with us in building this institution, but they are not going to do it out of their own motion. The incentive and impulse must come from the heart and this is the heart of this enterprise.

MR. ATHERTON: President and Friends. In looking over this small but select gathering, I do not need to make a special plea for contributions such as I might have made if the weather had not interfered with the program, but I wish to take this opportunity to thank the loyal Butler people that are here and many who left early in the evening for their fine contributions and for the interest that they have taken in this work. It occurs to me that some of the alumni and former students might have felt a little bit slighted that I personally have not had an opportunity to call on them, and

you can say to any who have felt that way that it was not an oversight or intention in any sense, but was a physical impossibility for me to get around to see everybody. Nobody should be slighted. I might say that, in the campaign to raise the endowment, no one will be slighted. In fact, some of you may have to be called on several times, and we shall continue to call on you until we get the right sized contributions.

I cannot let this opportunity pass to say that we feel encouraged. We feel encouraged because the Butler people seem to be aroused, and we feel that we have been overlooking a great opportunity in the city proper. I have had the good fortune and the pleasure, I might say, of meeting and presenting our cause to the leading business men of Indianapolis, and I want to give you this message. I believe it will cheer you in this work, especially in the endowment campaign that is to come, that the business men of Indianapolis are almost as anxious, and sometimes I feel that they are just as desirous of having in the city of Indianapolis, whether the location is to be in Irvington, Fairview, or wherever the Board may decide to build, that they are just as anxious as we are to have in this city a big university, one in keeping with the size of Indianapolis. They have contributed generously, and you, gentlemen, know that in the business world today conditions are very unsettled, and I sometimes feel like apologizing when I call on some business men who have had no point of contact with the college, but of course you cannot enter an office with apologies. But all credit should be given to these men for the generous response, and I want to say that some of the younger business men have not only contributed, but they have given their time. I have on my right here Mr. Ransburg, who, heretofore, has had no point of contact with Butler, but he has been giving very freely of his time and through him I have secured very substantial contributions. Dr. Jameson and others have helped. Now, in the campaign that is to come, I want to say that every person who has attended Butler and every friend of the college will be considered a member of a general committee to canvass each other, to bring all the data that he can to my office and to go out in the highways and the byways and the hedges and give

all the money and all the support and arouse all the interest he can.

One little thing, and then I will close. That is, that I feel so happy over the willing response of other college people. Some of the men who fought in the old football days, like brother Mann, would be surprised to find that DePauw and Wabash are ready to help and have contributed and they say that this university will be their university, because it will be an Indianapolis University. I think it is no more than due them that we speak of them in this appreciative way.

MR. MANN: Mr. President, I am not a speech-maker and never was. I think it is one of the most fortunate things that all of my class are still living, after these thirty years. There were six of us here tonight. There are some questions I should like to ask because I have not been here for twenty-five years, and I should like to get in closer touch with things. I have been twelve years in Illinois and twelve years in Florida. If some one would volunteer some information about the different sites that are considered, we might be able to tell better what we want.

MR. BROWN: I don't want to be a nuisance by being on the floor so much. Mr. Mann's question enables me to at least say this much. The fact that the college has plans for the future naturally brought to the Board's members various suggestions, and those suggestions are simply in the form of suggestions thus far. There are a hundred and fifty acres in Irvington, east of the suburb, that extend from Washington to Tenth Street which is rather an attractive site. It has some good land on it. The agents who represent it have shown a disposition to make the price satisfactory and it affords excellent building spots. I suppose that fifty acres could be sold off it, if we should move out there, to others for home sites. I am not laying this down as a program that we are going to carry out for there is no program. The site I personally prefer is the Hibben ground north of E. Washington Street. That was a very expensive piece of ground. The owner divided it and built roads through it. The Board rejected that. There are many other sites that have been suggested, some far south and several in the north.

and there has been mention made of the park that is owned by the street car company. Well, it is a little presumptive to say what might be done with that. But we start from this point that the street car company at one time offered that park to the city. The city declined and it is owned and operated by the street car company. It is a beautiful piece of ground on the canal. It is in the direction of rapid growth. The street car company once offered that to the college. Some of our Board, and some of our Alumni thought it might be that we could acquire that. It is a rare piece of ground, there is no doubt about that. It is just such things as that, Mr. Mann, that come to the attention of the Board.

MR. EMSLEY JOHNSON: Mr. Chairman. I hardly know why I am considered an advocate of any particular site. I want to say this in the beginning, that I am for a larger and greater Butler College at the city of Indianapolis. I am not particularly anxious as to where that college is so long as it is in Marion county. I know that every person who approaches this question has in his mind first, where is the college going to be? We, as Butler men and women, of course have that in our minds. But that is not the important question, and I have learned that from the past two or three months of experience. The grave question is money, endowment, and then we will have a location. A committee some time ago got together with a view of arousing enthusiasm among Butler men and citizens of Indianapolis with the view of having a greater Butler College in Indianapolis, and with that as a nucleus they have started to work. I think that the Committee of Twenty-five deserves great credit. One of the greatest men in the world is the man who is able to select some other fellow that can do the work, and I say that the Committee of Twenty-five deserves great credit because they have been able to select somebody who can do the work. This Committee ought to be 250 instead of 25. This meeting this evening at this particular time in our campaign should find every Butler man and woman present with his sleeves rolled up and ready for work. We are not going to get this money unless everybody enters enthusiastically into this work. I mean by that Butler people. We have been surprised at the spirit of the citizens of Indianap-

olis, at their liberality, and their willingness to help in this, and a lot of these are not connected with us. In fact, the greater part of this money has been raised from among people who have not seen Butler College or heard of Butler College. Now the students, the alumni, and the friends of Butler College must come and work loyally in order that we may have this great institution in Indianapolis.

The location is the thing you have asked me to speak about. That is only of minor consequence. I love to think of this as an Indianapolis institution, and when I think of it I see a hillside for every building. I see trees, natural forests surrounding it, and I see a campus of a hundred and sixty acres. Nature has endowed this location. The Lord Almighty intended that Butler one day should build there. I was greatly interested in Grace Julian Clark's article that she wrote for the Sunday paper not long ago, and I was very much interested in her talk tonight. Now, I disagree with Mrs. Clark on everything she said in the article and everything she said tonight, but that is the kind of thing we want. It arouses discussion and action, also a spirit of enthusiasm, and it gets people to thinking and doing something. Now we all know that in a political party where we have a good deal of rivalry we have a good deal of action, and in church work where we have some spirit we have action. Now if we could get the friends deeply interested in a site, some on one site and some on another, we will all work, and in the end I don't care where we put the college just so they put it in Indianapolis.

MR. HARPER J. RANSBURG: I feel embarrassed to speak to this gathering tonight. I never had the distinction of going to this college. I can well imagine that those of you who have spent these happy hours here would be very reluctant to see the school moved, but if you cannot grow here, if you cannot get to the point and fill the field that you should fill here in this location, there is nothing to it. You don't want to see the future of Butler limited because of location. Now, I am talking absolutely in the blind. I know nothing about it, except just from the discussion that I have heard here tonight. I am in business. Therefore, you will have to

pardon me if I speak in business terms. In raising this money do not apologize for your actions. It doesn't pay to do that. Be sure you are right and then go ahead, so far as a bigger and better college is concerned. As to a site—I think there is no one more sentimental than I. Mrs. Ransburg has among her possessions something that some people would not think very much of. It is a piece of wearing apparel that means a great deal to me. I suspect you feel the same way about your school here. I can imagine you are very reluctant about leaving. But you should grow. You do not want to see the future of Butler limited because of location. One of the hardest things in the world is to see an old church torn down. There is a fondness there that has endeared itself to you. It is mighty hard to see it taken away and destroyed. Yet which one of you is not proud of any new church we may have, and so in the future if you are to have a better and a greater Butler, you absolutely must have grounds. You cannot sell the sentiment that is dear to you to the future generation. It cannot be done. They will have sympathy toward you; they will listen to you; but that will not get you students and your college will not grow on sentiment alone.

MR. FRANK BROWN: I came to this Alumni gathering primarily for the same thing that I usually come for, and that is to reunite with my old friends. Some I meet every year like yourself, Mr. President, and then I have the pleasure every year of renewing acquaintances with others whom I have not met since I was in college, like Mr. Hobson and Mr. Mann. But secondly, I came tonight to hear what this committee has done. I think I am like Mr. Mann in that respect. Although I live here, I have been curious as to what the committee has been doing, and when the storm came up tonight and Mrs. Brown thought we should go home, I agreed with her, but when I suggested that I hated to desert at this time, she said she would go home with friends and I decided to stick and I am glad that I have.

At the various gatherings I have heard men like Mr. Dailey tell how they came through the fields, down the cow-paths to this building, and this building with its equipment in those days was sufficient.

And then when we came, Burgess Hall had just been completed, and I think while we were in school the gymnasium had been completed and that sufficed for that day. Last year we heard that the students of this college were fairly bursting out of doors for lack of room and equipment. Butler College needs larger quarters: Butler College needs larger equipment. It is partly due to the growth of the city. Our city is growing industrially, commercially and in population, and the city of Indianapolis needs a large university with large endowment and large facilities to take care of our boys and girls who cannot go away, but who want to receive a higher education.

Butler College needs a larger endowment and the city of Indianapolis needs a larger college, and the one need can fulfill the other, and who can best bring these together? Butler College can best fill the needs of Indianapolis for a large university and the alumni can best bring these two needs together.

Now we are all curious, of course, to know where this college will be located, but we have a committee that is in charge of that, and I think that we can well leave it to their judgment. In the meantime, we have something to fight for. Our attachment for our college has always been loyal, been true, but passive and dormant, because of nothing to stir it into activity. But now we have something to fight for, and we don't get much in this world unless we do fight for it. And so it will be the same way with the alumni of Butler College. We have a call now to arms for an active loyalty, instead of a passive loyalty, and the question is whether or not the alumni of Butler College is going to awaken to this wonderful opportunity, and in the meanwhile that we should say that whether the college remains here or goes yonder, we are for Butler first, last, and all the time.

MRS. JAMESON: I was greatly interested in what was said early in the evening by Mrs. Clark on the question of a change in site. I do not believe there is anybody that ever went out from these halls that loves them with more devotion than I do. There are few that come into these halls that can remember them longer than I can, because as a little girl I came here, watching with great pride

an older sister, who was going through the great affairs of graduation, and in undergraduate work, and I learned to love them as a little girl of only four years old. I have followed everything that has gone on from that time. I love it. I love it from the depths of my soul. It has given to me what has enriched and beautified my life. It gave me my beloved husband. It has prepared my children for life. Butler has given to our home what we can never repay. I love this site; I love these halls, but I love Butler more, and if some other site can mean more to Butler, then I say leave it to the committee to decide and to choose what is for the greatest advantage for Butler. I think business men know more about this than we who casually listen, and I think we ought to refrain from anything in the shape of criticism of what the business men, who make it a matter of business to see to this work, decide to do. I think what we should do is to be back of this and make everything of this campaign which is ahead of us. The home is very precious to us, but I have come to the conclusion that it is not the house only that makes the home. Where the family is the home is, and I cannot believe that Butler College would not be Butler College whether she is situated out at Fairview, or over on the Hibben ground on the creek, or whether she is situated here or some place else, we will love her wherever she is or what she is. I don't want any mistakes made, but I know we are all back of her, no matter where she goes or what she does.

MR. JAMESON: I have been very much interested in this institution. My brothers and sisters, and uncles and aunts—almost everybody has gone here. It brings up one little question to me. In my traveling around over the country, I have seen with special interest a great many college sites, a great many plans of a great many institutions, and there is only this question that comes up in my mind in relation to changing a site of an institution. I have seen institutions that were powerful that had as many as two thousand students, colleges situated admirably, the names of which we are all familiar with, that had very much less natural site than we have right here. They had buildings; they had enthusiasm; they were doing a good service. And I think of one college now, one

away out in Iowa, of 3,000 students, one which grew to large numbers in a very short time. But I don't think that is a matter of very great importance. What I do feel is this, that in this bigger, better Butler proposition there may be lost somewhere along the line that atmosphere, that very essence of an institution, in the effort to grow big, that has been absolutely precious here in the struggle of something that is bigger. If there is anything this institution has stood for it is the character of the men and women that have gone out of it. I have seen cities grow big and lose character in growing big. Now character and quantity do not go hand in hand. That is the only thing that I am afraid of in a big school. There is one other thing that it seems to me, since you have started this, I am going to say, and that is this. I have had some little experience in various forms of selling for the past ten years. You have something here to sell to the community. It seems to me that the thing to do absolutely first and foremost is to crystallize on a plan that is absolutely feasible. Get it worked out to the point where it is absolutely feasible, and where it is not a matter of secrecy, and subscriptions and your donations and your money and everything of that kind will come in infinitely easier. I think that any business man wants to know what your plan is. I believe that the most valuable thing is to get down to the basis of a working plan and stay with it. Once that decision is made, I believe the battle is over.

MR. HOBSON: I appreciate what the gentleman just said about the committing the college to something. Thirty years ago I was at a supper at the Presbyterian church in Kokomo, and Brother Allen was pastor of the church at that time. They had a debt of five thousand dollars on the church for a long time, and he and the men of the church, with as many visitors and friends as could get together, had a nice supper and he made a speech about what they wanted to do in reference to paying off the debt and doing larger things. The one thing that he said that I remember all these years was that "It is worth five thousand dollars to you men to commit yourselves to something of this sort!" You may get somewhere by that course of action. It may be that

there are plans already thought out and that will be carried out, but we don't all know them. I was glad to come out this evening, and I am here for the first time since I graduated in 1896. I am glad to see the enthusiasm that is here, and to know that there are big things in prospect by the Board of Directors and the alumni. I hope to see the Bigger and Better Butler. So far as location is concerned, I was a little bit surprised at what Mr. Brown said a while ago, that this site was chosen on account of the proximity of the railroads. I wondered why in the world it had been chosen when I was a student here. Wherever Butler goes, I think we will all loyally follow.

MR. BULL: The keynote of the talks of the evening has been whether Butler remains in Irvington or in Indianapolis or on this campus. The idea is to make the best Butler we can make.

A motion was made and carried that greetings be sent to Katharine M. Graydon, '78, who is in Hawaii. Mrs. Belle Moore Miller, '94, was appointed chairman of the committee to send the message.

Class Day

Class Poem

HOPE BEDFORD

TO BUTLER COLLEGE

Long rows of marble shield on shield
In Arthur's court the names revealed
Of each brave youth who came to fight
And battle with the hosts of might,
To win his spurs upon the field
Of Chivalry.

And through the years those shields of gray
Emblazoned grew with colors gay
And tales of knights venture told,
Life held as nought and honor—gold,
By youth who proudly went the way
Of Chivalry.

But some shields spoke of deeds undone,
Of knightly courses never run,
On each of these the unknown name
The story told of fear and shame,
Of honor lost and spurs not won,
For Chivalry.

In Butler halls a memory shield
Is hung, for each whose heart concealed
The Titan's spark, the reach for light,
The search for truth, the will to fight
For honor on the battlefield
Of Chivalry.

There came the war and Butler men
Helped keep the faith with right again;
And some there were who found the Truth
And gave the priceless gift of youth
Who gained the perfect knowledge then
Of Chivalry.

It is our promise as we go
To keep our shields hung row on row
Emblazoned bright, for honor gained,
Manhood and womanhood attained,
Which you have made us seek to know
For Chivalry.

History

The fall of 1916 was a memorable one in the history of the college. With the opening of the school year, there was enrolled the largest number of freshmen which the college, up to that time, had had—192 new students filling class rooms and crowding hallways to such an extent that they constituted a real problem. But our numbers have sadly dwindled in the four years, so that, in our Senior year only twenty-eight out of the original 192 have successfully run the course. The remainder of the class consists of those who entered in previous years, and dropped out for a period of time, along with those from other colleges, who have come to graduate from Butler College.

Our Freshman year passed as most school years—new to us to be sure—but rather uneventful. After the first few chapel exercises, the honor system was rehashed, the process extending over quite a period of time, with the final result that it was again accepted.

Our first vital decision as a class was made with regard to the wearing of green caps, which we were informed were the customary mark of honor and distinction for Freshmen. There was something so symbolical about those caps, and the most of us, either because of Sophomore threats, or else in search of thrills, donned them without much hesitiation. Both fright and thrills ensued, policemen wandered about our classic halls and the "Fighting Parson," namely, Reinhold Stark, appeared with an individual style of hair cut, as penalty for defying the stern commands of the most superior Sophomores.

Athletic activities had many freshmen representatives, and the fact that we won the interclass basketball championship, was convincing evidence that our victories over Earlham and Rose Poly on the football field were due to the invaluable freshmen material on the team.

The Freshmen Prom in November at the Woodruff Club marked our initial appearance in the social world, and later in the production of "Safe in Siberia," Freshmen talent in dramatics as

well as social endeavors, was approved and proclaimed by the upper classmen and the world in general.

The spring of '17 was one of excitement due to the political conditions of the country. On April 6 came the break with Germany, and on April 10 military drill was added to the curriculum. Immediately, too, our boys began to leave for training camps. Those of our class who have returned to complete their college work, but who are not graduating with us are: Newell Hall, Norman Shortridge, Harry Mount, Charles Marshall, Ed. Wagoner, Eugene Weesner and Edwin Whitaker. Many others enlisted who have entered other fields of work instead of returning to complete their college course.

Our service flag carries for the boys of the class of '20, gold stars in memory of Kenneth Elliott, who was killed in action; Alexander Marone and Marvin Rae, who died in military camps.

The commencement of '17 was imbued with the military spirit, and numerous uniforms were worn instead of the scholastic cap and gown. Those who returned for the Sophomore year came with minds alert to the duties, both civil and collegiate, that were before them. The college work was taken more seriously, but at times was slightly disrupted by enthusiastic outbursts of patriotic fervor in form of a Patriotic League, Red Cross, hygiene classes, and the most distracting—especially to the professors—the continuous knitting, knitting, knitting.

The Sandwich Club, at a special chapel, presented the college with a service flag which hung ever before us as a symbol of those who had gone out from our midst to protect civilization and democracy.

Heatless, eatless, sweetless days were endured with an air of martyrdom most natural to Sophomores, and it has been rumored that Gladys Lewis's present mathematical prowess has been attributed to the ability she gained while calculating how many days twenty-two rooms could be kept warm on twenty-seven lumps of coal, each seven inches in diameter.

The solemnity of the sophomore year was lightened by the production of "One Drop More," written by Jean Brown and Mary

O'Haver and staged by a most enchanting chorus, who learned Hawaiian dances during rest periods in military drill.

Our junior year is one long to be remembered as our "war year." It was a year of much confusion and little work. Registration day was held in September, followed by a second one in October, accompanied by a complete re-arrangement of the school schedule. School was dismissed during the intervening time because of the great epidemic of flu which was making itself keenly felt all over the country. This year experienced the beginning of the S. A. T. C. in preparation for which the luxury of two barracks was afforded. All was excitement and "Retreat" summoned, as well as the S. A. T. C., the residents of Irvington each evening to witness the ceremonies. With the signing of the armistice the town went wild—no less the S. A. T. C. boys, who felt that there was in view an end to their army life. Butler entered into the celebration with a huge bonfire on Irwin field followed by "blanket pass" and a special chapel at which Madeline and Marguerite Pôstaire sang the Marseillaise.

Although each Clean-Up-Day is frowned upon as an unwarranted holiday, it had its place in the school program, with us in charge. As usual, it rained and the only successful feature was the eats.

In the same spring the weather vane was hoisted. It was a night job surrounded by mystery and secrecy. In about a month it was replaced by Prexy's chair, but it held its position for only one day, and the next day saw a new pennant of 1919 and 1920 on the lightning rod.

The very successful production of "Green Stockings" was the last event of note before commencement.

The after effects of war were prominent in college life in the fall of 1919. Registration was closed early on account of the overcrowding of classes; student activities, intellectual, spiritual and social were seething with new and sometimes radical ideas, which functioned toward a more progressive and democratic school.

The athletic activities, though largely unsuccessful, were fought with such a splendid spirit of sportsmanship, that a real opportunity for celebration was given the students, which certain street

car conductors, high school teachers, and policemen will affirm the students made good use of, when Pat Page was engaged as athletic coach.

As in previous years, the battle of the honor system was fought, and not withstanding the virtue of such a weapon as the immortal barrel of rotten apples used by George Smith, the system changed—the honor system was abolished and a new scheme of student control was enacted.

Play days and work days have gone well together. Senior parties and picnics have furnished the opportunity for a truer spirit of comradeship between Faculty and Seniors.

Senior corduroys and even the cap and gown will soon go into the discard—college play days and work days are past, and tomorrow will bring the play days and work days of life in a world reconstructive period, to those of the class of 1920.

MURIEL FILLINGHAM,
MARTHA N. BAKER.

Class Prophecy

Time 1930. (*Monta Hunter calls on Talitha Gerlach*)

Talitha—"Hello, Monta, I'm so glad to see you."

Monta—"I surely am glad to see you too, for I haven't seen you since we took our airplane trip together."

T.—"Oh yes, our airplane voyage to locate our classmates of 1920."

M.—"Wasn't that a splendid idea of our class to do away with the customary class book, and instead, use the money ten years later to find out what each member of the class was doing then?"

T.—"Don't you remember we left the United States just at the close of that brilliant political campaign in which Mary Wilson was elected Senator from Indiana?"

M.—"She would not have made it, though, had it not been for

the good work of the 'Emancipated Woman's Party' led by Gertrude Hecker Winders as International president."

T.—"And Dorothy Phillips and Beulah Stockdale made such wonderful campaign speeches in Mary's behalf."

M.—"I was glad, too, to see Basil Bass in Washington, D. C."

T.—"He is doing such splendid work and has made a name for himself as an authority on international law. You know it was through his efforts that the headquarters of the League of Nations was brought to Washington."

M.—"So many of our class are doing spectacular work. Vilma Rich has made quite a name for herself as an airplane racer."

T.—"Wasn't it lovely of Vilma to take us over to Greece to see Gladys Banes Bradley and Mildred Quinn at their work?"

M.—"I shall never forget that beautiful place. The glory of the Parthenon—the whole atmosphere of beauty everywhere."

T.—"Gladys decided to have a career as well as a husband, and was gaining a reputation as a translator of ancient Greek manuscripts, while Mildred was making valuable contributions to the archaeological world through her excavations."

M.—"I enjoyed our reminiscences together, talking about all the different members of that good old class of 1920—brightest and best of the sons and daughters of Butler College."

T.—"I think it was our talk together of college days that decided Vilma to accompany us on our trip to visit all of our classmates."

M.—"Do you remember we went from Greece to Cairo, Egypt, to hear Bernice Miller, who had become a prima donna and was touring the world? Muriel Fillingham was her accompanist, and Louise Stewart her violinist."

T.—"And Bernice always had planned to be a missionary. But you never can tell what these talented people will do."

M.—"It was rather amusing to find Marie Hamilton in Africa, wasn't it?"

T.—"I shall never forget the thrill we had that morning flying over Africa when we saw down below us a Butler pennant flapping in the breeze."

M.—"And to find it to be the abiding place of Marie, who had

taken so many classes in the College of Missions that she had persuaded her husband to become a dental missionary."

T.—"Yes, and Marie told us she had instituted among the African maidens the custom of wearing diamond engagement rings a la Butler."

M.—"Who would have supposed that the south pole would ever have played a part in the history of our class."

T.—"And how surprising to find several of our classmates there."

M.—"It was funny about Lois Blount not marryin'—"

T.—"Not marryin'. Why, that was *the* case of our college days."

M.—"Oh—I mean—she didn't marry for a year after she was out of college, and then she and Herman decided to give their lives in missionary service and chose the South Pole because no one had ever ventured there."

T.—"And Dave Rioch joined them, after nailing the American flag right on the South Pole. Dave received his inspiration for explorations from prowling around the Butler cupola after midnight, while a Junior in college, and since has become a renowned explorer."

M.—"And they all looked so happy as we flew away to South America to visit other classmates."

T.—"You remember we saw Adam Flatter in South America as head of the Interchurch World Movement there."

M.—"Mr. Flatter surely did give us a good day. It was interesting to learn of Nina Keppel's work."

T.—"Wasn't it generous of Kenneth Fry to follow in the footsteps of Andrew Carnegie by setting aside a large part of his immense fortune for the establishment of libraries in out-of-the-way corners of the globe?"

M.—"And how splendid of him to choose Nina to do the work for him."

T.—"I always laugh when I think of that time we were flying over South America and saw that big crowd down below us—"

M.—“And when we went down to investigate to recognize George Smith as the orator selling the latest thing in patent medicine.”

T.—“Yes—‘*Butler Incentive.*’”

M.—“He could scarcely take time to talk with us about old school days.”

T.—“But he told us to be sure to stop over in Mexico to see the work of the famous horticulturist—Guy Mantle—the second Luther Burbank.”

M.—“How glad we were to get back to dear old United States. You remember we went directly to the big college near New Orleans.”

T.—“And we found there Ada Haskins as President and Murray Atkins as Dean of Women.”

M.—“We had such a happy day with them. While there we learned about Genevieve Downs.”

T.—“She has been a brilliant star in the dramatic world, for many years. Paris christened her ‘The Divine Genevieve.’”

M.—“And Julia Hennessy was head nurse in one of the large hospitals in San Francisco.”

T.—“I never knew Julia was interested in nursing.”

M.—“Nor I. We next went to Canada for some one had told us about the ideal city there that was being managed by some of our classmates.”

T.—“That city—the dream of sociologists, all enclosed in glass, one furnace to heat it in winter, a refrigerating plant to keep it cool in summer, no noise, no dirt, no—”

M.—“And Gail Schooler was mayor, Florence Taylor head of the community kitchen, and Hazel Brown Stuart sanitary officer.”

T.—“It seemed so dull to get back to Chicago—always so noisy, and dusty and dirty.”

M.—“But it had its compensations, for we found there Mr. Charles Gunsolus.”

T.—“I understand he had succeeded a former pastor by the same name.”

M.—“We had such an interesting day with Mr. Gunsolus. He told us about Hope Bedford’s success.”

T.—“Her latest book was causing much discussion among intellectual circles.”

M.—“And he told us, too, about a short story he had just read in the ‘Atlantic Monthly’ by Naomi Baker.”

T.—“Naomi always was weaving plots for stories during her school days.”

M.—“It seemed good though to fly away from Chicago to Lake Geneva and what pleasant memories did that place call up.”

T.—“Still the ideal place for Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. student conferences.”

M.—“Perhaps it was some of the Butler students that helped to locate the famous Butler buildings we found there.”

T.—“The Biological Station in charge of Esther Heuss. It is now unnecessary for Butler to send students to Woods Hole for training.”

M.—“And the great observatory containing the largest telescope in the world.”

T.—“Don’t you remember seeing the bronze tablet inscribed: ‘In honor of the Martinsville trio—Lucile Sartor, Margaret Rose and Gladys Lewis—the first to complete successful communication with Mars?’”

M.—“When I was talking with the man in charge of the observatory, he said that the year before, Gladys and Margaret had air-planned to Mars to carry on their investigations.”

T.—“And they took Herman Hosier with them as missionary and Ruby Perkins as a Y. W. C. A. secretary.”

M.—“After learning how splendidly all of our classmates had succeeded, it was with a merry heart that we went to visit our ‘bigger and better Butler.’”

T.—“As we hovered over the campus, we tried to count the buildings—it hardly seemed possible that this could be the development of our own Alma Mater.”

M.—“Two hundred acres in the campus, big science buildings, dormitories, gymnasium, huge stadium, etc.”

T.—“And to be so fortunate as to arrive there on the seventy-fifth commencement, ten years after our own.”

M.—“We were sure we would know no one. But learned that Genefrede Harris was Dean of Women, and Dorothy Frazee head of the School of Music.”

T.—“The professors were using a new invention, perfected by Maude Bolander, by which a professor could tell without questioning whether or not a student had his lesson or, while sitting in his library at home, he could tell whether or not a student had cheated on an examination.”

M.—“And Anna Louise Jeter was managing the tube system, whereby students were shot from one class room to another.”

T.—“And Minnie Adams was creating quite a sensation as a charming professor's wife.”

M.—“We had a fine visit with Minnie. She told us, you know, about Mabelle Wright, who had become the second Jane Addams of the world. And about Eleanor Griffin. She had gone on and taken several other degrees, but was now practicing household administration.”

T.—“Mary Mercer had married the head of the Sociology Department at Butler, and was now in charge of all the ‘Butler Mixers.’ ”

M.—“Florence Corya we learned had become the wife of the president of a large printing institution, and she sees to it that commencement announcements arrive on time.”

T.—“It surely seemed good to be back at commencement time, when everything looked so festive. But there was more excitement than usual this year. A cablegram was expected any minute from Thibet. Harry Perkins and Merrill Woods were in charge of the ‘International Athletic Meet’ there. Butler had sent a large delegation, and, of course, expected to carry off the honors.”

M.—“And best of all, Dr. Don McGavran was to give the commencement address. He had become a very prominent preacher, but spent his spare time furthering the interests of ‘Student Affairs’ in the different colleges.”

T.—“Wasn't it a happy experience to visit our classmates? How I wish it could be repeated some years hence.”

M.—“My—it surely did make me feel prouder and happier than

ever that Butler College was my Alma Mater. I must be going now, Talitha, but how I would love once again to be back in our old Chapel Hall and hear the students singing 'In the Gallery of Memories,' etc."

Exit while the audience is singing "In the Gallery of Memories."

Representing the class, Don McGavran presented a clock for the college library.

Class Plays

"BY OURSELVES"

Cast

Mrs. Valkart	Miss Lois Blount
Dr. Valkart	Mr. George Smith
Lottie, the maid	Miss Margaret Rose
Captain Hubert	Mr. Basil Bass
Old family servant	Mr. Don McGavran

Directed by Miss Evelyn Butler and Mrs. F. E. Lumley.

"CUCKOO'S NEST"

Cast

Julia Price	Miss Mary Mercer
Catherine Tubb	Mrs. Eleanor Griffin
Mrs. Henry	Miss Mary Wilson
Mr. Henry	Mr. Herman Sheedy
Gately Price	Mr. Kenneth Fry
Sammy Tubb	Mr. Raymond Miller

Directed by Mrs. Ward.

The Day

The academic procession, consisting of the Senior Class, the Faculty, the Trustees, the guests of honor and the speaker of the day, marched from the Bona Thompson Memorial Library to the

Chapel, where, at 10 o'clock, the exercises began with the invocation, pronounced by Rev. Allen B. Philputt. The musical numbers were furnished by Montani Orchestra. The address of the occasion was made by Rev. George A. Campbell, and is given elsewhere.

The President of the College conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon Minnie LaMotte Adams, Murray Browning Atkins, Martha Naomi Baker, Basil Newett Bass, Hope Vintitia Bedford, Lois Barbara Blount, Maud L. Bolander, Gladys Banes Bradley, Florence Elizabeth Corya, Genevieve Rosemary Downs, Muriel Fillingham, Adam Flatter, Dorothy Frazee, Kenneth Prather Fry, Talitha Agnes Gerlach, Eleanor Sanders Griffin, Charles Henry Gunsolus, Marie Louise Hamilton, Genevieve Harris, Ada Thelma Haskins, Julia Hennessey, Sarah Esther Heuss, Herman Russell Hosier, Monta Hunter, Anna Louise Jeter, Nina May Keppel, Gladys Lewis, Donald Anderson McGavran, Thomas Guy Mantle, Mary Cornelia Mercer, Bernice Beth Miller, Harry Brown Perkins, Ruby Vesper Perkins, Dorothy Lela Phillips, Mildred Quinn, Vilma Easter Rich, David McKenzie Rioch, Margaret Berkeley Rose, Lucile Sartor, Elma Gail Schooler, Herman James Sheedy, George Daniel Smith, Dorothea Louise Stewart, Beulah Marie Stockdale, Hazel Brown Stuart, Florence Marie Taylor, Mary Amelia Wilson, Gertrude Hecker Winders, Merrill Jay Woods, Mabelle Wright, and the degree of Master of Arts upon Raymond Robert Miller.

In conferring the degrees, President Howe said:

Members of the Graduating Class of 1920: I have, first of all, two messages for you—one comes from a loyal alumna of last year's vintage—it comes from Lake Providence, Louisiana, and reads: "Congratulations and best wishes. I wish I could be with you. Jean Brown."

I have also another message from further away. Helen Marsh was formerly a member of this class, but is now Mrs. Robert B. Ransom, of Tien-Tsin, China, and she asks me to give you her greetings and congratulations, and she says that she wishes that she might be here with you.

I congratulate you, young ladies and gentlemen, on two or three,

or, perhaps four accounts. You have a rather singular distinction to enjoy today. You are the largest class that has ever been graduated from this college; and, in the second place, you have been members of this class, for your last year, in the first year that the college attendance has passed the one thousand mark; and, in the third place, you have caused the number of alumni to pass from below a thousand to the number of one thousand and four; and, in the fourth place, you have broken the record—it has rained today! (Laughter.) Hence we are holding these exercises in the Chapel, instead of on the campus.

The speaker of the morning has addressed you most eloquently, and I wish that you might all take with you the message he has delivered; that it may not just simply pass away from you, and be an idle memory, because he has given you something worth while for thought through life.

I do not suppose that the world is going to be particularly disturbed because you are graduating today. I hope, however, that it may be disturbed twenty-five or thirty years hence, because you have graduated here—and disturbed as it should be disturbed.

You have heard from this platform a great deal of what purported to be the philosophy of life. I do not know how much of that will remain with you. It is, perhaps, well that you should forget a good deal that has been said here. But, as you go out today, you are carrying with you the hope and the love—and I mean love in the deepest sense—of all of us who have instructed you, or who have in any way addressed you.

May I say to you the same thing that has been said to you two or three times in the last day or two—you have been a good class; you are a class of whom we are most sincerely proud; you have been a congenial class, and we are going to think of you for a long time to come. Your memory will be ever present with us.

When our friends go out on a journey we wish that we might give to them something to carry with them. Sometimes it is a box of candy; sometimes it is a good book. You are going out on a different sort of journey from the one to which I refer. You are going out on the big life journey; you are stepping out into the

world, of which you are all a part, at a time when there seems to be great confusion, clashing of ideals, hope in some quarters, hopelessness in others. Will you let me, as a very sincere friend, urge you, not for one moment to be discouraged.

If your college course has meant anything to you it should have made you hopeful, full of faith, and *optimistic*. As I think of the breakup in the world, the breakup of order, of society, of government, even, I say we have only conditions created for great constructive work, and it is your blessed privilege to take a part in that wonderful constructive work that lies before us.

You, my friends, are a part of the hope of America, the hope of the world.

I wish for you, first of all, that you may learn to order your lives decently, properly and sanely. With all that there is about us, there is an enormous temptation to waste one's life by not being able to make decisions, to do this definite thing, or the other. So many interests are contending for your attention. You are going to find, young friends, that your biggest job is to handle your own individual selves, if you have not already discovered this, and I hope that when you come back here for your twenty-fifth, your thirtieth, or your fiftieth anniversary, you may come back to the college, or the university, or whatever it is, as happy people, happy in the success of usefulness; that you will not have found out that you allowed yourselves to be drawn on into this thing, and that thing, and the other thing, and never directed a straight course toward any definite goal.

The world needs you. The world needs you here at home. The world needs you in foreign countries. There have never been so many opportunities, you have been told, to make your lives count, and to be useful to mankind.

We have great hopes of you. We entreat you to be men and women of right thinking, men and women who stand for righteous things, and hate the wrong; men and women who love things that are good and beautiful and true; men and women whose eyes are fixed upon the great goal of right living, who believe in God, who

know His Son, and who will not allow their faith to be shaken by any of the experiences of life.

Friends, this college asks you not to forget it. If the college is to continue a useful instrument, it must be by the efforts of those who love it, and who believe in it, and if you, her sons and her daughters, do not take your share in helping to make it larger and better, and a more useful instrument for the betterment of those who come after you, what, friends, shall become of it? We look to you—we of the college, we of the church, we of the State, we of the Nation. And God bless you every step of the way that you may take.

It is customary, at this time, friends, to announce certain honors. We determine what members of the graduating class have held the highest standing during their college course, and announce them at this time. These are, in the order named, Talitha Agnes Gerlach, Maud L. Bolander, Gertrude Hecker Winders.

We also, at the close of the college year, elect from the Junior class, one whom we call, during the next year, the Senior Scholar. There are certain advantages which accompany that appointment. That student is one who stands high as a student, and in all relations toward her, or his fellows in the college. I take very great pleasure, this year, in announcing that the faculty has elected as Senior Scholar, Miss Helen Esther McDonald.

We are now, friends, at the end of our exercises for this year.

May we not be permitted to say this word in addition? You have read in the daily papers, of the plans which the College has for the future. The friends of this college realize, as I think we all do, that we are here in a great American center. Perhaps some of you read, this morning, in the paper, the announcement by one of our great business men of this city, that by 1935 there should be a population of a million souls here in Indianapolis. That is a great challenge, a great opportunity to this college and its administration. Large things must proceed from small beginnings. The college is no longer small, but the effort to make it much more sub-

stantial and much more serviceable has to have a beginning, and has had that beginning, I am happy to say.

An organization has been perfected, out of which has grown the appointment of a Financial Representative, whose first task has been to secure emergency funds for the maintenance and the extension, to meet the college needs during the next two or three years. Those needs are very many. We want to serve—we want to serve this great community.

Mr. Atherton, our representative, has made a very unusual beginning, and has caused us to have very high hopes for his successful administration of the task that has been imposed upon him.

Further action was taken yesterday, at a meeting of the Board of Directors, for the conduct of a campaign for, not hundreds of thousands, but some millions of dollars, which must be at our disposal, if Indianapolis is to be served by Butler College. That campaign will be put under headway as quickly as possible, and we hope that when we next meet in commencement, we will have some announcements to make, of actual achievement, that will cause you to be thrilled with satisfaction, from knowing that we can serve the community, as is our opportunity and our duty.

We beseech, for ourselves, your hearty interest and support and co-operation. Let no one say that he cannot aid. This is a great task. It is a great opportunity, and it can be one of great effort and great sacrifice. We want your help; we want your prayers, at all times.

Now, friends, we will retire to the lawn in front of the college residence, where we shall be glad to have all the friends of the graduating class, and the college, come, where we may all greet each other.

You will please rise while Dr. Reidenbach dismisses us.

REV. CLARENCE REIDENBACH: Our Father in Heaven and Earth, we thank Thee for this glad hour of achievement; we thank Thee for the warm sympathy of the friends of the members of this class and this college. We pray Thee, now, that Thou wilt help us to order our lives according to the pattern which has been shown us.

We pray Thee that Thou wilt be with us and strengthen us in all our ways.

And now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be, and abide with us all, now and forever. Amen.

Class Reunions

CLASS OF '90

BUTLER COLLEGE REUNION

June Seventeenth, Nineteen hundred and twenty.

The thirtieth year of our class graduation

Brings memories high that for joy cover all;

The spring of the year and the June convocation,

And ev'ry glad spot which we love to recall;

The wide-spreading elms and the "dorm" that stood near them,

The shade and the shadows that under them lay,

The home of our Prex, and the grove that stood nigh it,

And, O, the dear Mater we left on that day.

The years have been good since each turned to his pathway;

We all are alive and may answer the roll;

How gracious the Father who brings us this June day,

When all of our classmates remain on earth's scroll.

We pledge to each other renewed dedication;

A loyalty pledge that the years cannot break;

While life is our treasure and breath is our portion

A friendship the finer that time will remake.

Just five are the years that have come and have vanished

Since we met in glee at our twenty-fifth year.

The joys and the sorrows, the triumphs, the failures

Of life's rugged struggles, drew each to each near.

Be failure, achievement, or gain our life's issue,
The class of that year to our wealth adds pure gold;
Though poor in our purse we are rich in their friendship;
The wealth of their love is a treasure untold.

Give memory rein, and let fancy beguile us
As through the long years we invoke the review;
Their names are familiar, their deeds are all golden,
And here is the class of old '90—all true;
Frank Marshall, the tall, and Marsh Davis, the student,
Tace Meeker, the playful, John Nichols, the imp,
Frank Findley, the pious, and Jessup, the bashful,
Miss Graydon, the artless, Miss Braden, the meek,

Laz Noble, the cautious, and Smither, the boldest,
Miss Tibbott, the quiet, Frank Muse, for debate,
Charles Fillmore, the friend, and H. Mann, the athletic,
Miss Martz, the chief councillor, Schell, diplomat,
Miss Stevenson, active and high in attainment,
And Green, the retiring. And here's to the class—
To each do we lift up the cup of our heart's love
And pour a libation, the best we can give.

The fine class of '90, the great class of '90,
The gold crown-ed class is the theme of our song.

The Class of 1890 gathered in part to celebrate its thirtieth anniversary. The celebration centered about Henry T. Mann, Butler's famous football captain, when she made a glorious name for herself back in '88 and '89. Mr. Mann, who has not been back for twenty-four years, came all the way from Florida for this celebration. He came back to his friends mellowed and sweetened with the years and made glad the hearts that welcomed him.

The class, eighteen in number, is still wholly intact. Only seven were able to gather this time—Charles M. Fillmore, Henry L.

Schell, Romaine Braden Schell, Jasper Newton Jessup, Vida Tibbott Cottman, Henry T. Mann and Julia Graydon Jameson. Augusta Stevenson was out of the city.

The class had supper together at the alumni reunion on Wednesday night. They had luncheon and a soulful visit together at the Jameson home on Thursday noon after the commencement exercises. They parted with a solemn vow that nothing must be left undone to get them *all* together in five years—in 1925.

Boys and girls of '90, pawn your children or your wives and husbands, if need be, but do not fail to gather in your college home in 1925. Your Alma Mater will joy to welcome you home, and you will feel that your life is richer for such touch as this.

BREAKFAST OF CLASS OF 1908

The annual breakfast of the class of 1908 was held in Ellenberger Woods on Wednesday morning. Four members of the class were present: Gretchen Seotten, Bessie Power, Daisy McGowan Turner and Florence Hosbrook Wallace, with her son. A pleasant time was had, recalling college days and friends.

THE 1915 CLASS REUNION

The Class of 1915 held its fifth reunion in the form of a picnic supper on the campus on June 15th. About twenty were present, including wives and husbands of class members. Recent news was given of every one of the forty-six members, and it was found they were scattered among three foreign countries and ten states. The class enjoyed hearing again the class prophecy—the original copy, written in pencil—read by B. Wallace Lewis. Justus Paul told of the new athletic plans of the college, and urged us all to support them in every way possible. A resolution was sent to the President of the Board of Directors expressing the desire of the class of 1915 to co-operate in every way with the committee, which is working on plans for a larger Butler, and expressing the desire that, if possible, Butler remain on the present site. A letter of loving memory was sent to Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Robison, the parents

of our beloved president, Bruce Robison. A permanent organization of the class was formed with Howard Caldwell, President, and Ruth Carter, Secretary.

The members of the class present were: Alma Barmfuhrer Kane, Beth Barr, Howard Caldwell, Ruth Carter, Ruth Cunningham Kirkhoff, Margaret Griffith, Bernice Hall Glass, Marjory Hall Montgomery, B. Wallace Lewis, Clarence E. Oldham, Justus Paul, and Mary Winks Russell.

Our Correspondence

I attended the Indianapolis Centennial Celebration of the Calvin Fletcher School. The teacher in charge was Miss Alice Brown. '17. When we talk of a bigger Butler, don't forget that a better Butler will soon be a bigger Butler, and it is just such loyal alumni as Miss Brown that are having much to do with a bigger, better Butler. In her pageant of the Centennial, the episode of 1850 to 1860 was the founding of Butler College, with Ovid Butler and four of his colleagues drawing up the charter of the college. Then in the finale, when all the agencies that have made the Indianapolis of 1920 gathered about her—her factories, her railroads, her charitable institutions—there appeared foremost and conspicuous, Butler College, to tell what she had done for the city, the participants singing, "Alma Mater, how we love thee." Surely those children could never forget these Butler scenes, and right there were being made future Butler students.

J. G.

Public Speaking and Debating in Butler College

The past year has been a fairly satisfactory one in the matter of public speaking. The College has not won the victory in all the contests in which it participated, but the results obtained by the students have been on the whole quite gratifying. The work of this department has been under the direction of Mr. Albert Stump, an attorney, but who has had considerable experience in debating and public speaking. He is a competent and able instructor.

Butler College was represented in the Interstate Oratorical Contest, which was held this year at Franklin College, by Mr. R. Melvyn Thompson, '21. Mr. Thompson's oration was ranked first by one of the judges on manuscript, but his general ranking was third.

Butler College participated in a triangular debate in which the other colleges were Beloit and Knox. The subject debated was the right of labor unions to choose their own representatives to arbitrate labor disputes. The affirmative team, consisting of Henry Bruner, '22, and Walter Shirley, '23, met Beloit College in the Butler College chapel. The Butler negative team, consisting of Telford Orbison, '22, and Wayne Harryman, '21, met the affirmative team of Knox College in the Knox College chapel. The Butler teams were successful in both debates.

A new undertaking in the history of Butler College was the women's debating team. First, a dual debate was held between Albion College and Butler. Butler was unsuccessful in both debates. Our affirmative team consisted of Bessie Miller, '23, Margaret Ann Cook, '23, and Helen McPheeters, '23. The negative team consisted of Ilene Harryman, '23, Mary Elizabeth Hanger, '23, and Martha Montgomery, '23. The question debated was the government ownership and operation of coal mines. The defeat of the team was in a measure due to the enforced absence on the part of Mr. Stump and lack of proper coaching just before the debate. Two weeks later the two teams met two teams from Rockford College. They were ably assisted in their preparation by the

young men who had participated in debating, and as a result both teams were successful in their contests with Rockford.

Preparations are being made for a more active participation in debating than in previous years. Mr. John Moffat, who successfully coached the debating teams in 1918-19 will be in charge of the instruction in public speaking during the coming year.

The Faculty

Prof. Harry Bretz is in Spain.

Miss Katherine M. Graydon will resume her work at the college this fall.

Miss Winifred Siever is traveling in California, and intends to visit Alaska.

Miss Corinne Welling is spending the summer at the University of California, Berkeley, Cal.

Mrs. D. C. Brown and son, Philip, also Prof. and Mrs. W. C. Harris, are spending the summer in England.

Dr. F. E. Lumley, of the College of Missions, will go to Ohio State University, Columbus, in the Department of Sociology.

Mrs. Charlotte Ferguson Zink has resigned as Librarian for the College. Professor M. D. Baumgartner has been appointed to supervise the library for the coming year.

Mr. John Moffat is announced as instructor in forensics. Mr. Moffat, who attended Butler, received his A.B. degree at Wabash College and his M.A. degree from Columbia University recently. He was coach of forensics at Butler in 1918-1919.

Dr. Guy Howard Shadinger has been appointed the new head of the department of Chemistry, to succeed Dr. Earl C. H. Davies. Dr. Shadinger was acting professor in 1907-08 at Butler, while Professor Richard Moore was studying in England. He received the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy from Hamline University in

1900, after which he taught in a number of preparatory schools in the northwest. In 1907 Dr. Shadinger received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Johns Hopkins University. For the last ten years he has been head of the department of Chemistry in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.

Mr. Jordan Cavan has been appointed Assistant Professor in Education. Mr. Cavan received the degree of A.B. from Adelbert College of Western Reserve University, and the degree of M.A. from the Western Reserve Graduate School in 1917. From June, 1917, to June, 1920, he was a graduate student and fellow at the University of Chicago. Mr. Cavan was professor of Education for one year at Central College, Fayette, Mo., and has recently been associate professor of Education at Ohio Wesleyan College, Delaware, O. Mr. Cavan began his work at Butler College on July 19, conducting courses in Education in the Summer Session.

Mr. Cavan is a member of Sigma Delta Chi, national honorary journalism fraternity; of Delta Sigma Rho, national honorary forensics fraternity, and Phi Beta Kappa, honorary scholastic fraternity.

The new instructor in Physics and Chemistry is Albert E. Woodruff, of the University of Chicago, who will succeed Karl Means. Mr. Means has been acting as physics instructor two years, having taken the position as an emergency appointment at the first of the war. Mr. Means will go to Chicago University to take a fellowship that was gained by him in 1918.

Mr. Woodruff was graduated from Kansas State Normal College at Emporia, with the degree of B.S. He received his M.S. from Chicago in June. While in the army, Mr. Woodruff was an instructor at Camp Dodge, Iowa, until June, 1919, when he was transferred to Ft. Benjamin Harrison, and served there as chief educational officer of the post until December 1.

Dr. Howard W. Jensen has been appointed professor of Sociology.

Hereafter the department of sociology will be conducted as a separate department of the college of liberal arts.

Butler has never had its own department of sociology, an ar-

rangement with the College of Missions permitting the use of Dr. Frederick E. Lumley, of the College of Missions faculty, as a Butler associate professor. Professor Lumley has resigned from the College of Missions faculty to become a member of the sociology department faculty at Ohio State University. Hereafter the Butler sociology department will be independent.

Dr. Jensen was graduated at the University of Kansas in 1914, and obtained his A. M. degree there in 1915. From 1915 to 1917 he was a graduate student in the school of divinity, University of Chicago. The two following years he was a fellow in the department of sociology at the University of Chicago. He received his Ph. D. degree, "cum laude," from Chicago in March, 1920.

For a time Dr. Jensen was pastor of a church near Grant Park, Chicago, and was the pastor of a church at Milwaukee. On November 1, 1919, he resigned his pastorate to take charge of the Latin American survey of the Interchurch World Movement.

In March Dr. Jensen went to Central America to conduct a field investigation of economic and educational conditions there. His monograph on this investigation is being published by the United States Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior, and his thesis on the function of communication in religious work will be published soon.

Miss Evelyn Butler, Professor of English and head of the Butler College residence for women, has been granted leave of absence for one year to become Dean of Women and a member of the faculty in the English department of the University of Idaho. Miss Sarah E. Cotton, assistant to the President, will have charge of the residence during Miss Butler's absence.

Professor Frederick Elmore Lumley

Professor Frederick Elmore Lumley became a member of the faculty of the College of Missions in 1912, immediately upon the completion of the work for his Doctor's degree at Yale University in that same year. Under the exchange arrangement existing between the College of Missions and Butler College, his courses in Sociology were taken at once by a considerable number of Butler College students. This number increased largely from year to year as Professor Lumley's popularity grew with our college students.

Before Professor Lumley had begun his work here, Professor Jeremiah Jenks, then of Cornell University, told me that he considered Professor Lumley one of the most promising of the young men in this country in his chosen line of effort. This judgment of Professor Jenks was speedily verified by the results of Professor Lumley's courses. Hundreds of Butler College students have attended his classes with great profit to themselves, and they speak of him with the love and respect that right-thinking students cherish toward a great teacher. He has been a positive force for righteousness in our college and community life. He has endeared himself to his colleagues of the Butler College faculty as well as of the College of Missions. He has created for himself a place of authority in his field in the city of Indianapolis. In every sense he has been a fine citizen and a faithful co-worker in all our academic undertakings. He and his good wife will be sorely missed from our midst. We congratulate most sincerely Ohio State University and the city of Columbus upon their acquisition of this family, and we wish we might have kept them here with us.

The most genuine wishes of the Butler College faculty and students for success and prosperity accompany Professor and Mrs. Lumley and their son Hillis as they depart to their new home.

THOMAS CARR HOWE,
President Butler College.

Personal Mention

Miss Frances Pinnell, '22, visited College during Commencement week.

Mr. Everett Holloway, ex-'06, is in the real estate business in Indianapolis.

Mr. Sylvester DuValle, '12, of St. Louis, visited his parents in Indianapolis, in June.

Mr. Elmo B. Higham, '14, has returned to Indiana after taking a post-graduate course in Yale Divinity School.

Mr. Xerxes Silver, '14, was superintendent of schools at Merrillville, Ind., the latter half of the past year.

Miss Helen Tichenor, '13, and Miss Mary Padou, '18, will teach at Technical High School this coming year.

Marie Binninger, '07, Irma Bachman, '12, and Russell Putnam, '19, are attending the Summer Session at the University of Colorado.

Mr. Ferris J. Stephens has gone to New Haven, Conn., to take up his work in Yale University this coming school year.

Among the colored girls employed on the playgrounds this summer in Indianapolis are the Misses Ada Haskins, '20, Henrietta Herod, '22, and Lorianne Thomas, '22.

Miss Jean Brown, '19, is visiting Mrs. Mary O'Haver Ousley, '19, and her brother Mark Brown, ex-'08, in Memphis, Tenn., and her brother Arch Brown, ex-'20, in Transylvania, La.

Mr. Paul A. Draper, '22, Mr. Donald McGavran, '20, and Mr. Lyman Hoover, '22, all of Indianapolis, have been elected by the Butler Faculty to represent the college in the Indiana Rhodes scholarship contest in the fall.

Miss Merle Stokes, '19, is in girls' work this summer, as executive secretary of a Young Womens' Fellowship Association, organized

under the Church Federation of Newark, N. J., to provide the social, religious, moral and recreational development of the colored girls of Newark, who have no Y. W. C. A. She is planning on entering Columbia University next fall to do post-graduate work.

Mr. Robert Ralph Batton, ex-'12, is practicing law at Wabash, Ind. Mr. Batton graduated from the Law Department of Indiana University in 1917, with the highest average ever made by a law student of the University. Mr. Batton, who has since become better known as "Bob" Batton, is Democratic County Chairman, President of the Kiwanis Club, and otherwise active in the community life.

Announcement has been made of the appointment of the staff heads of the Butler Collegian for next year. Wayne Harryman, '21, of Indianapolis, will be editor-in-chief, and Paul A. Draper, '21, will be business manager. Mr. Henry P. Bruner, '22, business manager of the Collegian for the last year, has been appointed acting business manager for the 1921 Drift, the annual which the class of 1922 will publish next spring.

Among the Library appointments this year for Indianapolis appear the following names of former graduates and students of Butler College: Ethel Cleland, Anita A. Welch, Marian Saylor, Gertrude Ryan, Eleanor Pollock, Mary Wheeler, Nina M. Keppel, Mabel Warren, Florence Buening, Margaret Griffith, Edith Gwartney, Atta Henry, Louise H. Payne, Helen Aten, Mary Sandy, Lucile Nordyke, Luella Nelson, Annette Hedges, Alice Breedlove, Murray Atkins, Vera Morgan, and Esther Heuss.

Mr. Mallie J. Murphy, director of publicity for the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce, who also has been handling publicity for the American Legion, has accepted a position as Vice-President and General Manager of the Thomas R. Shipp Company, Incorporated, which has offices in Washington and New York, and is in the business of counseling large corporations concerning publicity and their relationship to the public. Thomas R. Shipp, 1897, president of the company, who formerly lived in Indianapolis, is visiting

here for a few days at the home of Mr. Murphy. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy will reside in Washington.

Dr. Herbert LeSourd Creek, '04, associate professor of English at the University of Illinois, has been named head of the English Department at Purdue University. He will succeed the late Prof. Edwin Ayres, whose death occurred last winter. Dr. Creek is a native of Carroll county, Ind. He obtained his master's and doctor's degree at the University of Illinois. He has been connected with the English department of Illinois for the past ten years and during the past few years has served as assistant dean of foreign students. He is the author of several text books and is widely known in the educational world. He will assume his new duties when school opens next fall.

Mr. Andrew Leitch, '11, has been appointed a member of the faculty in the departments of Philosophy and Education at Bethany College.

Gretchen Scotten, '08, will spend the summer studying at the University of Chicago. Erma Bachman, '12, and Marie Binniger, '07, will study at the University at Boulder, Colorado, and Eva Lennes, '08, and Corinne Welling, '12, will be at Berkeley, California.

Marriages

TRIBBLE-DAWSON.—On September 23, 1918, were married Captain Harry Tribble and Miss Mildred Dawson, ex-'17. Mr. and Mrs. Tribble are at home in New Orleans, La.

HILTON-KARNS.—On April 17, in Irvington, were married Mr. Walter Barker Hilton and Miss Kathryn Anne Karns, '19. Mr. and Mrs. Hilton are at home in Irvington.

COCHRAN-CALLOWAY.—On May 14, in Indianapolis, were mar-

ried Mr. Vaughn Kenneth Cochran and Miss Faye Elizabeth Cal-
loway, ex-'21. Mr. and Mrs. Cochran are at home in Brookston,
Indiana.

TAFEL-ANDREWS.—On May 22, in Indianapolis, were married
Mr. Robert E. Tafel and Miss Helen Hunt Andrews, '17. Mr.
and Mrs. Tafel are at home in Louisville, Ky.

JACOBS-MARTIN.—On June 2, in the city of New York, were
married the Rev. Frederick Harvey Jacobs, '16, and Miss Emma
Catherine Martin, '10. Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs are at home at 37
Bayview Ave., South Norwalk, Conn.

FULLER-ASHBY.—On June 12, in Indianapolis, were married Mr.
John Louis Hilton Fuller, '18, and Miss Mary Alice Ashby, ex-'17.
Mr. and Mrs. Fuller are at home in New York.

ALWES-ALLEN.—On June 14, in Muncie, Indiana, were married
Mr. Charles E. Alwes and Miss Charlotte L. Allen, ex-'14. Mr.
and Mrs. Alwes will be at home after July 1, in Indianapolis.

FLECK-OWENS.—On June 16, in Indianapolis, were married Mr.
Arthur W. Fleck and Miss Inez Owens, ex-'19.

DENNY-DUNN.—On June 17, in Indianapolis, were married Mr.
Paul Craven Denny and Miss Alice Lucile Dunn, '16. Mr. and
Mrs. Denny will be at home in Chicago after July 1.

WOLCOTT-WOOD.—On June 17, in Indianapolis, were married Mr.
Clarence Eugene Wolcott and Miss Florence Elizabeth Wood, '18.
Mr. and Mrs. Wolcott are at home in Indianapolis.

WILLIAMS-LOCHHEAD.—On June 19, in Indianapolis, were mar-
ried Mr. Isaac Beddoe Williams and Miss Mary Evelyn Lochhead,
ex-'17. Mr. and Mrs. Williams are at home in St. Louis.

BAIRD-YARNELL.—On June 22, in Irvington, were married Mr.
Edward Lin Baird, '09, and Miss Sarah Yarnell. Mr. and Mrs.
Baird are at home in Shelbyville, Indiana.

BURBRIDGE-DENT.—On June 23, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Clarence Burbridge and Miss Eugenia Dent, '19. Mr. and Mrs. Burbridge are at home in Chicago.

MILLER-HAMILTON.—On June 23, in Rensselaer, were married Dr. William Con Miller and Miss Marie Louise Hamilton, '20. Dr. and Mrs. Miller will be at home at Hammond, Ind.

MOORE-CORNELL.—On June 24, in Los Angeles, Cal., were married Mr. Richard Harvey Moore, '18, and Miss Opal G. Cornell, ex-'19. Mr. and Mrs. Moore are at home in Los Angeles.

MORROW-PAVEY.—On June 26, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Avery Pefley Morrow, '17, and Miss Lena Aliee Pavey, '17. Mr. and Mrs. Morrow are at home in South Bend, Indiana.

SCHMALZ-COLEMAN.—On June 26, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. John W. Schmalz, ex-'19, and Miss Prudence Coleman. Mr. and Mrs. Schmalz are at home in Indianapolis.

YOUNG-THOMAS.—On June 26, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Clarence Young and Miss Lorianna Cosieo Thomas, ex-'22. Mr. and Mrs. Young will be at home in Indianapolis.

VAN NUYS-COPELAND.—On July 10 were married Mr. Mark Van Nuys and Miss Marianne Mercer Copeland. Mr. and Mrs. Van Nuys will be at home near Frankfort, Indiana.

FRASY-PETTLJOHN.—On July 20, in New York, were married Mr. Paule Vere Frasy and Miss Gertrude Pettijohn, ex-'16. Mr. and Mrs. Frasy will be at home at Rotan, Texas.

JOHNSON-THOMPSON.—On August 2, at Indianapolis, were married Mr. Emsley W. Johnson, 1900, and Miss Elizabeth Thompson. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will be at home at 3328 N. New Jersey St., Indianapolis, after September 1.

Births

WILKINSON.—To Mr. Hugh B. Wilkinson and Mrs. Anna Hughes Wilkinson, '07, on December 21, 1918, at Indianapolis, a daughter—Jean.

HANKE.—To Mr. Otto Hanke and Mrs. Irma Nix Hanke, '09, in December, a daughter.

WALLACE.—To Mr. John L. Wallace and Mrs. Florence Hosbrook Wallace, on January 31, 1920, a daughter—Margaret Ann.

BOWMAN.—To Mr. Stuart Bowman and Mrs. Margaret Barr Bowman, '11, on February 5, at Cumberland, Indiana, a daughter—Jean Stuart.

FLATTER.—To Mr. Adam H. Flatter, '20, and Mrs. Naomi Flatter, on April 14, a son—Victor Jennings.

REA.—To Dr. Clarence G. Rea and Mrs. Agnes Fort Rea, '13, on April 18, at Muncie, a son—George Fort.

MINTON.—To Mr. Ralph Minton, ex-'17, and Mrs. Henrietta Cochrane Minton, ex-'18, on May 9, at Indianapolis, a son—Richard Carleton.

PETERSON.—To Mr. Raymond Peterson, '22, and Mrs. Georgia Fillmore Peterson, '16, on May 11, at Indianapolis, a son—Charles Fillmore.

GETHART.—To Mr. Harry Gethart and Mrs. Ann Kitterman Gethart, ex-'15, on May 17, at Newcastle, Indiana, a son—William.

JUDD.—To Mr. and Mrs. Maurice B. Judd, ex-'14, on May 18, a son—Thomas Judd.

TUCKER.—To Mr. Albert R. Tucker, '15, and Mrs. Tucker, on May 19, at Montclair, N. J., a son—Albert Robert, Jr.

KIRKHOFF.—To Mr. Louis N. Kirkhoff, '16, and Mrs. Ruth Cun-

ningham Kirkhoff, '15, on May 24, at Indianapolis, a daughter—Esther.

RAGSDALE.—To Mr. John Paul Ragsdale, ex-'12, and Mrs. Mary Louise Rumppler Ragsdale, '17, on May 27, at Indianapolis, a son—John Paul, Jr.

JOHNSON.—To Mr. Howland Johnson, ex-'18, and Mrs. Hazel Rodebaugh Johnson, ex-'19, on June 19, 1920, at Indianapolis, a son—Robert Silas.

CLARKE.—To Mr. Elbert H. Clarke, '09, and Mrs. Inez Williams Clarke, ex-'09, on June 19, at Hiram, Ohio, a son—Thomas Curtis.

LEWIS.—To Mr. Philip C. Lewis and Mrs. Katherine Jameson Lewis, '16, on June 30, at Indianapolis, a daughter—Mary Elizabeth.

LEITCH.—To Mr. Andrew Leitch, '11, and Mrs. Pearl Shipley Leitch, on July 3, at New Haven, Conn., a daughter—Katharine Celestia.

HOSIER.—To Mr. Herman Russell Hosier, '20, and Mrs. Hosier, on July 17, at Charlottesville, a son—Gerald.

OUSLEY.—To Mr. H. P. Ousley and Mrs. Mary Katherine O'Haver Ousley, '19, on July 28, at Memphis, Tennessee, a daughter—Mary Katherine.

Deaths

RUSSELL.—Mrs. Theo. Bentley Russell, wife of Horace M. Russell, '05, died June 7, at Amarillo, Texas. To Mr. Russell the QUARTERLY extends its sincere sympathy.

ATHERTON.—John W. Atherton, Jr., son of John W. Atherton and Louise Brown Atherton, died May 1, 1920—age eleven months.

FULLER.—Dean W. Fuller, ex-'18, of Indianapolis, died July 6, in a hospital at Palo Alto, Cal. Death was due to diabetes, which Mr. Fuller contracted while he was serving in France as a member of Battery F of the 139th Field Artillery. He enlisted in April, 1917, and was in camp at Hattiesburg, Miss., before going overseas. He returned with his regiment in January, 1919, and for seven months was a patient in the base hospital at Fort Benjamin Harrison. When he received his discharge from the army his condition was such that he went to the Robert W. Long hospital, where he remained for further recuperation.

For several months he was employed by The Star, first in the editorial department and then in the classified advertising department. He resigned when his condition became worse and went to Phoenix, Ariz., where he took a position in the classified department of the Phoenix Republican. He left Phoenix a few weeks ago, going to Palo Alto.

HARVEY.—Judge Lawson M. Harvey, ex-'84, died June 25, at his home in Indianapolis.

The death of Lawson M. Harvey will be sensed by the entire city and state as a real loss. As a justice of the Indiana Supreme Court he took such rank that the bar of Indiana will deeply lament his departure, but as a native and life-long citizen his death will come with all the weight of a personal bereavement to very many acquaintances outside of his immediate circle. He has been called a gentleman of the old school. He was in reality a young gentleman of the old school, for, despite his years, he was youthful and

forward looking, never without hope and never lacking in faith and vision.

It is something worthy of note that one may live in a community nearly sixty-four years with every year adding to the confidence and esteem. No reproach in all these years has cast its shadow upon Lawson Harvey. His private and social life indicated the highest quality of citizenship, and his public service was of that fine type which marks the conscientious lawyer and a just judge.

There are many things that remained that Judge Harvey might have done well and yet his life must be looked on as complete for, all "which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," were his. He came of fine stock. His father was a great physician, known everywhere in his profession, and loved by all Indiana. The judge's old friends will remember the tragedy of his youth when a brother of great promise lost his life in early manhood by accident. The judge was not spared for the full threescore years and ten, but he lived long enough to make an impression upon his city and state that will not pass. Not in gloom or despair will he be remembered, but as a wholesome, joyous spirit that makes life worth while. In honoring him the state and bar of Indiana will honor themselves.—Editorial *Indianapolis News*, June 26.

ROBERTS.—John A. Roberts, '71, died March 19, 1920, in Indianapolis.

John A. Roberts departed this life at the ripe age of over four-score years. He was a Christian minister for more than fifty-six years, preaching most of that time in Indiana. At the time of his death he was minister of the Fourth Christian Church in Indianapolis.

He was born in Rush county, Indiana, July 22, 1839. Going alone through a dense forest one and one-half miles when he was only five years old, he attended a district school. He continued to attend the country schools until he was eighteen years old, when he entered the Shelbyville, Ind., Union Schools, presided over by

James H. Moore. After going here five months, he returned to the farm, and during the winters of 1858 and 1859, taught school.

On August 16, 1860, at Milroy, Ind., he became a member of the Church of Christ at that place. On October 4th of the same year, he was married to Miss S. A. Bosley. He continued farming and teaching until August, 1862, when he enlisted in Company D, Sixty-eighth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, for a term of three years. He was captured by the Confederates at Mumfordsville, Ky., but was paroled and exchanged soon afterward. On account of failing health, he was discharged June 26, 1863. After partially recovering his health, he continued to engage in farming and teaching.

He preached his first sermon at Big Flat Rock, Rush Co., September 20, 1863, and for the next two and one-half years preached twice a month. In the autumn of 1865 he removed to Milroy, Ind., and the next year, attended a course of lectures given by Errett, Milligan, Burnett and others at Hiram, Ohio. In the spring of the next year after that, he taught in a seminary at Little Flat Rock, Rush Co., and in September of 1867, entered North Western Christian University, now Butler College, and was graduated with the class of 1871.

On December 22, 1874, he was married to Mary F. Swain. He had four children with his first marriage and three with the second, making seven in all, and four of these seven have passed on before.

He ministered regularly to churches at Lebanon, Shelbyville, and Newcastle, Ind., Pittsfield and Talula, Ill., Kenton, Ohio, and Kendallville, Ind., and was held in high esteem at all these places, and at many others where he preached. At four different times, he was minister of the Fourth Christian Church, Indianapolis, where he was preaching when he died. He believed in and adhered strictly to the Gospel of Christ. He was also an ardent Party Prohibitionist and voted that ticket many times. Besides three children, Will Roberts of Indianapolis, Dr. A. S. Roberts of San Francisco, Cal., and Mrs. Carl Loop of the Isle of Malta, he left two sisters, Mrs. E. S. Grubb and Mrs. Ann Haymond of Indianapolis.

and one brother, J. H. Roberts, Seattle, Wash. For several years immediately prior to his death, he had made his home with his sister, Mrs. Grubb, and went with her to her son's at Athens, Ga., where he spent three winters. While in Georgia, he preached at Dublin, and Athens, at the latter place, while his nephew, Stanley R. Grubb, was in camp.

The funeral was conducted by Prof. Jabez Hall, and the burial was at Shelbyville, Ind. The Fourth Christian Church, for which he was preaching, felt his loss very greatly, as did his many friends and relatives. He was noted for his strict adherence to the word of God, and for his careful, painstaking study of the same, and its faithful presentation. He belonged to a generation of Christian preachers, the ranks of which are becoming more and more thinned out, in fact nearly all of them have passed on. Such men as O. A. Burgess, Henry Pritchard, L. L. Carpenter, E. L. Frazier, J. W. Conner, and others like these, were his companions in the Word, and truer, grander men than these Indiana preachers never lived.

Notice

The annual alumni fee has been raised to *three dollars* for the purpose of paying the expense of issuing the QUARTERLY. This increase goes into effect October 1, 1920. Send your fee as soon thereafter as convenient to the alumni treasurer, Stanley Sellick, Butler College, Indianapolis.



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Butler Alumnaal Quarterly

October, 1920
Vol. IX, No. 3

INDIANAPOLIS

Entered as second-class matter March 26, 1912, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Cornelius Printing Company

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VOL. IX

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., OCTOBER, 1920

No. 3

Thomas Carr Howe—His Administration

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD

It has been sixty-six years this fall since Butler College opened its doors. Of those sixty-six years Thomas Carr Howe, as student, teacher, dean and president, was connected with the institution thirty-six years. Five of these years he was away on leave studying in universities abroad or in this country. So that there remain more than thirty full years during which he was officially connected in an influential way with the college. For thirteen years he was president.

These figures merely serve in a measure to indicate his contribution to his alma mater. We pass over his many material sacrifices and his financial generosity, for this is designed to be simply a comment on his period of administration.

Mr. Howe was inducted into the office of chief administrator of the college's affairs over his protest in an emergency calling for a trained and true man. He had no thought of becoming the permanent president, and in reality preferred the work of the classroom, for which he had diligently and brilliantly prepared himself. But finding him indispensable as president the college trustees repeatedly declined to take action when he asked to be released. He rose so admirably to the situation that the board would not listen to a change. Finally his resignation became peremptory by reason of other increasing demands that were made upon him.

Constantly, while directing the affairs of the college, he had in mind the collegiate quality of the work to be done. He was determined to maintain standards that, as a thoroughly trained man himself, he saw to be necessary for the preservation of an institu-

tion without large resources but with a commanding opportunity. He kept in touch not only with the work of the best colleges, but with the educators who were responsible for that work. Where subordination was necessary, he chose to put the emphasis on the permanent matters that had to do with the rating, scholarship and standing of the college. To lose these he well realized would mean to lose the character and dignity which he and his predecessors had established and without which a small college would soon sink into oblivion. He took pride in the fact that a Butler College diploma was recognized by all the educational institutions of the country. He stood for sound learning. There were no short cuts to a degree with him.

Taking office when the college financially was poor, and during the years of meager endowment he bore constantly in mind the necessity for further equipment and larger funds. He was instrumental in increasing these substantially; and each step of progress was a permanent gain and stands the test of high educational judgment.

The thirteen years of his presidency of Butler form an outstanding period not only in this college, but in the educational field in Indiana. His counsel was sought by all the men who have contributed in recent years in this state to advance the cause of higher education. Many thousands of students have gone from the college during his presidential term, and six hundred of them with degrees bearing Mr. Howe's signature. It is a big work that he has done; and the greatest of all perhaps was that he prepared the college for a greater day and made it possible to achieve it.

September 22, 1920.

Dear President Howe:

We, the Faculty of Butler College, wish herewith to express to you our sincere regret at the severing of the tie which has bound you so closely to the College in all her interests, to us in particular. We are mindful of your long service to the institution, of what has been accomplished, not only in your professorship but also in the years of your presidency, for the growth of the College in numerical number and in scholastic attainment. We are mindful of the

fact that such growth has come, oftentimes, in face of perplexity, discouragement and agonizing of soul. Your generosity, your integrity, your friendship for the students and their friendship for you, your hatred of dishonor in any form and in any place, your determination to keep the College true to academic ideals—true to the spirit in which it was founded, have not escaped our respectful attention.

We honor you as a Christian scholar and man of affairs. We wish for you the reward of work well done, for success and happiness in all your ways. We shall miss you in our deliberations, but we are grateful for the helpfulness and wisdom you have bestowed upon us in the past.

Faithfully yours,

THE FACULTY OF BUTLER COLLEGE.

By Katharine M. Graydon,
E. N. Johnson,
H. L. Bruner.

College Conditions

BY JOHN W. ATHERTON

For several years the president, the board, the officers and many of the alumni and friends of Butler College have realized that drastic measures would have to be taken leading to further growth and development of the College. A definite movement to stir up enthusiasm and interest in plans for a "new Butler" was taken last winter at the National Church Meeting at Cincinnati. A number of our alumni in the ministry held a meeting during the convention and proposed to form a committee to present their general plans to the College Board. Early in 1920 the Committee of Twenty-five was organized with Clay Trusty, '08, Chairman; Frank Davison, '14, Vice-President; Charles O. Lee, '09, Secretary, and Harold

Tharp, '11, Treasurer. Several meetings were held by the Committee of Twenty-five in which matters of vital interest to the College were discussed and plans formulated which in due time were laid before the Board of Directors.

This newly aroused interest brought about certain definite results. A new Athletic Committee, Frank Davidson, '91, Clarence Reidenbach, '12, Claris Adams, ex-'10, John McKay, and George Cullen Thomas, '13, set about to secure a competent head to this Department of Physical Culture. After carefully going over the field in the eastern and middle western universities, the committee and advisors unanimously decided that the best man to be secured was H. O. Page, who for the past ten years has been the assistant to A. A. Stagg of the University of Chicago. After our old friend and coach; Jack McKay, R. F. Davidson, and J. W. Atherton had made several trips to Chicago the signature of Mr. Page to a three years' contract was secured. The Board and alumni all feel that the acquisition of Mr. Page to the Butler College Faculty was a timely and important step forward and that it will be the means of Butler's regaining her former prestige in athletics.

The next action of the Committee of Twenty-five was to recommend the appointment of J. W. Atherton as Financial Secretary. This recommendation was presented to the Board of Directors and the appointment was made in February. A temporary downtown office was opened in the old Library building in March and a permanent city office was established May 1st at 1103 Fletcher Savings and Trust Building.

President Howe and the Board of Trustees in going over the coming year's budget were greatly disturbed to find a deficit in the running expenses of the College for 1920-21 of approximately \$40,000. The new Financial Secretary was asked to raise an emergency fund to provide for the deficit.

The alumni, former students, friends, business men of Indianapolis, and the General Education Board in New York City were appealed to and by July 1st the emergency fund was raised and a serious crisis was averted. Not only was the coming year's deficit cared for, but sufficient funds were secured to guarantee the en-

larged operations of the College and the payment of increased salaries for the professors until such time as the new Endowment Fund is assured.

Since July 1st, the date on which the Emergency Fund was completed, the College Board, operating through the city office, has been laying plans for the coming Endowment Fund Campaign. The Board has appointed on the special Endowment Fund Committee, Hugh Th. Miller, '88, Judge James L. Clark, William G. Irwin, '89, Merle Sidener, ex-, Dr. Henry Jameson, '69, Hilton U. Brown, '80, Thomas C. Howe, '89, and J. W. Atherton, '00, Executive Secretary.

These men are now selecting an Indianapolis Business Men's Committee, an Alumni Committee, and a Church Committee. It is hoped that Butler College County and District Associations will be formed and meetings and dinners arranged for in the larger cities of the state. Further details of the plans will be forthcoming at an early date.

One of the older alumni, on hearing the plans recently, declared that the future of Butler College never before has been so bright and though he had passed the allotted span of life he firmly believed he would live to see Butler College a large university. This good friend will not be disappointed if all the alumni, former students and friends of the college give this great new movement the hearty and loyal support it deserves.

Labor Conditions in England

A Chapel Talk

BY WILMER C. HARRIS, Head of History Department

Our trip in Britain this summer occupied just about eight weeks. We landed at Liverpool, went South into Wales, thence East to London, thence North and West to Scotland, and from there South again to Liverpool, from which port we sailed for home. The route then was in the nature of a circular tour from Liverpool. The

places that we sought were the places associated with English history rather than the scenes connected with English poetry or English fiction.

The real worth of such a trip is not so much in the immediate enjoyment that one experiences as in the impression and memories that remain after it is all over. Time casts a golden glow over the scenes—the crowded trains, the discomforts of travel, wet weather, cold rooms, crowds, all fade into the background and leave in clear relief the surf beating upon rocky shores in North Wales and Western Scotland, fishing boats with dull red sails outlined on sunlit waters, the Island of Staffa with Fingal's Cave, Iona and the graves of sixty kings, ruined castles overgrown with vines and flowers, abbeys and cloisters where monks walked centuries ago.

I can not tell you all about it now. In the few minutes at my disposal I want to tell you something about present conditions in England, for I believe that few of us realize the seriousness of the social and economic situation that exists in that country. Of course I do not mean that I can say the last word on this subject. I can only give you the conclusions of a single individual, mainly interested in sightseeing, who, in the course of a brief visit to England, talked with people, high and low, read the papers and magazines and tried to find out what he could about conditions.

In the first place, every one with whom I talked declared that conditions were bad and bound to become worse before they were better. Everyone is discontented and looking forward to a change. Class distinctions are more marked and class consciousness better developed in England than in this country. The working class is well organized into unions and political parties. Hence, the working class in England is articulate, class conscious, and through its powerful organizations it is able to have a voice in the making of conditions under which it works and lives.

Since this working class has a "punch" behind it, it is important to know what it is thinking, for as it thinks it will act, and as it acts so it is likely will England's future be. Now I can not tell you what every laboring man thinks, but I talked with certain individuals and I will tell you what they said.

One afternoon on a railway journey I talked with a railway brakeman. He was a middle-aged, intelligent type of man. He said he had been on the railroad for years and though his wages had been raised he was actually receiving less *real* wages than he did years ago. He was an enthusiastic union man and said the Daily Herald (the semi-official organ of the Labor Party) was the only newspaper that printed the truth in England. I asked him about the merits of the coal miners' controversy and his reply was to tell me about Lord —. It seems that Lord — owns extensive coal lands in Wales. Every ton of coal mined on these lands pays tribute to Lord —. This revenue amounts to thousands of pounds per year, yet Lord — does no work, that is, he returns nothing to society, yet he receives much. He owns one mile of railroad over which all this coal has to come from the mines. This is called the Golden Mile for every ton of coal carried on it pays tribute to Lord —. Not long ago a parliamentary committee investigating the coal industry called Lord — before it. He was asked "Where and how did you come into possession of this coal land?" His reply was, "I inherited it." "Yes," said one of the committeemen, "And do you know how your ancestor from whom you inherited it came into possession of it? It was in the time of the little boy-king, Edward VI. He was surrounded by corrupt and grasping nobles. One of these, an ancestor of yours, made out to himself a grant of extensive lands in Wales. He persuaded the boy-king to sign this grant. Since then these lands have been in the possession of your family. They were as good as stolen." Lord — had little to say.

A few days after this conversation with the brakeman we visited the ancestral castle of Lord — in Wales. It is situated near the center of the city, but the beautiful grounds are surrounded by high stone walls and the public generally is not admitted. We were admitted through the influence of friends. Peacocks were strutting about, workmen were caring for the flowers and shrubs. But Lord — has several such places and he rarely stays in Wales. This summer a request was made for permission to use the grounds for a benefit for wounded ex-service men. The request was denied.

The number of ex-service men out of work in England last sum-

mer could be stated in not less than six figures. At Bristol an organization known as the National Union of Unemployed Ex-Service Men determined to send some of its members on a march to London to lay their case before Lloyd George. We came across the delegation one evening holding a meeting in the market place at Bath. The men had red rosettes in their buttonholes. Some girls were with them, and they had a hand organ to attract attention. As one of them, a Mr. Gilmore, president of the organization, I believe, was speaking to the crowd, the men went about with red-painted boxes soliciting pennies to buy food. Several policemen stood by and as the speaker became violent they arrested him. It looked like trouble and there were threats of a rescue, but the police led the prisoner away, the crowd following. At the police station we all waited while Mr. Gilmore was taken inside and questioned. And as we were waiting a keen-faced young fellow jumped on top of the hand organ and began to speak. He told of his four years in the trenches and of his starving comrades and their suffering families in Bristol. Several times he was interrupted by persons in the crowd, but each time a red-rosetted comrade made his way to the disturber, the interruptions ceased. The brief speech ended with the words, slowly spoken, "And don't be afraid of the word—Bolshevism." Well, the police decided not to hold Mr. Gilmore. The crowd dispersed. The men, the girls with the hand organ, went out of town, slept that night in the open and then on to London.

A few days later we were in Hyde Park, London, on Sunday afternoon. There we found a great demonstration by the National Union of Unemployed Ex-Service Men. The speakers stood upon wagons, the red flags waving above them, the police quietly looking on. Our attention was drawn to a large crowd some distance away. A woman was standing on a wagon and attempting to speak, but men with red rosettes in their buttonhole "heckled" her so that she could not proceed. She would begin a sentence and questions would be asked her from every side, or the crowd would sing "The Red Flag." Finally, a file of police marched up. The woman stepped down. A horse was brought and the wagon drove

away. I could not understand it, so I asked a man standing by me what it all meant. He was rather out of breath from singing "The Red Flag," but he said the woman had been hired by the capitalists to come there and to talk and counteract the demonstration of the Ex-Service Men. "I am a printer by trade," said he. "I work for one of the great daily newspapers. Everything I print is lies. The men who write the articles know they are lies, but they have to do it. Every man in the shop is a union man, they know the news is lies."

We visited the headquarters of the Labor Party in London and spent an hour in conversation with the men there. We were courteously received, introduced to the men in the office and left loaded down with labor literature. We were told about the different groups within the labor movement. The most radical group is small in numbers, but its leader is Sylvia Pankhurst and its newspaper is called the *Workers' Dreadnought*. This little group is more Bolshevik than the Bolsheviks themselves. The *Call* is another paper advocating Bolshevism and direct action. Then there is a little bookshop in London where all these papers are for sale. It is called the "Bomb Shop" and is painted red on the outside. Other industrial centers such as Glasgow have bookstores where labor literature can be secured.

Not only through the press is this labor propaganda going out. There are labor colleges, labor schools, and labor correspondence schools. We visited Ruskin College in Oxford. It has a modest building on a side street some distance from the stately colleges of the University. This is the leaders' college of the labor movement. It is supported by voluntary contributions from labor organizations and its students are drawn from the mines and the mills, the shops and the farms. Ruskin College aims to train leaders for the labor movement. The school term is one year and the curriculum covers the social sciences from the labor point of view. Ruskin College has its periodical, the *Ruskin Review*. The teachers in the labor correspondence schools have their organ, the *Highway*, a monthly.

The business men of England are saying little and thinking much. They feel that a serious time is coming and they are pre-

paring to meet it. Their attitude is one of grim determination in the face of the enemy. They believe labor has got to be beaten to a finish and they think the sooner the contest comes the better. One capitalist said to me, "I'd like to see them starve," referring to the laborers and their families. Another capitalist said something like this to me, "Industry is slowing down. Men are being thrown out of work. When starvation and suffering come, there will be rioting. The workers may attempt to take over the industries and run them themselves. Then troops will be called out. The outcome will be either the fall of the present social and economic system or the maintenance of capitalism."

A good deal of the discontent in England is due to high prices, scarcity of food and heavy taxes. Sugar was very scarce this summer and could only be obtained in small quantities by presenting sugar cards. Several times saccharin tablets were served us when sugar was not available. Desserts are sour and disappointing, though candy is for sale everywhere. Eggs were sold at about eight cents each, and this at a time when hens are supposed to lay—this winter they may go to twenty or twenty-five cents each. Peaches sold for about forty cents each. Bread was dark in color. Butter was very scarce, oleomargarine was served almost universally. Liquor was very dear, so much so that drunkenness has become very rare among the workers. Gasoline sold at seventy-five or eighty cents a gallon. Most people ride bicycles.

The Labor Party is in close sympathy with the Irish rebels and the National Union of Ex-Service Men. With Ireland in rebellion, with India and Egypt seething, with war in Mesopotamia, with Labor organized and working for a fundamental change in the structure of society, I think you will agree with me that Britain has even greater problems today than she had in 1914. I trust she can solve them and retain both her empire and her strength. Her people are the most honest, the most courteous, the most kindly that I ever met. I like them immensely and desire that we should understand and appreciate them. But I feel, too, that supremacy is passing from Europe to these United States of ours and that the future will find us in that place of leadership that England has so long held.

A One-Hundred-Per-Cent Class

BY JOHN IDEN KAUTZ

On a Sunday morning in August of this year Mr. Hilton U. Brown called to order the final meeting of a Sunday school class which he had conducted at the Downey Avenue Church for almost fifteen years. Some alumni of Butler College may recall the rather amusing circumstances of its origin in the seemingly long-ago days when Hilton U. Brown, Jr., Tom Hibben, Neal Moore and Howard Sherman were from ten to twelve years of age and as full of boisterous spirits as boys ever were. The writer, at least, well enough remembers the somnolent atmosphere of the early days in that Sunday school readily to understand why earnest young men and women teachers successively failed to check the unrest of the quartet until at length the principal, having simultaneously exhausted his staff and his patience, "fired" the boys for the good of the rest of the order. Then it was that Mr. Brown was called upon to "do something," with the result that he took the four, together with the rest of their little clan, under his comprehending leadership and led them on through all their school days even until the time when they left the college or their business to go to war.

These latter days most interest Butler alumni, however, since all but four of the eventual thirty-two members were at sometime students in the college. Moreover, of the remainder all but two are on Butler's military roll of honor—and those two indirectly served, for Tom Hill was already a missionary in India when the war broke out, and John Fuller, having been many times rejected for faulty vision, soon chose to do his bit by going to Russia on a mission that was partly diplomatic, partly commercial. So the record of the little class stands high and in a unique place. One hundred per cent of its active membership at the beginning of the war enlisted in the varied branches of the service. All but two of its total membership over a period of fifteen years were in uniform, and, as has been said, one of these was in the mission fields of India and the other was rejected.

It was not proper that such a group should be scattered widely,

as inevitably it must through the workings out of individual destinies, without some commemoration of its share in the achievements of the war. Mr. Brown therefore had had made and set into the wall of the room where the boys had held their meetings for some years past, a grouped picture of the members. For those whose pictures could not be obtained an added word of mention was made at the bottom so that the record was complete. Smaller replicas of this picture were also made and given to each member.

It was for the unveiling of the big picture that the class was assembled that August morning. This last meeting was to make complete the history of the organization.

There was not a full attendance. One lay dead in France. One was in a military hospital in the east. One was recovering from his wounds on a "claim" in a western state. Others were moved away to New York, to California. But all the living knew of the meeting for Mr. Brown was still in touch with every one.

The service was solemn, simple, earnest. Mr. Brown talked to "his boys"—lauded the efforts of those who had been abroad (more than two-thirds of them had been)—lauded the purposeful intentions of those who did not get to go. He pointed the way to the tasks they must take up in the same spirit during the reconstruction period, and urged that they must stay close to Christianity and help keep the faith in the land.

On a flag-covered table before him there lay copies of Tuck's (Hilton, Jr.'s) letters to his family—the simplest, bravest chronicle of one soldier's cheerful fight through many battles till he died gallantly in the very last days. Inevitably Mr. Brown thought of him and it was hard to speak the closing words.

When he had finished speaking, Neal Moore and Tom Hibben, who were the two of the original members of the class who were present, withdrew the flags which veiled the picture. All stood at attention while Neal read off the list.

Hilton U. Brown, Jr., Lt. Field Artillery, killed in action.

William R. Mathews, Capt. Field Artillery, twice wounded in action.

Fred Daniels, Sgt. Signal Corps, wounded in action.

James Hibben, Sgt. Intelligence Div., wounded in action.
Paul V. Brown, Lt. Field Artillery.
David Rioch, Cadet Canadian Flying Corps.
Dr. Clifford D. Donnell, Lt. San. Corps.
Ralph Cook, Corp. Field Artillery.
John I. Kautz, Lt. Motor Transport Corps.
Robert M. Brewer, Lt. Infantry.
Layman Schell, Sgt. Marine Corps.
Thomas Hibben, Lt. Air Service.
Arch A. Brown, Lt. Field Artillery.
Ralph Webster, Lt. Field Artillery.
Richard Moore, Pvt. Officers' Training School.
Walter Baus, Sgt. S. A. T. C., Butler.
John L. H. Fuller, Russian Service.
Thomas Hill, Missionary Abroad.
Garrison Winders, Lt. Field Artillery.
Leroy C. Hanby, Sgt. Motor Transport Corps.
Ashton Wood, F. A., Officers' Training School.
Francis W. Payne, Lt. Infantry.
Robert Neal Moore, Lt. Field Artillery.
Ralph E. Stephenson, Lt. Engineers.
William Wiedrich, Lt. Signal Corps.
Hiram Seward, Sgt. Ordnance Corps.
William R. Cooley, Sgt. Infantry.
Mark Franklin, Sgt. Artillery.
Lee Brown, service not known after leaving camp.
Glen Findley, Motor Transport Corps.
N. W. Mendette, service is not known after leaving camp.

A moment of silent prayer. A somewhat tremulous "amen." A fervent handshake round the circle. Each took his memories away with him and the "one hundred per cent class" was no more. The occasion was complete. The room now is dedicated to the young men who will come hereafter to the Sunday school. It is to be hoped that its memory will become a tradition. It means much to those who were in the class.

For Remembrance

"Their name liveth for evermore"

Lieutenant Carl Christian Amelung

Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr.

Lieutenant Kenneth Victor Elliott

Corporal Dean Weston Fuller

Lieutenant John Charles Good

Lieutenant Robert Edward Kennington

Sergeant Henry Reinhold Leukhardt

Private Wilson Russell Mercer

Corporal Guy Griffith Michaels

Sergeant Marsh Whitney Nottingham

Private Marvin Francis Race

Lieutenant Bruce Pettibone Robison

Lieutenant MacCrea Stephenson

Apprentice-Seaman Henry Clarence Toon

Two New Books

Post-war literature has received a genuine addition in the contribution of Mr. Hilton U. Brown through the volume privately distributed last summer, "Hilton U. Brown, Jr.: One of Three Brothers in Artillery." It is a beautiful tribute of a father to his three sons. Mr. Brown has done his work with good taste, deep feeling and true literary merit. Strangers read the book with appreciative interest; friends hold it in reverent affection.

"DEDICATED TO THE MOTHER OF
THREE SONS WHO WENT
FORTH TO WAR"

The volume opens with a portrait of Hilton as frontispiece, following which is a copy of the Croix de Guerre received posthumously by the family, with the citation, "A very brave officer, animated by a high spirit of sacrifice, died gloriously while commanding his battery under concentrated enemy fire," over the signature of "Petain."

"The Apology" is so characteristic as to be given here in full: "Many voices have come from the battlefields and hospitals of France since the guns became silent. We know that those who went across seas in the great war and that did not return, still speak. We shall hear them so long as the soul responds to deeds of heroism, patriotism and self-sacrifice. No apology will be expected, therefore, for this longing to preserve in enduring form a record of the things done and said by an American artilleryman whose prophetic vision of a soldier's destiny carried with it no shadow of fear. He "fought 'gainst gloom" and dying had only the thought that his life might help to "make some other happy." If these lines should fall under the eye of others than those who knew and loved the gentle and valiant spirit whose name becomes the title of this volume, let it at least be understood that affection inspired the pen and that love and grief claim many privileges.

Apology might well be offered to the author for committing to print verses and letters which he had no opportunity to revise, and

which were not written with a view to the use that is now made of them. The apology is not for the contents of the volume. These will reveal even to the critic and stranger a style and poetic fancy that have a place in that great body of virile soldier literature that marks a new era in American letters. A few of the things set down here first appeared in *The Indianapolis News* for which Hilton U. Brown, Jr., so far as military censorship would permit, was correspondent, both on the Mexican border and in France. But there are also personal letters, poems and fragments written from hospitals, dugouts or shell-holes. Doubtless these might some day have become the texts for ampler efforts. But the opportunity never came and the material is presented as it has been found, in the mails or in the effects of the departed. Struck down in his youth "on the far-advanced battle line of a great drive" in the last days of the war, yet his life was full to the brim, suggestive of what might have been expected from a mind already rich in imagery and radiant of good cheer. His body was buried in the Argonne, but his life expanded a thousandfold with his death. Had he lingered to old age he might never have found a time when he could exchange his life for so great a service to others. Not in gloom nor dismay is he mourned, but in awe, as of something exalted and heroic that has been sacrificed for us that survive.

Not always after this life do the disclosures of word and deed add to the glory of one's death; but here, as day by day, rhymes, thoughts, messages and sketches are found and letters from comrades are received, we get the fuller meaning of his life. And now we begin to know him as he was, and to realize that here burned for a few short years the flame of genius, and that here lived one 'loved of loftiest stars.' And so comes a great heritage."

A brief sketch of the military experience of each of the three boys—Hilton, Arch, Paul,—is given. The body of the book is made up of letters, verses, fragments and drawings, chiefly of Hilton, a charming and touching expression of affectionate, humorous, noble young manhood. Some of these letters have appeared on the pages of the QUARTERLY and their quality has not been forgotten.

One lays aside the book with deepened sorrow for the parents and for the community in a loss so unutterable; at the same time, with gratitude to Mr. Brown for placing in visible form the expressions of this loved and valiant spirit.

In "A History of the Forsyth Family" is much of interest to the reader in general, to the Butler College reader in particular. This volume recently issued from the printing press of William B. Burford, Indianapolis, has been compiled by Mrs. Jennie Forsyth Jeffries, and is a credit to her and to all who assisted her in its construction.

The frontispiece is a colored family coat-of-arms as used by the Forsyths of Failzerton, being a griffin of green copper with red beak and claws on a polished steel shield. Below is the motto, "*Instaurator Ruinae*"—Restorer of the Ruins.

On the following page one feels the unexpressed inspiration of the book as one reads

TO PAUL WILLIAM JEFFRIES,
A FOUNDER OF THE
FORSYTH ASSOCIATION
OF INDIANA,
THIS BOOK IS
DEDICATED
IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE
BY HIS
MOTHER

The volume is divided into two parts. Part I in its five chapters gives the Origin of the Name Forsyth, the First Forsyth Castle of Fronsac, the Ancestral Race in Scotland, Forsyths in Canada and New England, Other Forsyths in Scotland and America. Part II opens with the thrilling account of the flight from Ireland of David Forsyth and Margaret McGibbon Forsyth to New York in the 18th century—in romantic quality not surpassed in song or story. The following chapters narrate the settling in Virginia of David and

Margaret, of their moving with their nine children to Kentucky, and afterwards of the migration of several sons and families to Johnson County, Indiana, as early as 1824.

Of the family mentioned in the book who have been students at Butler College are the five children of the author, Evelyn Jeffries King, Orpha Jeffries Hall, Pearl Jeffries Miller, Moddie Jeffries Williams, Paul W. Jeffries; besides, there are Edgar Forsyth, Clarence Forsyth, Chester Forsyth, Dulcie Forsyth, Pearl Forsyth, Maud Forsyth Hall, Haidie Forsyth Burkhardt, Lena Forsyth Fix, Dorothy Forsyth, Robert Hall, III, Berniece Hall Glass, Marjorie Hall Montgomery, Dora Pendleton Riley, Katherine Riley, Aileen Riley, Elvin Daniels, Fred Daniels, Earl Daniels, Lavina Leatherngill Mullendore, William Fyfield Core, Olive Core, William Graves, Otto Deitch, Alma Hoover, Beatrice Hoover, Carlos Thompson, Chester Thompson, Ruth Brannigan Blank.

The family in its ramifications is numerous, and one is impressed with the sense of honor apparent in every branch, with the esteem in which work, education, religion are held. One is also impressed with the number who have died in early manhood and womanhood.

The QUARTERLY congratulates Mrs. Jeffries for placing in so readable a form not only the account of her worthy forebears, but also in giving pictures of pioneer life in Indiana of those sturdy, high-hearted men and women who gave to our state the character it may proudly bear.

Butler Soldiers Remembered

On Sunday, September 12, the Broadway Methodist Episcopal Church of Indianapolis made a tribute of grateful appreciation of her soldier boys. A bronze tablet was unveiled bearing the names of one hundred forty-three heroic men who offered their lives in humanity's defense in the Great War of Nations. Of this number, ten were Butler boys: Paul W. Finney, Dean Fuller, Virgil Hoagland, Herman Leeth, Melvin Masters, Robert Masters, Ralph Minton, Marvin Race, William Schmalz, Fred Witherspoon.

Two made the supreme sacrifice, one being our Marvin F. Race. Dean W. Fuller's death may rightly add to the number.

In addressing the audience, the pastor of the church, Rev. W. B. Farmer, formerly of Irvington, said in part:

"Your attention is called to fundamental differences in the purpose and spirit of our country's founders. The idealism on which they established the colonies and which they breathed into the very life of the country embraced the basal facts of religion and education. They believed with more or less consistency in the freedom of rights of all of the people. They practiced and preached a consecrated individualism that raised men and women to their highest personal power and fitness and gave them to the common tasks of the country under God.

Also, you will remember that American ideals and standards of character are unlike those of other countries and nations. We have no machinery for militarism and, please God, we never shall have. Without adopting any hazy or uncertain internationalism we have always taken unselfish interest in the world needs and the world problems. Our many missionary enterprises have had this in their heart. We have for years carried on exchange professorships with some of the greatest European universities in the hope and effort rightly to understand each other so that we might be of the highest service to other peoples. Typical of such non-restricted service is our Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations which, though American in motive and leadership, now belong to the world. We are ever proud with a measured pride that we turned the indemnity of the Boxer uprising in China into a Chinese education fund. Among the nations we have befriended the oppressed. Our Red Cross has ever been ready for times of disaster. A famine anywhere in the world drew freely upon our storehouses, even if it meant personal sacrifice. Our Christmas ships and other helps have been among the brightest and most delightful spots in our memory. We set the world wondering when we rescued certain oppressed and undeveloped countries and then spent good American money and sent good American men and women to help them stand on their own feet so that they might

govern themselves. And you can not fail to see that this has been a training in justice and mercy which is at least uncommon among the peoples of the earth. There was a sort of sneer in the eyes of the people of other countries when we sent forth our soldiers with prayer and devotion, and set certain Puritanical rules to keep them clean and sober. To ask them to come home as clean as they went away; or, if they fell, to die as clean as the cause was worthy and noble. American ideals and standards of character are different, and all the world knows that fact now.

But let us come one step closer to the study set for this hour. What was the essential spirit of these world war men who went out from among us? Not animosity and revenge; far from it. Not to pay a debt to the Allies, for although one of them had been a friend in time of need, the payment of a debt was no conscious part of the motive that sent these men forth. Perhaps the first cry in point of time was to answer the call of help. They went to the rescue. But that amounted to a challenge of duty, and American youth has a very sensitive ear to the call of distress and a rather disciplined heart to the sense of duty. Very easily and unanimously they felt it to be a crusade for righteousness. Their steady step, their set faces, their forward look that refused to be distracted by the attention or even the homage of the crowds of London as one day they marched through her streets told all too plainly that they had not gone forth to win even the highest honors and the loudest praises of their fellowmen. They went in a crusade. And as history is calmly written, it will tell of the crusade in behalf of crushed peoples, of starving, homeless, mistreated women, children and old men. Their songs on the eve of battle showed how God's call and the need of the world dominated in their hearts. Every watchery was brimful of Christian idealism.

There are some things that must never be forgotten or even grow dim in our minds. We must never forget the ideals for which these boys gave themselves. Those ideals have been bought with a price and paid for in holy blood. They are ours forever. We must never allow our minds to become morose and gloomy over the sordid things that are all too evident in our American life and forget what American manhood and womanhood is at white heat.

We have seen it with the dross burned out. Its wondrous beauty and purity we can not overvalue. It is our most priceless treasure. The spiritual vows we ourselves took must abide in our hearts as long as we live. We must never forget the graves here and there, the holiest of all holy ground in all the world. We must never forget their sacrifice and their return from the dead for the sake of their country and all that it means to them and to us. Surely, it brings to our hearts with new meaning those treasured lines of Scott:

‘Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?’

For by these sacred and holy things America and her people must be cleansed and purified.

And for this reason of remembrance Broadway this day tells the world that as individuals and as a church we will not forget, and we ask even the passerby to read and learn and remember. That service flag has been to us a holy thing. Through our tears we have seen its stars shining. We have named them for our boys and our brothers, and heaven’s fairest light seemed to go out as they marched away. As to some shrine we have turned to that flag with the most genuine and sincere prayers again and again. Two of them sleep the sleep of the immortals. Others have gone back to the school or the shop or the office, to take up again in true American spirit the duties and burdens of the world. We have watched their stars through our tears; now with clear and grateful eyes we shall read their names as we come into this place of prayer and thank God for them. Their younger brothers this day fly a new flag from the tower of this church to tell the world that they are in the same school of patriotism their brothers were in and to assure everyone who looks on that patriotism of the holy sort we are speaking of this day shall not perish from the earth.

It is, therefore, for everyone of us a new dedication. We can never forget. And here we pray with full hearts that God will save us from war; but if again men become mad and turn loose the dogs of war, may God hold us true to the needed sacrifices.”

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

ISSUED JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER

Published by the Alumni Association of Butler College, Indianapolis, Ind. Subscription price, three dollars per year.

Entered as second-class matter, March 26, 1912, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Officers of the Alumni Association—President, Robert A. Bull, '97; First Vice-President, Vincent G. Clifford, '79; Second Vice-President, Anna K. Murphy, '10; Treasurer, Stanley Sellick, '16.

Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly—Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

East, West, Hame's Best!

So thinks the editor of the BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY. After eight months spent chiefly in the mountains and beside the sea of that fair land of Hawaii-nei, she is again at her post, grateful to Butler College and to the Alumni for every form of beautiful kindness they have bestowed upon her.

The College opened on September 14 with the largest matriculation in her history. To date there are 674 students registered—288 men, 386 women. The classroom capacity has reached its limit. The old gymnasium has been pressed into service of the educational department. The Bona Thompson Memorial Library houses the German department. The Residence has turned away many applicants. Various homes in Irvington have been thrown open for rooming the students. A perplexity exists, however, in a cafeteria lack. There are not sufficient eating houses in the vicinity. Despite discomforts, still new students come, and still the cheerful, tolerant spirit of faculty and students continues.

Changes in the Faculty

The notable loss about the College is that caused by the resignation of President Howe. Dean J. W. Putnam is, however, ably filling the vacancy. Miss Evelyn Butler, on leave of absence, is spending the year at the University of Idaho, as Dean of Women and member of the English department. Miss Sarah E. Cotton is head of the College Residence. Miss Alice T. Bidwell, A.B., Mt. Holyoke College, '99; A.M., Columbia University, '11, has been added as instructor to the English department. She comes from Allegheny College at Meadville, Pennsylvania.

Dr. Guy H. Shadinger, Ph.B., Hamline University, '00; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, '07, is head of the department of chemistry. Assistant professor in Chemistry and Physics is Mr. Albert E. Woodruff, B.S., Kansas State Normal College; M.S., University of Chicago, '20.

Dr. Howard W. Jensen, A.B., University of Kansas, '14; Ph.D., University of Chicago, '20, is head of the department of Sociology.

Mr. Jordan Cavan, A.B., Adelbert College; A.M., Western Reserve Graduate School, '17, is assistant professor in the department of Education.

Dr. Gino Ratti, A.B., Middlebury College, '07; A.M., *ibid*, '09; *Docteur de l' Université de Grenoble* (France), '11, is head of the Romance Language Department.

Frank H. Streighoff, A.B., Wesleyan University, Connecticut; Ph.D., Columbia University, is head of the department of Business Administration.

Oscar A. Kinchen, A.B., University of Oklahoma, '16; A.M. *ibid*, '17, is assistant professor in the departments of History and Political Science.

Athletics

As every one knows, we were very fortunate in securing H. O. ("Pat") Page for our new athletic director. Mr. Page needs no introduction to the readers of these pages, for his work at the Uni-

versity of Chicago during the past ten years made him famous in the athletic world.

Mr. Page assumed command here last spring, but confined himself to preliminary and organizing work. In September he took charge of the football squad. While there is every indication that our teams will be fairly successful this year, it must be borne in mind that a real system of physical training can not be installed in a day. Mr. Page is looking to the future, he is building up from the very ground a system that will not only assure us of a place at the top of the athletic ladder, but will also give to the world real men and women.

Remember, then, that everything is in the making at present, but give us your support now and watch us go.

Tablet for Those Who Fell in the Civil War

Mention has been made through the pages of the QUARTERLY of a desire to place on the College Chapel wall a bronze tablet in memory of those students of the North Western Christian University who were killed or who died in the Civil War. These thirteen men, too, are "Our Heroic Dead," whom we wish now, even though belated, to honor. A movement is on foot to carry out the desire. Will any alumnus or friend of the College who wishes to assist in this undertaking send any contribution he may wish to make to the Alumni Secretary, Miss Katharine M. Graydon, Butler College?

Home-coming Day

On October 23 the College held its first Home-coming Day, its first occasion so named. The Day from 10 in the morning until midnight was filled with College activity of one kind or another. Recitations were suspended at 10 for a rousing Chapel service. At noon the fraternities and the Faculty women held "Open House" for the visiting Alumni. Long before 2:30 every available

seat on the bleachers in Irwin Field was occupied. The game between Earlham and Butler called out the largest number ever seen on our field of those interested in the team of the Quakers and of the Christians. It was a beautiful day,—autumn in her brightest dress and softest air, an enthusiastic crowd, an evenly divided team, made a scene not soon to be forgotten. The interest arose at times to white heat, but when the whistle sounded the score stood at 13 to 7 in favor of Butler.

A buffet supper was served in the gymnasium to those who remained. A fine bonfire concluded the outdoor program. Later, progressive dances were indulged in in various homes thrown open in Irvington for the occasion. Thus ended a happy day.

Never has there been seen on the Campus so large a number of Alumni. This is as it should be, and it is hoped will be continued.

A Suggestion

It has long been a cherished hope of the Secretary that there may be instituted a series of annual alumni meetings in localities where several alumni and former students are living. Such a meeting might be made not only pleasant to the attendants, but also productive of great benefit to the College in helping to keep alive College spirit and traditions, and in inspiring an interest in Butler College in the young people of the community. Some members of the faculty might attend and everything possible from headquarters here to lend encouragement and appreciation would be done. May this suggestion not be carried out in communities where even two or three may be gathered together? Let us know what you think, you friends at Kokomo, Columbus, Greenfield, Chicago, *et al.*

A Request

The demand for the April issue of the QUARTERLY was greater than the supply. There are in consequence no numbers to place on file. If any reader is willing to dispose of his copy, kindly mail it to the Alumni Secretary.

A New Trustee

At the October meeting of the Board of Trustees Mr. Robert Franklin Davidson, '91, was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. John M. Judah. This action follows upon the request of the Alumni at their annual meeting held last June that when the next vacancy on the Board of Trustees occur, an alumnus of the College should be elected to fill such vacancy. The choice of Mr. Davidson well pleases the Alumni Association.

Lend a Helping Hand

The call goes forth for more alumni news. There is need of a knowledge of the alumni for file; there is need for the sake of making the QUARTERLY more readable. There is very much the readers would like to know of their classmates and friends. An appeal has gone forth in former years for the organizing of classes to the extent of appointing a secretary. If such appeal has stirred the various classes, no knowledge to this effect has reached the Alumni Secretary's office.

There is little accomplishment these days without the machinery of organization to simplify and to make effective the work. In order that this may be, the Secretary of the Alumni Association appoints the following and asks them to serve in their respective classes. In case a class may be provided with a secretary, please notify her and she will withdraw her appointment. It will be the chief duty of the secretary to keep himself informed of his class members, their whereabouts and facts of their lives appropriate for record, and to report such news to the Alumni Secretary twice a year—not later than December 1 and June 1.

The appointments are for the classes named: 1879, Demarchus C. Brown; 1880, Mrs. Flora Frazier Dill; 1881, Mrs. Minnie Olcott Williams; 1882, Claude H. Everest; 1883, Thomas M. Iden; 1884, Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke; 1885, John Arthur Kautz; 1886, Mrs. Myrtella Sewell Whitsel; 1887, Jane Graydon; 1888, William C. McCollough; 1889, Mrs. Jennie Armstrong Howe; 1890, Charles

M. Fillmore; 1891, Mrs. Eva Jeffries King; 1892, Bertha Thor-
myer; 1893, Frank F. Hummel; 1894, Mrs. Belle Moore Miller;
1895, Edgar T. Forsyth; 1896, Charles Richard Yoke; 1897, Mabel
H. Tibbott; 1898, Anson H. Washborn; 1899, Emily M. Helming;
1900, Esther Fay Shover; 1901, Ernest Lynn Talbert; 1902, Harry
O. Pritchard; 1903, James G. Randall; 1904, Katherine A. Quinn;
1905, Horace M. Russell; 1906, John F. Mitchell; 1907, Mrs. Mary
Clark Parker; 1908, Gretchen Scotten; 1909, Mrs. Elizabeth Bo-
gert Schofield; 1910, Barcus Tichenor; 1911, Mrs. Gertrude Pruitt
Hutchcraft; 1912, Mary C. Pavey; 1913, Martha Kincaid; 1914,
Mrs. Ellen Graham George; 1915, Howard Caldwell; 1916, Fred
H. Jacobs; 1917, Florence Moffett; 1918, Mrs. Anna Junge Carl-
stedt; 1919, Charles Maxwell Baker; 1920, Herman R. Hosier.

Information Needed

Any information concerning the following, their present place
of residence, if living; otherwise, the place and date of their death,
will be most gratefully received by the Secretary: John Kimmons,
'56; T. C. Elliott, '57; W. G. Hastings, '57; W. S. Major, '58;
Levi Hanson, '59; Jacob T. Lockhart, '59; Charles F. Lockwood,
'61; Wieliffe A. Cotton, '64; Henry H. Black, '66; John Denton,
'67; David Utter, '67; John W. Tucker, '69; James M. Monroe,
'71; Samuel E. Young, '71; Nathan W. Fitzgerald, '72; Willard
R. Lowe, '72; William H. Filler, '72; Henry C. Owens, '75;
Hicklin J. Landers, '77; Ernest R. Copeland, '78; Edmund G.
Laughlin, '79; William A. Black, '80; W. Henry Grove, '81;
Robert P. Collins, '91; Mark Collins, '91; Chloe F. Hull, '97;
John P. Myers, '03; Orris Otto White, '06; Elmo Scott Wood, '08.

Personal Mention

Mrs. Nancy E. Atkinson, '56, is recovering after a serious accident in July in which she suffered dislocation of her hip.

Mrs. Charles B. Stearns (Tace Meeker, '90) of Chicago, visited College on September 30, in company with Mrs. Jennie Armstrong Howe, '89.

Mrs. Julia Graydon Jameson, 90, has been spending the autumn in the East visiting friends in Boston, New York and Philadelphia.

Mrs. A. M. Fletcher, a former student, of Proctorville, Vermont, spent October in Indianapolis visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred A. Gregory, and friends.

Shelley D. Watts, '00, has accepted the chair of Applied Sociology under the Red Cross at Indiana University, and is now living at Bloomington.

At the Redding-Lambert wedding, Miss Virginia Kingsbury, '17, acted as bridesmaid and Nathan Redding, ex-, as groomsman.

Allen H. Lloyd, '12, and Mrs. Hazel Collins Lloyd, '13, have returned to Indianapolis for residence. Mr. Lloyd is associated with the commercial laboratories.

Erastus Conner, '87, is improving after a serious nervous breakdown in July. His daughter, Miss Lola B. Conner, '18, is also recovering after a long convalescence.

J. Arthur Kautz, '85, and F. R. Kautz, '87, in August took a three weeks' motor trip through the East, visiting Boston, New York and Washington.

Mrs. Mildred Moorhead Shafto, '11, has spent several months in Irvington, but soon returns with her two children to her home at Spring Lake, New Jersey.

The QUARTERLY expresses its sympathy to Mr. Robert W. Hobbs, '99, in the death of his wife. Mr. Hobbs is now living in New York City.

Herbert Warfel and Mrs. Sidney Hecker Warfel, '11, have moved to Logansport, Indiana, where Mr. Warfel has installed a printing plant in the new high school, and is teaching printing.

Mrs. Mark Dennis (Ethel Blackedge, ex-'12) and little son John, spent October in the vicinity of Indianapolis. Mr. and Mrs. Dennis are now enjoying farm life near Montgomery, Alabama.

Chaunev Butler, '69, spent several weeks in Irvington on his way to Florida. Mr. Butler divides his year between his daughters in the North and his orange grove in the South.

Mr. and Mrs. H. U. Brown on the evening of October 2, entertained at their home the Board of Trustees and wives, the Faculty and wives. This delightful evening was enjoyed and appreciated by all.

Oliver Perry Hay, professor of zoology in the College for thirteen years, 1879-1892, visited the College in September. Professor Hay is known for his work on recent and fossil vertebrates. He is at present employed by the Carnegie Institution of Washington.

The QUARTERLY expresses its sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Willis K. Miller, '94, in the loss of their mother, Mrs. Moore, who died at their home in Irvington in August. Mrs. Moore was a loyal friend to the College, and she will be missed on many occasions.

A distressing accident befell W. W. Buchanan, '88. While playing golf near his home at Evanston, Illinois, a ball shattered his glasses, so affecting one eye as to necessitate its removal. Mr. Buchanan has now recovered sufficiently to resume business.

Death twice entered the Graydon family during the summer. on June 27 Mrs. William M. Graydon, wife of their brother, died at Houston, Texas; on August 26, at the home in Irvington, their sister, Mrs. Mary Graydon, wife of Lincoln Payne of Danville, Illinois, died.

James H. Brayton, '06, son of Dr. A. W. Brayton, '79, made a brief visit to his home in Indianapolis in July. Mr. Brayton is

principal of a large school in Kohala, Hawaii, and is doing good work.

Butler College is represented in Hawaii by John Effinger, ex-'82, a merchant of Honolulu; James H. Brayton, '06, and Willard E. Givens, ex-'12, principal of the high school in Honolulu.

The Women's Faculty Club has resumed its "at home" to the students. On the afternoon of October 1 the ladies received the College from 4 to 6 at the John Herron Art Institute, where was on exhibition the display of the Greek art sent by the Greek government to this country. Mrs. Economidy in Greek costume gave an interesting talk, following which tea was served.

On the afternoon of October 14 tea was served at the Canteen to those students and members of the Faculty who called from 3:30 to 5:30.

Miss Anita Muhl, a former student, who took the examination for license to practice medicine in Indiana at the July examination of the state board of medical registration and examination, made the highest grade of a class of thirty-one members. Miss Muhl has become an interne at St. Vincent's hospital, and is the first woman interne at that hospital.

In the Freshman class are seen: Jessie Merrill, daughter of H. U. Brown, '80; Charles, son of B. F. Dailey, '87; Earl, son of Elvin Daniels, '14; Alva, son of Mrs. Hope W. Graham, '11; Robert E., son of Thomas A. Hall, '92; Howard Howe, grandson of Mrs. N. E. Atkinson, '56; Martha, daughter of James A. Lucas, ex-; Herschel, son of Mrs. W. K. Miller, '94; Anne, daughter of Robert L. Moorhead, ex-; Samuella, daughter of S. H. Shearer, ex-; Virginia, daughter of Walter Shortridge, ex-.

Miss Florence B. Moffett, '17, is teaching at La Belle, Florida. Best wishes for the new college year were received from her, for which the QUARTERLY is grateful. The family of Moffett, so large a part of Irvington life, is scattered and the home on Washington street has gone into other hands. Mrs. Moffett has removed with

the C. W. B. M. to St. Louis; Lee is in business in Washington, and Florence is now in the South.

The passing of the home of Mrs. W. S. Moffett is not the only one which leaves an appreciable loss in Irvington life. Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Kautz have removed to their beautiful new home at 4059 North Pennsylvania street. So largely did this family enter in a broad way into the community life of the suburb that their absence is sincerely felt.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Jameson have given up their home on Audubon Road. Dr. Jameson's business keeps him largely in the East. Mrs. Jameson will spend the winter with the Misses Graydon on Downey Avenue.

Marriages

REDDING-LAMBERT.—On August 24, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Herbert E. Redding, '09, and Miss Helen Lambert. Mr. and Mrs. Redding are at home in Indianapolis.

SELICK-SCHULER.—On August 25, in Anderson, Indiana, were married Mr. Stanley Sellick, '16, and Miss Winifred A. Schuler, by Rev. J. T. C. McCallum, '16. Mr. and Mrs. Sellick are at home in Irvington.

COIL-WARNER.—On September 8, in Noble County, Indiana, were married Mr. Albert Coil, '22, and Miss Fern Warner. Mr. and Mrs. Coil are at home in Irvington.

BUTLER-GWARTNEY.—On September 12, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. James Hannan Butler and Miss Edith Ann Gwartney, '19. Mr. and Mrs. Butler are at home in Irvington.

CORNELIUS-STOCKDALE.—On September 17, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. George H. Cornelius, ex-'20, and Miss Beulah M. Stockdale, '20. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius are at home in Irvington.

WISNER-HIGGINS.—On September 22, in Lebanon, Indiana, were married Dr. Harold E. Wisner and Miss Cordelia Higgins, '19. Dr. and Mrs. Wisner are at home at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

WAYLAND-STUCKER.—On October 9, in Danville, Illinois, were married Mr. William E. Wayland and Miss Golie Stucker, '06. Mr. and Mrs. Wayland are at home in Indianapolis.

BAKER-STEWART.—On October 12, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Charles Maxwell Baker, '19, and Miss Dorothea Louise Stewart, '20. Mr. and Mrs. Baker are at home in Indianapolis.

MENDENHALL-SWEETMAN.—On October 20, in Irvington, were married Mr. William Wesley Mendenhall and Miss Verna Blanche Sweetman, ex-'17. Mr. and Mrs. Mendenhall are at home in Indianapolis.

Births

KRAMER.—To Mr. Raymond Kramer, '16, and Mrs. Kramer, in February, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a son—James Harry.

SHELHORN.—To Mr. Robert Shelhorn and Mrs. Bertha Coughlen Shelhorn, '18, on April 14, in Indianapolis, a daughter—Harriet.

HOPPING.—To Mr. Andrew D. Hopping, '17, and Mrs. Hopping, on May 30, in France, a daughter—Gabrielle.

FREELAND.—To Dr. Haynes Freeland and Mrs. Mary Parker Freeland, '14, on June 9, in Denver, Colorado, a daughter—Harriet Haynes.

MACLEOD.—To Mr. Roderick A. MacLeod, '14, and Mrs. MacLeod, on June 25, in Batang, Tibet, a son—Duncan.

WARFEL.—To Mr. Herbert Warfel and Mrs. Sidney Hecker Warfel, '11, on July 21, at Richmond, Indiana, a son—George Huntington.

TRUSTY.—To Mr. Clay Trusty, '08, and Mrs. Trusty, on August 20, in Indianapolis, a son—Stanley Roderick.

BADGER.—To Mr. Kenneth Badger, ex-'13, and Mrs. Badger, on August 21, in Indianapolis, a daughter—Barbara Ann.

DIETZ.—To Mr. Harry F. Dietz, '14, and Mrs. Dorothy Hills Dietz, ex-'16, in August, in Indianapolis, a son—William Frederick.

STEPHENSON.—To Mr. Ralph Stephenson, ex-'18, and Mrs. Mildred Hill Stephenson, '18, on September 5, in Indianapolis, a son—Charles Francis.

REIDENBACH.—To Mr. Clarence L. Reidenbach, '12, and Mrs. Reidenbach, on September 10, in Indianapolis, a son—John Clarence.

FOSDICK.—To Mr. Edwin Fosdick and Mrs. Emma Hill Fosdick, ex-, on September 23, in Indianapolis, a daughter—Frances Clare.

PAUL.—To Mr. Justus W. Paul, '15, and Mrs. Paul, on October 24, in Indianapolis, a son—Gay Williams.

Deaths

AMELUNG.—Carl C. Amelung, ex-'18, died on July 31, at his home in Cincinnati, Ohio, at the age of twenty-five years. So, another of Butler's fine soldier-students has passed to his reward.

Carl Amelung was a soldier before April, 1917. He was made of fighting material—persistency of purpose, endurance when it cost to endure, forgetfulness of self. He was gentle and courteous and kindly, appreciative of fine things in literature and in life. Those who knew him best loved and respected him most. His military record, taken from his diary, was as follows:

Attended the second Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison, August, 1917. On December 15, 1917, reported to the 38th Infantry, 3rd Division, at Camp Greene, Charlotte, North Carolina, and was assigned to Company D for duty, trained in the States with that company until March, when he was ordered overseas. He arrived in Scotland on April 3, 1918. A few weeks later reached the training area at Arc-en-Barrois (Haute Marne). Dur-

ing the middle of April he was detailed to attend the Second Corps School at Chatillon-sur-Seine (Cote d'Or) and remained until the middle of May. Two weeks later he was ordered to the front and went into the Loire east of Chateau Thierry. He remained in this sector until the first of July, when the Divisional sector was moved on a few kilometers to the east. When the Germans made their drive at midnight of July 14, his company was in support near Crezaney and helped to stop the German rush in that sector. After holding the enemy for three days the counter attack started. At this time he was gassed and evacuated to Base Hospital No. 30. After ten days here, he was sent to the Convalescent Camp at Allery. Discharged from here, he was sent to St. Aignan, to the first replacement depot. From here, as soon as he was able, he was sent back to the front, where he fought until the armistice.

In July, 1919, he returned to the States. After a fifteen days' furlough spent at home, he was sent for a few weeks to Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio, then to Base Hospital No. 21, at Denver, Colorado. On May 1 he asked for discharge and came home, after putting up a braver fight than he had put up in France, to succumb to the dread disease brought on by the fatal gas.

BARNETT.—Mrs. Cora Campbell Barnett, a former student, died at Danville, Indiana, on July 29.

Mrs. Barnett held several important offices, and held them well. She was vice-chairman of the Seventh district, Indiana Federation of Clubs. She at one time was chairman of the literature committee of the state federation, and had also served as president of the Fortnightly Club, and as vice-president of the Woman's Department Club. She was an enthusiastic supporter of the John Herron Art Institute. Her activities were varied, but were for the most part along literary and artistic lines, and she did some interesting water color work. She was chairman of the educational department of the Young Women's Christian Association, and was prominent in affairs of the missionary society of the Christian Church in Indiana, serving on the executive board.

Miss Anna Weaver, professor of Greek, has given to the QUARTERLY the following expression:

"I have consented to write an appreciation of Mrs. Cora Campbell Barnett because such was the nature of our friendship that I know she would be glad to have me undertake it, however ill I may accomplish the last service I shall ever be able to render her here, and also because it is very good for me personally to pause in the midst of 'the little daily doings' to things spiritual to meditate on 'life's greatest adventure' which has come to her so recently, and to dwell on the qualities which endeared her to many friends.

"As impression after impression of her crowds upon my mind, I find it almost impossible to concentrate on the immediate task in hand till by an effort of the will I allow only the salient features of her character to stand forth and then the result becomes as clear to my mind as do the physical features of a composite photograph.

"Two qualities seem to underlie every picture of her—her strong Christian character and the fact that, like the Greeks of old, she possessed a selective type of mind and even in her hours of relaxation and recreation she cared only for the best in music, art and literature. She inspired her friends to give her their best and to guard themselves against the subtle influence of the lower level.

"During all the years I knew her and especially during her last long illness, her courage and her faith impressed me deeply. As I think of her this glorious October afternoon, when all nature is in a state of transition, I recall our last long talks together and I feel that for her, when she left us, death was indeed, as Seneca said so long ago, 'the fairest invention of nature,' as already she seemed to have caught the esoteric meaning of some of the deeper things which a poet once said could only be revealed in symbols."

CHALIFOUR.—George Chadbourne, son of Mr. G. L. Chalifour and Mrs. Jessie Breadheft Chalifour, '14, died in Indianapolis on September 16, age eighteen months.

EICHRODT.—Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Clinton Eichrodt, a former student, widow of Charles W. Eichrodt, died on September 12, at her home in Indianapolis, and on the 14th was buried in Crown Hill.

Mrs. Eichrodt had lived all her life in Indianapolis, being the

daughter of Wharton R. Clinton, a veteran of the Mexican and Civil Wars. She had been educated in the public schools and Butler College. She was interested in many charitable and civic activities, having been a member of the board of directors of the Indianapolis Franchise League, a charter member of the Daughters of the Union, a member of the Women's Post-War Council and of the Pioneer Mothers' Memorial Association. She was active in the work of the Red Cross and the Boys' Club.

One of Mrs. Eichrodt's characteristics was her loyalty. Butler College felt this fine quality. Over and over she lent a gratefully helpful hand to the College, and her assistance will be sincerely missed. She was very generous, generous not only in giving of her means, but, what has been ever more valuable, in giving herself, and she was generous, too, in her estimates of people. She was very hospitable, opening her home freely not only to individuals who needed it, but also to organizations. Her only intolerance seemed to be of that which was not right. Her gracious spirit shone in her countenance. She was a fine friend, a good sister, a loving daughter, a devoted mother.

FULLER.—Dean Weston Fuller, ex-'18, died on July 6 in the Base Hospital of Palo Alto, California, at the age of twenty-five years.

A brief notice to this effect appeared in the last issue of the QUARTERLY. One who loved Dean for his spirit and admired him for his accomplishment, has asked his brother, Mr. Henry L. Fuller, a former student of Butler College, to say more. In part, Mr. Fuller's letter is as follows:

"When our father died Dean was nine years old. I was fifteen years his senior and becoming the head of a little family was not the burden it might have been had both my brothers been different in their makeup.

"I watched Dean grow from childhood to manhood, and it was always surprising to me how he ever got along. He had an aversion toward accepting gratuities even on my insistence, and from the time he was able to carry papers he literally clothed himself. Dean simply had the ability to make money and to make friends and to keep both. In his short span of twenty-five years he had re-

ceived his high school education, two or three years in Butler, joined my Delta Tau Delta fraternity, and become a Scottish Rite 32nd degree Mason, and served under his flag for twenty-one months.

"In less than a week after war had been declared he tried to enlist, but was rejected as being slightly underweight for his height. This disturbed his peace of mind and made him more determined than ever. I might say he was 'mad clear through.' The second day following his rejection he made an appointment for another examination, then went out and ate heavily and drank all the water he could. When weighed again he had gained six and one-half pounds, and was made a corporal. All this shows Dean's sturdy determination to get out of life all that was good and noble.

"I knew Dean more intimately, perhaps, than most fathers know their sons. I knew the workings of his mind, his hopes and ambitions, his purity of thought, his hatred of all that was unmanly, his singleness of purpose to make his mark in spite of obstacles, and above all, his love for and devotion to his little mother, with whom he is now joined in heaven. Among his effects which were sent home was a letter in a billfold which he had carried to France and kept with him all the months following the war. It was probably the only letter our mother ever had occasion to write him. He was sixteen years old and had gone away on a short visit. It was a typical mother's letter and the boy had cherished it.

"I had high hopes for Dean and felt a father's pride in him. I had felt the heartache in seeing him fulfill his sacred duty, in leaving for the southern camp, a strong, healthy boy. I felt the pang in seeing him come home a human wreck. In all the months thereafter never did he utter a single word of complaint or regret.

"Dean always appeared to be modest and unassuming, yet it is astounding the friends he drew to himself. The officers in his battery have written how much they liked him and how popular he was with the boys, how he was always on the job, ready and willing to the last, even though not physically fit. In the hospital at Fort Harrison his kindly spirit won him such a place in the hearts of the officers and nurses that they made him their friend and gave

to him unrestricted liberty to go and come as he pleased. They could trust him and he never presumed to abuse their confidence. The editor and the manager of *The Indianapolis Star* came with words of friendship and of praise the day we laid him away. President Howe came and asked to speak of him. He said there were many students in Butler he did not know, others he did. He knew Dean and whenever he addressed him he always had the feeling he was speaking to a gentleman.

"From childhood to manhood Dean was industrious and ambitious, sincere and courteous, and I can not help feeling that the rugged words of Browning are expressive of him:

" 'Work and not sleep
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level
Where blindly creep
Things perfected, more or less,
To the Heaven's height
Far and steep.' "

HALL.—Mrs. Harriet Beeler Hall died at the home of her son, Arthur F. Hall, in Fort Wayne, Indiana, in September and was there buried.

Mrs. Hall was born in December, 1843, the youngest child of Joseph and Hannah Matthews Beeler, who were the first settlers in Decatur township, Marion county, Indiana. The family afterwards moved to Indianapolis. When Governor Morton made his first call for war nurses, Mrs. Hall (then Hattie Beeler) was one of the first to respond, and was the youngest nurse of the group sent to Tennessee. In this group were her sister, Mrs. Calvin Fletcher, and Mrs. Jane C. Graydon and Mrs. H. G. Colgan. Before the close of the Civil War she married Truman Walter Hall, then a lieutenant of artillery.

Mrs. Hall was a sister of the late Fielding Beeler, and also a sister of the mothers of Senator Harry S. New, ex-'78, Mrs. Theodore Wagner, ex-'75, and Miss Emily Fletcher, ex-'78, all of Indianapolis. She had been a member of the Christian Church from

girlhood and often recalled with pleasure the having heard Alexander Campbell and other noted preachers of fifty years ago. When about fifteen years old she, together with Nettie Butler, daughter of the founder of Butler College; Mary Hoshour, daughter of Samuel Hoshour, a beloved teacher in the old Northwestern Christian University; Nannie Lister, mother of Mrs. Eben Wolcott, and Mary Beatty, mother of Mrs. Pirtle Herod, were immersed by Rev. Love Jameson in White River, below the old National Road bridge. She had been a student of the old Northwestern Christian University and regarded her experience there as among the most valued and influential of her life. She was a member of the Society of Indiana Pioneers.

Mrs. Hall lived to see Indianapolis grow from the time Charley Mayer's store was the chief attraction of the village to the present metropolis, and was always proud of being a Hoosier. She leaves three children: George B. Hall of Los Angeles, Mrs. George T. Moore of St. Louis, and Arthur F. Hall of Ft. Wayne.

HAY.—Cecilia Isabelle Schonacker, ex-78, wife of Paul B. Hay, died in San Francisco last May.

There are of the alumni who remember Celia Belle Schonacker with affection and with admiration. She attended the Northwestern Christian University and was one of that superior group known as "Miss Merrill's girls." She was beautiful to look upon and as beautiful in mind and soul. Overflowing with health and hope and happiness, the radiance of her good cheer reached far. She was intensely loyal in her friendships. She was refined in nature, appreciative of all fine things, especially of art and literature and character.

When the College moved to Irvington Miss Schonacker became one of the early attendants at the City Library and there was recognized even by strangers for her unusual personality. Later, she married Mr. Paul B. Hay, formerly of Indianapolis, and spent the rest of her life in San Francisco. In writing of her death, Mr. Hay says, "She read the BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY from cover to cover, deeply interested in every item of news."

She leaves a blessed memory. May Light perpetual shine upon her.

HIBBEN.—Mrs. Jane Merrill Ketcham, widow of Thomas E. Hibben, died at her home in Irvington on October 16.

Mrs. Hibben was a student of the Northwestern Christian University, of Vassar College, and of a French school in Geneva, Switzerland. After two years of travel in Europe she returned to Indianapolis, her native home, where she was soon after married to Mr. Thomas E. Hibben. The most of Mrs. Hibben's life was spent in Irvington, in the house since owned by Mr. Chaunev Butler, and in that dear to the older students as the home of Mrs. Downey. Thus, Mrs. Hibben was connected with the College not only by the ties of studentship, but also through personal interest in student life, offering a generous hospitality to the undergraduates, and later through the attendance upon Butler College of her own children, Hazen, Thomas and James.

Mrs. Hibben had a quick mind. She was an accomplished French student in the days before French was so generally known. She was not only intelligent in the history of art, but she also showed decided ability in crayon portraiture. She had a sweet voice of an unusual minor quality. Her conversation was bright and entertaining. She was fond of children and knew how to entertain them. They loved her imaginary tales and found them more fascinating than Andersen's or Grimm's.

Her life was spent chiefly within the four walls of home, her highest desire being to make a comfortable and happy home. She was devoted to her family, called away from it only by the need or sorrow of another.

ROBERTS.—Dr. Alonzo S. Roberts, '97, died on September 9, in San Francisco, California.

Dr. Roberts had been ill many months and was, at the time of his death, in a hospital. He leaves a widow, formerly Miss Ethel Patterson, of the College, one brother, Will Roberts, and one sister, Mrs. Carl Loop, '00, now in Malta. The last issue of the *QUARTERLY* contained notice of the death of Dr. Roberts' father, Rev. John A. Roberts, '71. Father and son were in death briefly divided.

For *The Butler Collegian*, Dr. Samuel McGaughey, '97, wrote of Dr. Roberts' athletic career as follows:

"Dr. Alonzo S. Roberts entered Butler in 1892 in 'Second Prep.' At that time Butler had a first and second preparatory department whose head, 'Dominie' Wilson, will be remembered as the 'Eliminator.' Lon, as we always called him, Jessie Christian Brown, Tom Shipp, Bill Blount, and a few others got by Dominie and were a part of the class of '97.

"Lon, always frail, had an indomitable spirit. He had an ambition to make the football team, and to make it in those days—long before Teddy had the roughness eliminated—was no mean task.

"While a Second Prep Lon had on a suit and would line up with the scrub team. One day while running down a punt, he fell and broke his leg. This would have taken the pep out of most any seventeen-year-old fellow, but not Lon. He was handicapped by being compelled to wear glasses, yet year after year he played on the second team, his lack of weight and error of eyesight preventing him from making the team. Yet he kept on, never complaining or sulking. Finally his ambition was gratified in '96 by being elected captain of the 'varsity team, he playing quarterback.

"Roberts is gone, but after nearly a quarter of a century, his pluck, his grit, his loyalty, his never-say-quit spirit are as fresh in my mind as if it were yesterday.

"If 'Pat' Page can uncover a few of the type of Lon Roberts, Butler will come back with a wallop."

Our Correspondence

HENRY T. MANN, '90: "I want the QUARTERLY and am sending you check for three dollars. The QUARTERLY always comes as a breath from a pleasant, blooming orange grove, its every leaf redolent with the fine odor of the old-time friendships. I think I enjoyed Commencement more this year than any before, even thirty years ago, so I want the magazine more than ever."

WILLIAM C. MCCOLLOUGH, '88: "I am sending you a paper which contains an article on and a picture of my father. He is the oldest living preacher of the Christian Church in California. Until seven years ago he was in active service. His last pastorate was at the Garfield Park Church in Santa Cruz. Since that time he has occupied the pulpit many times as a supply for the churches in San Jose and Santa Clara.

"Father is, I think, the oldest living graduate of Butler College.* He was in the class of 1865, in the old North Western Christian University. He was a member of the Philokurian Literary Society.

"Father began preaching in 1861. After graduation he gave all his time and energy to the ministry. Some of his pastorates were: Rushville, Indiana; Dayton, Ohio; Quincy, Illinois; Bloomington, Illinois; Terre Haute, Indiana. He was at one time State Evangelist. As evangelist he was a sane, forcible speaker and his services were in wide demand, especially in that state.

"Since 1876 (except two years in Terre Haute) he has lived in California. As pastor in San Francisco, as editor and publisher of the church state paper, as president of Washington College, as a leading member of the state missionary board many years, as an evangelist who has traveled pretty nearly all over the state, he is known, respected and revered by all the Christian brotherhood in California.

"In 1919 he and his good wife celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. It was a joyful occasion. Many friends, relatives, co-workers in the ministry and other church activities, were present to show their esteem and affection.

*There are living: Mrs. N. E. Atkinson, '56; Ora Knowlton, '58; W. W. Daugherty, '61; Austin F. Denny, '62; A. C. Easter, '64; William H. Wiley, '64.—Editor.

“It may be that in these materialistic days the ministry and the work of a teacher, being unremunerative, are not much desired by young men when choosing a life work. But it is possible and practical for one to serve God and to help save men by preaching and by teaching; and, at the same time, by care, industry, and foresight in business matters to acquire a competence of this world’s goods to ‘keep the wolf from the door’ when old age comes on. The experience of this aged couple exemplifies this truth.

“I may add that three generations of our family have been students in Butler; my father of the class of 1865; I of 1888, and my daughter, Clarissa (now Mrs. Cecil Ray), who was a Butler student for three years, but did not graduate.

“I have been at my father’s home in San Jose, California, for six weeks, but return soon to my home in Stockwell, Indiana.”



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Butler Alumnaal Quarterly

January, 1921

Vol. IX, No. 4

INDIANAPOLIS

Entered as second-class matter March 26, 1912, at the post
office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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MRS. NANCY E. BURNS-ATKINSON
Class of 1856

CONGRATULATIONS

UPON HER BIRTHDAY

TO

MRS. A. M. ATKINSON

WHO IN YOUTH LARGELY
ACQUIRED, IN MID-LIFE
GREATLY SERVED, IN AGE
UNFALTERINGLY TRUSTS

The picture upon the opposite page was taken in Indianapolis after Mrs. Burns had graduated in the first class from the old University. It was found in Hawaii and lent to the editor by a friend who had been bridesmaid at the marriage of Mr. Atkinson and Mrs. Burns.

Let us fold away our fear
And through all the coming year
Just be glad.

—*James Whitcomb Riley*

Butler Alumna Quarterly

VOL. IX INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JANUARY, 1921 No. 4

Archibald McLean

When Archibald McLean closed his eyes upon earth a good man passed from great usefulness. This fact, as well as that his was so familiar a figure about Irvington and within the College walls, that he cared to read and to speak kindly of the QUARTERLY, are reasons for here supplying to our readers the editorial of *The Christian Century* of December 30. The article is of more than biographical interest to the members of the Disciples' Church; it is of historical value to all observers of the development of Christian thought and activity.

A religious body like the Disciples of Christ probably depends more upon the leadership of individual personality than do the more highly organized bodies or those religious groups whose traditions are more deeply rooted and venerable. It is hardly likely that another communion equal to or approximating the Disciples in numerical strength could agree upon its paramount personality. Yet in each of the three successive generations of Disciples' history a referendum as to their outstanding leader or leaders would have disclosed an opinion as nearly unanimous as was the recent vote in Greece to recall Constantine. For the first generation Alexander Campbell was the unrivaled leader. At his death his mantle fell unmistakably upon the shoulders of Isaac Errett, who until the last decade of the past century held a unique place in the confidence of the then rapidly growing communion.

In the generation now passing this position of gracious supremacy has been held by two men between whom none of their fellow Disciples, if compelled to do so, could express a judgment of precedence without painful embarrassment. These leaders were Rev. J. H. Garrison and Rev. Archibald McLean. Dr. Garrison came to his position by the traditional path of journalism. Both Campbell and Errett had been editors, and the Disciples had formed a kind

of habit of looking to the tripod for pronouncements of authority, a habit which has been by no means an unmixed blessing. In the case of Dr. Garrison, however, who still lives—and still writes, graciously, for the paper he founded—the exercise of this great editorial influence was most benign and salutary. For more than forty years of writing activity there stood beside him in the affection and confidence of the denomination a leader of another sort, both men, however, being alike in this, that they had caught and incarnated the spirit of Isaac Errett. The mantle of the great editor divided its ample folds between Garrison and McLean. The death of Mr. McLean, on December 15, is an event, therefore, whose shock is felt in the farthest edges of the Disciples fellowship. Though sharing his position of preedence with another, he made a wholly unique place for himself not alone in the hearts of his brethren but in the very structure and character of the communion to whose service his life was consecrated.

The genius of Archibald McLean and his place in the progress of the Disciples communion can be understood only in relation to the development of missionary passion and intelligence in that great body of Christians. The Disciples were slow in awakening to the missionary call. The modern movement on behalf of worldwide Christian expansion was well under way in other Christian groups when the first Disciples missionary society was organized. It took years for the sense of missionary obligation to strike root in the conscience of the denomination. It took, indeed, nearly a generation. But once the springs of missionary enthusiasm were opened up and their waters released, their flow has greatened with swift and mighty increment ever since. For years the response in offerings was not sufficient to maintain one secretary all his time. In that period Mr. McLean, who participated in the founding of the Foreign Missionary Society, served a church as pastor in connection with his secretarial task. Later he combined his missionary secretaryship with the presidency of Bethany College. With his retirement from the latter position the society entered upon the beginnings of the great development of foreign missions which reached its climax last year in an offering of close to a million

dollars to the treasury, with a grand total of over three million dollars to the missionary and benevolent agencies of denomination.

Virtually all of this development has taken place under the inspiring leadership, whether direct and official or indirect and moral, of Archibald McLean. He made himself the symbol of the missionary ideal among his people. Against all manner of odds he kept his courage and faith alive in the early days of the movement until at his death the one great unifying and elevating force of the Disciples communion is its missionary passion. Starting late, it is now abreast of its neighbor communions, sharing with them in counsel and plan and sacrifice for the winning of the whole world to Christ.

Mr. McLean followed the policy of education in his missionary propaganda and administration. His was no superficial attempt to galvanize the church into emotional giving. He allied himself with Time. He hand-picked his associates. He wrote books, inspired others to write missionary books, and sent circulating into tens of thousands of Christian homes the great missionary writings of all communions. He touched the springs of intellectual inspiration at the colleges and set going the gracious forces there whose operation issued in circles and bands of volunteers for the mission field. Under his influence a new standard of ministerial success defined itself in terms of the minister's loyalty to the missionary cause. When that standard was once raised aloft the churches felt that missions had become an integral part of their organic life. The divine stalk had been transplanted from the individual conscience and intelligence of a few leaders to the social conscience and intelligence of the communion as a whole. At any time after that thing became a reality Mr. McLean might have been taken away, but his work would have gone right on.

Even such a statement of his missionary achievements does not, however, fully describe the unique place held by Archibald McLean in the fellowship of the Disciples of Christ. For the objective fruitage of missionary activity in foreign lands is hardly less significant than its subjective effects in the character of the church at the home base. In the case of Mr. McLean's denomination these

return effects upon its own life were singularly marked and of radical importance. It is not too strong to say that the creation of the missionary passion saved his communion from a fate of ecclesiastical futility, gave it a sense of possessing a real function, and set up a basis of fellowship and partnership with other branches of the living church which the Disciples of the second generation peculiarly lacked. It is in this aspect of his missionary leadership that Mr. McLean's contribution assumes a form that is original and distinctive. As a missionary leader, objectively considered, he was not singularly original. He made no great contribution to the councils of missionary statesmanship. His books did not appreciably influence the curve of the missionary movement in general. In the great gatherings of missionary statesmen he always seemed to be sitting at the feet of the masters rather than exercising an acknowledged mastership himself. He was present at the Edinburgh Conference in 1910, but his voice was not heard. At Panama, in 1916, his participation was never that of the *primus inter pares*. He seemed definitely to have parochialized his personal task. It was as if he kept in mind continually—in his reading, his writing and his counseling—the thought of the service he could render to the Disciples of Christ. He studied the world situation, not so much with the hope or aim of influencing the strategy of missions in general, as for the purpose of interpreting it to the people of his own communion. Unconsciously, no doubt, but consistently, he made himself the apostle of Christian missions to the Disciples of Christ. That task was his life passion. So effectively did he limit his field that many readers of *The Christian Century*, not Disciples, will be somewhat surprised at the space given to words of appreciation of a man whose name had never been called sharply to their attention.

But in so confining his activities Mr. McLean wrought far more permanently and importantly than had he sought the more public stage. He imparted a new vision to his own people. He emancipated them from a doctrinal mood which tended to harshness, and opened in their hearts the fountains of pity and tenderness. When one recalls the almost startling effect of his volume, "Where the

Book Speaks," one has a measure of depth of his revolutionary influence. Professing to be a "Bible people," the Disciples had strangely overlooked the pervading presence of the missionary motive and passion in the pages of Holy Scripture. They had formed the habit of seeing certain things in the Bible and of seeing them in a certain way. In this respect they were not unlike any other group which claims to be peculiarly a "Bible people." With the Disciples the emphasized portions of the New Testament had come to be the baptism clauses, particularly in the great commission and the second chapter of Acts. A Disciple never read these or related passages without a highly emotional sense of their peculiar doctrinal significance. In many souls the doctrinal interpretation amounted almost to an obsession, putting it past their comprehension how any honest mind could read the passages and not feel the same emotion and reach the same conclusion. The legalistic and dogmatic mood into which this hollow interpretation of Scripture led was in the way of fashioning for the Disciples of Christ a place of respectable obscurity and irrelevancy in the religious life of America, when the missionary movement, led by Archibald McLean, came into being. He taught the Disciples to put the "Go" into the great commission and to thrill under the dynamic of missionary passion which penetrates the whole book of Acts. From the reading of the Bible as a book for polemical uses, or for the disclosure of diagrams of doctrinal or ecclesiastical correctness, he emancipated them and taught them to see in their own most classical doctrinal texts an indisputable living word of God. What had been polemical ammunition he converted into categorical imperative, investing the Scripture with the quality which St. Paul called the dynamite of God.

The result is that controversy over the mode and design of baptism, over details of the "ancient order of things" has given way to passion for saving a lost world, even at the price of fellowship with Christ in His sufferings. Archibald McLean was used as the chief and willing instrument of God in saving the Disciples communion to a vital participation with all Christian people in the one essential Christian task. For this his name is written into

their history in letters of immortality. We have not yet seen the end of the effects of this displacement of a somewhat gnarlish sense of "doctrinal peculiarity" by the more gracious sense of fraternity and cooperation with God's children. The leaven of the new passion is working swiftly and irresistibly now, urging the Disciples toward the more consistent practice of that catholicity of which the missionary spirit is ever the true pathfinder.

A Poet of Passing America

By HERBERT L. CREEK, '04

Head of English Department, Purdue University

About three years ago, while visiting at the University of Illinois for the purpose of stimulating interest in contemporary verse, Miss Harriet Monroe, editor of *Poetry* and discoverer of poets, met a young instructor in public speaking who was experimenting with verses about Indians and Indian life. Becoming interested, she invited him to send some of his work to her. Not long afterward there appeared in *Poetry* two poems, "The Blue Duck" and "Chippewa Flute Song," together with an editorial calling attention to their unusual quality. The poems aroused the interest of Carl Sandburg, the Chicago poet, who wrote to Mr. Lew Sarett, their author. The result was a warm friendship which has had several happy results, including the appearance of the two poets in a very successful series of joint recitals of "Poems of the City" and "Poems of the Wilderness." Last spring the best of Mr. Sarett's poems were collected in a volume called *Many, Many Moons, A Book of Wilderness Poems*, with a preface by Carl Sandburg beginning:

"Books say Yes to life. Or they say No. 'Many Many Moons' says Yes."

It is as an American poet that Mr. Sarett is now bidding for a place in literature—a poet of the wilderness, of the prairies, of the wild creatures of the North, of the primitive Indian. He has the

western heartiness and vigor, the western self-confidence and enthusiasm, the western love of infinite stretches and solitary places which we now recognize as more American than New England's austere brooding and self-repression. But along with this western Americanism Sarett has a profound moral sense and a mystical religion which, although they threaten his poetry sometimes with a didacticism not unlike that of the older New England poets, nevertheless are of real significance in a period of materialism and shaken standards.

No one will quite understand Mr. Sarett's Americanism without knowing something of his unusual life. In the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, where he spent much of his boyhood, he learned the trees, the flowers, the stones, the birds, and the larger animals before he reached his teens. He loved solitary expeditions through the hills to fish in a trout stream or to collect bugs, birds' eggs, moose teeth, arrow heads, and specimens of a dozen other varieties of objects which excited his curiosity. Then came a period of hardship in Chicago—poverty, hunger, a job in a department store at \$2.50 a week, another at \$2.75, and still another in a sweatshop; sleepless nights spent on a pier at Lake Michigan; wild longings for the old home on the Northern Peninsula. Then followed escape from the city to the Lower Peninsula of Michigan. When he was seventeen or eighteen, he began working in the North to get money for his education. He was a guide and ranger in Northern Minnesota and in Canada. His life in the tenement and sweatshop had intensified his yearning for the open life. "I don't merely admire nature," he writes. "I don't 'enjoy' the 'beauty of nature'—it's more than these mere aesthetic emotions,—more vital, more elemental,—it's a passion I can't describe. I try to do it in my poems."

Mr. Sarett's academic connections make him interesting to college people. He has been a student in various colleges and universities, and received an A. B. from Beloit College in 1911 and an LL. B. from the University of Illinois in 1916. He is now associate professor in the Cumnoek School of Speech of Northwestern University. His democratic manner, his gift of social intercourse, and his powers as a speaker and a reader give him immense power over

undergraduates. But during all the years of his busy academic life Sarett has kept in close touch with the forests and their inhabitants, both animal and human. He is American, therefore, in his character and in the variety of his tastes and experiences.

The author of *Many Many Moons* is American in his poetical associations. He belongs to the new poets, but it is to the Sandburg and not to the Amy Lowell group. Many of our contemporary poets use life chiefly as the material for art; others use their art to interpret life. Miss Lowell, Mr. John Gould Fletcher, and Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim belong to the first group. Their appeal is wholly and frankly aesthetic. Mr. Sandburg, Mr. Vachel Lindsay, and Mr. Frost belong to the second group. Their poetry is not without art, but it is art the servant, not art the master of life. And it is the second group that really represents America, because it furnishes an imaginative interpretation and criticism of America in the twentieth century. Lew Sarett is one of this group. He is in love with life first and art second.

Nevertheless Sarett is a real artist and is a careful student of his art. His early work was in conventional metres, and it did not show much distinction or much influence from the poetic iconoclasts and innovators. Most of this earlier verse is not included in *Many Many Moons*. The later verse shows more and more of the influence of contemporaries, though it must be said that there is enough of the older manner to prove that Sarett is a moderate reformer. The following poem, marked by force and compression, shows his control of a familiar conventional form. The "C. S." is Carl Sandburg.

THE GRANITE MOUNTAIN

To C. S.

I know a mountain, lone it lies
Under wide blue Arctic skies.

Gray against the crimson rags
Of sunset loom its granite crags.

Gray granite are the peaks that sunder
The clouds, and gray the shadows under.

Down the weathered gullies flow
Waters from its crannied snow;
Tumbling cataracts that roar
Cannonading down the shore;
And rivulets that hurry after
With a sound of silver laughter.
Up its ramparts winds a trail
To a clover-meadowed vale,
High among the hills and woods
Locked in lonely solitudes.
Only wild feet can essay
The perils of that cragged way.
And here beneath the rugged shoulders
Of the granite cliffs and boulders,
In the valley of the sky
Where tranquil twilight shadows lie,
Hunted creatures in their flight
Find a refuge for the night.

The following lines from "Red-Rock, the Moose-Hunter," show a compromise of the old with the free forms that is characteristic of much of Mr. Sarett's best poetry:

Black bronze in the cool blue moonlight!
Black statuesque bronze in the night!
Cupped hands to the stars uplifted.—
Dripping, dripping, dripping
Thin tinkling streamlets of silver,
Soft-plashing fountains of silver,
Shimmering-blue sprinklings of silver—
"Red-Rock! Big killer-of-moose!—Ugh!"

The mingled anapests, trochees, spondees, and dactyls certainly

show adaptation of form to mood, and they are at the same time regular enough to please a lover of Tennyson.

The last quotation also exhibits Sarett's characteristic diction. He loves musical words, words with a falling rhythm, and words that are onomatopoetic. "Soft-plashing," "shimmering," "tremulous," "tinkling," "gold-glintered," "scarlet-streaming," "fluting," "purple twilight," "silver bubbles," "somber lonely shadows," "sighing silver balsams" appear as one turns the pages. They suggest kinship with Keats rather than with Vachel Lindsay. There is another manner in which Sarett's diction is not far from Lindsay's, but this is not so clearly his own. "The Squaw-Dance" best shows this side of his work.

Lew Sarett's religion is also American, though it makes him seem old-fashioned among poets who defy and scorn God rather than fear or love Him. This is not the day of Jehovah nor even of the Great Spirit; God is no more the inspiration and hope of the poet; heaven is as meaningless as the Happy Hunting Grounds. But Sarett is religious with a religion which is half Christian and half pagan. His God is the God of the Christian and Indian alike, the God of heaven and the God of the winds and hills. In the following is his Christian God:

REFUGE

When the stars ride in on the wings of dusk,
Out on the silent plain,
After the fevered fret of day,
I find my strength again.

Under the million friendly eyes
That smile in the lonely night,
Close to the rolling prairie's heart,
I find my heart for the fight.

Out where the cool long winds blow free,
I fling myself on the sod;
And there in the tranquil solitude
I find my soul.—and God.

The following beautiful lines, reminiscent of Tennyson, are also Christian:

THE GREAT DIVIDE

When I drift out on the Silver Sea,
O may it be
A blue night
With a white moon
And a sprinkling of stars in the cedar tree;
And the silence of God,
And the low call
Of a lone bird,—
When I drift out on the Silver Sea.

But these lines from "Of These Four Things I Cannot Write" have a sense of a familiar presence in things that is hardly Christian, though many Christians have had the same feeling:

After the footfalls of sinister night in the gullies.
After the ominous moan of the canyoned winds,—
The touch of a quiet gray Presence beside me.
The confident sense of Hands hovering about me.
And the Call from the hills where the murmurous river
Spills over the white cascades . . .

It is as an interpreter of Indian themes that Mr. Sarett does his most original and his most truly American work. He knows the modern Indian—his ceremonial, his traditions, his superstitions, his follies, his grotesqueness, his humor, his imagination—with an intimacy that reveals itself again and again. But the realism of the Indian poems is infused with the wild and romantic beauty of the North and the tragic melancholy of the red man. Unfortunately it is difficult to show the special qualities of the Indian poems by quotation.

The "Chippewa Monologues: A Group of Indian Council Talks," which forms Part III of *Many Many Moons*, is a collection of dramatic poems which show Mr. Sarett's knowledge of Indian

character and his keen sympathy with the red man in his losing struggle with the white. In "Whirling-Rapids Talks," a poignant poem of about six hundred lines, an Indian chief describes the resistless invasion of the white men and the tragedy of impending doom for his own race:

Little wave, little wave,
 Big wave, big wave,
 Wave, wave, wave,—
 So comes the white man in the North,
 Like the waters of the ocean.
 On the waters of that sea walks the Indian
 In his frail and battered Chée-mon,
 In his dancing birch canoe,
 And he paddles from the dawn to the twilight.
 Comes the little rippling water on the bow,
 Little white fingers rippling on the birch-bark,
 Rippling white fingers blowing in the breeze.
 Little wave, little wave,
 Many pretty waves.

Then the bigger waves come:

Crashing madly on the tossing birch-bark,—
 Smashing wildly at the wailing 'Cheebway . . .
 And the Indian walking on the waters
 Flings his chantings to the Spirits in the sky:

(To be read with wailing and chanting)

"Hah-eee-ooooo! Keétech-ie Má-ni-dó,
 I sing the chant of death!
 O pity me!
 And stop the crazy-waters,
 Ai-yee! the rolling waves of white men . . .
 O pity me!
 Tah-eee-ooooo! Keétech-ie Má-ni-dó!
 I am asking with a good heart
 That—

(Chanting ceases. With dramatic force slightly repressed, and wailing)

“Ai-yee! The Spirit cannot hear me;
Nothing does he hear
But the clashing iron axes,
The rumblings of the waters,
And the cursings of the timber on the shore.”

Here is the pathos of the Indian deserted by his God; here is the natural symbolism so characteristic of the Indian's poetic expression, and here is also an artistic instinct that selects the right word and the right rhythm.

I should like to quote all of the “Chippewa Flute Song.” in which the Indian chants his love for the little “Pigeon-Woman.” In this as in most of the poems, man and nature are one; the reader feels that the Indian is part of woods and sky as woods and sky are part of him; and that the whip-poor-will and the owl are his brothers. The following lines may show this:

From the clouds of purple twilight on yonder shore
the wailing loon is calling, calling,
calling for his woman drearly.
And I also am calling
on my little yellow flute wearily.
In the dewy glade of yonder valley
the whip-poor-will is crying for his mate;
In the somber lonely shadows of the timber
the melancholy owl is also calling.
But the owl and the whip-poor-will
do not hear an answer
to their many, many callings—
Nor do I hear an answer to my melody.
The meadow-lark is fluting his golden song:
and from the liliated meadows
other golden notes come floating back to him
like little golden bells.

And though the meadow-lark does not sing more tenderly
 than my little yellow flute,
 you do not answer my callings,
 My little Pigeon-Woman,
 My Kah-lée-lee-óh-kah-láy-kway!

There are greater poets than Lew Sarett. One is aware that he still has much to learn from life and from art; that there are certain profound and poignant experiences that he scarcely hints at and that yet are at the heart of life. But even this criticism seems ungenerous. Perhaps it is inspired by jealousy of Sarett's optimism and youth, of his abiding faith in himself and in others and in God—a faith that most of us have not been able to keep through the years. In reality it is this optimism, this hope, this looking forward with flushed face and eager eyes that make one believe in his future. Although he has devoted his poems to celebrating the passing America of the Indian, his message is one of cheer for the America of the future. Such a poet is worth reading and watching.

A Notion of Originality in Style

There may be among the readers of the QUARTERLY old students who recall some decades back the vagary in vogue of writing over assumed names. How exciting it was in the meetings of the Athenian Society to hear the editor read articles in the "Paper" and communications signed by invented names! Perhaps only Miss Merrill was in the secret of the authorship of these admired expressions. Whatever "Clarissa" wrote was looked upon with open-eyed wonder, as, in the minds of the plebeian listeners, possessing real aristocratic value, as having the *bel air* of literary quality.

A little faded yellow article of "Clarissa's" has recently been sent to the editor and is herewith given as a pious act of remembrance.

And who was "Clarissa"? She lingers in the memory of every one who ever knew her, the gracious, beautiful, intellectual, rare Cordelia Jameson. There was never anyone like her.

"But she is in her grave, and, oh,
 The difference to me!"

Charles Lamb speaks somewhere of a friend of his who protested that there was too much reading done and that many people were

too busy considering the thoughts of others to think for themselves. He even went so far, Lamb says, as to quit reading altogether, "much to the improvement of his originality." I have often thought of this; that is to say, the blighting of one's power of original thought by much reading. The omnivorous reader mistakenly believes that he is only acquiring a store of facts and theories. He does not remember that his mind is sure to be tinted by every particular thing which he reads, and that by and by the natural hue of it will be quite effaced. I have often noticed with amusement and mortification that everything I read had an immediate effect on manner of expression both in writing and talking. It has been very humiliating to me to see how little individuality I possess. I humbly own that I am like the chameleon, or whatever animal it is that takes straightway the color of whatever it eats. I remember in the English literature class at school I have seen myself skip lightly from Addison to Macaulay, from Macaulay to Dickens, only to forget him and find myself on Monday tied down to the limited verbiage and pompous sentences of the preacher to whom I had listened the day before. I don't mean, of course, that my style could ever, in the remotest degree, approach in excellence toward any of the writers whom I read. I only mean that every mannerism which I could catch and wrap around my own thoughts, I instantly made my own. But once did I actually come near reproduction. Then I had to write a criticism of Pepys' Diary and discovered only when my paper was finished and copied, that it was written in a very fair imitation of the worthy Samuel's style.

Of course, if this always held true, the path of the writer would be smooth, indeed. He would only have to sit at home and diligently read his Shakespeare to become a master of literary composition. But unfortunately it doesn't. You have heard the stage mimic at cheap shows imitate a pig; and then "a pig under a gate." It has always seemed to me that my Addison, for instance, was an Addison "under a gate."

After all, I am not sure that an original style in writing is to be desired. I am quite sure it should not be striven for. How, indeed, can a man be sure that he has got his own natural style?

How does he know that he is not cramping his own powers by affectations? People who try to walk differently from everybody else generally are tired out sooner. A gnarled, warped, crank-sided manner of expression may be perhaps forgiven if it brings a fine thought on its shoulders, but it is none the less repulsive.

Perhaps I am prejudiced, but I cannot get over a feeling that a writer who has thoughts worth expressing does an undignified thing when he brings them out in an eccentric garb. And that the more elevated the subject which he treats may be, the more should he strive for clearness and simplicity.

CLARISSA.

Pilgrims of the West

A CHAPEL TALK

By KATHARINE MERRILL GRAYDON

James Russell Lowell spoke of Puritanism as being "the most perfect incarnation of an idea the world had ever seen." It is of this incarnation of an idea transplanted to other environment than "a stern and rockbound coast," transplanted to "the loveliest fleet of islands that lie anchored on any sea" (according to Mark Twain) that I wish to speak.

The trail of the Puritan is seen wherever religion, education, good citizenship are held high. No spot in the Pacific gives stronger evidence of this fact, is a more striking example of the best that the Puritan stood for—faith in God, faith in man, faith in work—than that land so "beautiful for pilgrim feet"—Hawaii.

A centennial celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims of the West held last April in Honolulu in honor and in love of the descendants of the tercentennial Puritans, was of more than local interest. One hundred years ago there had sailed out of Boston harbor a little band of seven men and seven women moved by earnestness, unselfishness, love for unknown mankind, on the greatest pilgrimage the world had then known. They left home, native

land, the sweet amenities of life, to go out into the darkness of barbarism. The Pilgrims of the *Mayflower* crossed the ocean and braved the horrors of the American wilderness to obtain civil and religious freedom; but the Pilgrims of the *Thaddeus* turned their backs upon the valued freedom of homeland to carry to others "the truth that makes free." The Puritans came for the establishment of self; the Missionaries with utter abnegation of self went out for the reclamation of others.

And well it was for the grandchildren of these Argonauts of Faith to celebrate in so beautiful a manner the accomplishment of their ancestors. Men and women from around the world were present to look upon and to participate in an event so full of meaning; came because of ties of blood and because of an appreciation of the significance of the occasion. The United States government sent thirty-three war vessels to share in this peaceful expression; the Army appeared with equal *eclat*. England was represented by her oldest missionary societies and the hope of her Empire in her young Prince of Wales. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and other institutions across the continent to the University of California sent faculty members to present their greetings. Theological seminaries and churches sent delegates. The civic, the educational, the religious—every side of a civilization developed in one hundred years—was represented. A rich program of eight days was presented. On land and on sea the festivities were carried on: social, musical, dramatic; *luaus*, educational conferences, parades, sermons, culminating in the Pageant of April 13. As to the Pageant: will you picture to yourselves an audience of 10,000 people of many races in national color and costume seated on the very spot on which much of the presentation had really taken place, watching the performance? On the *makai* side stretched the great blue sea; on the *mauka* side, the green mountains; overhead, the fleecy sky. Trees and shrubbery concealed the participants. Well-worn cattle-trails served for entrance and exit. There was no scenery other than the bare rocks and grassy slopes which led with a strong suggestion of aspiration to the rough skyline above. In this environment was presented a lofty and dignified panorama of local his-

tory—an act of local patriotism portrayed in a spirit of simplicity and reverence, and here was an audience bringing the same spirit of simplicity and reverence in watching its progress. The conception was noble; the execution was finished to the highest degree as picture after picture presented the decades of the past century, and each picture interpreted somewhat after the manner of the Greek drama, by a chorus of one thousand voices: the Court of the Great Kamehameha; the destruction of idols; the arrival of the first group of missionaries; a scene from the daily life of a mission family; the breaking away from tradition and superstition as a result of the new teaching; a constitutional king and the evolution of the body politic; problems in the rapid development brought about by intercourse with the outside world; the political annexation of Hawaii to the United States; and, as the sun had fallen behind the mountains and the shadows were lengthening across the hushed audience, the last scene of the progression of a century was presented, the climax was reached. Would that I had the power to describe it worthily to you. As the Hawaiian Band began a processional arrangement of the old hymn, “The Head of the Church Triumphant,” from high up the hill we were facing descended the tall figure of Faith, in blue and lavender, her halo faintly visible, her hand carrying on a long staff the flame of undying devotion and trust. Down to the front of the stage she came, her exquisite robe seeming yet more ethereal in the glimmering sunlight and the movement of the wind. Met by hundreds of representatives of all the churches, bearing banners with a white cross on a blue field, Faith turned and led them up a winding way toward the great Cross on the pinnacle of the hill. At the apex nearest the Cross, Faith took her stand, her followers remaining near and below her in the form of an open triangle. While the last followers were still mounting, Hope began to descend the hill, her light green drapery fluttering at the buoyancy of her step, her hand bearing a branch of tender green leaves and buds, symbol of anticipation and fulfillment. The processional changed to Mendelssohn’s “The Lord Is Great.” At the foot of the hill, met by her followers, the schools, with green banners bearing the lamp of learning, she, too,

turned and led them up the path defined by Faith. Her followers forming a line of waving green banners within the blue, Hope took her stand at the right end of the open triangle.

Charity, in her turn, now descended the hill, her voluminous garments of rose color flowing gracefully as she walked. In her hand she bore a staff surmounted by a circle, the universal symbol of all-embracing love. To meet her there came, bearing banners of rose color, representatives of a vast number of the different organizations which in the course of the century have come to stand for the constructive effort of today. Charity took her place at the left end of the triangle, her followers forming a line of rose within the lines of blue and green.

As the great triangle formed, the cast of the preceding pictures grouped itself in front below the figures of Hawaii and America. At the back, the Hawaiians with their spears, kahilis and bright feather cloaks, the missionary figures with them; below these the industries; and in front of them all the little foreign laborers led by the brown Piper. When they had assembled, the band burst out with the tribute of Haydn's "The Heavens are Telling the Glory of God." In all, three thousand people stood on that hill telling in the poetry of color, form and elevation the glory of God. Aspiration was there, effort, disappointment, achievement, failure, longing radiant hope. It was an exultation; it was an exaltation. It seemed the unveiling of human souls and almost a desecration to talk of; it was, at all events, one of those supreme moments which come in life.

"For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near nor far. . . .

Nay, more; for there wanted not who walked in the glare and glow, Presences plain in the place; . . .

. . . the wonderful Dead, who have passed through the body and gone

But were back once more to breathe in an old world worth their new:

What never had been, was now; what was, as it shall be anon;
And what is,—shall I say, matched both?"

At the risk of repeating what you already know, I am going to tell briefly the story which was the inspiration of this Celebration.

One must understand, first, the psychology of the men and women of the first and second decades of the past century, the state of the spiritually-minded young who, after the episode of the Williamstown Haystack and the organization of the American Board of Foreign Missions, had dedicated themselves to the service of God for the salvation of the heathen. "Go ye into all the world" was an injunction as personal as it was vital. The call to go to the uttermost parts of the earth was heard and speedily answered. No Puritan at the time of Jonathan Edwards was more aflame with the torments of hell than were these young ministers from 1820 to 1840 to carry salvation to the heathen, the responsibility for whose souls in hell would be upon them, did they not hasten to stretch a saving hand. The dramatic, thrilling story is a vivid illustration of God's way of doing things.

An interest in the natives of the Sandwich Islands was now being excited in New England by several Hawaiian youths who had been employed as seamen upon returning whaling vessels. One of these boys, Obookiah, was found one morning by Mr. Dwight weeping on the steps of a Yale College building and by him kindly cared for until sent to a school then organized for foreign children in Cornwall, Connecticut. Here he became converted and begged that Christian teachers be sent to his people. This entreaty and the fact that he, when about ready to return to his homeland on fire with zeal over what would be accomplished there by the Great Story, suddenly died, aroused much interest in the churches; and so, in 1819, a little over forty years after the discovery of the islands, the first missionaries set sail. The happenings of life seem at times so strange and inexplicable that we call them mysterious; but when the elevation which years bring gives perspective and clears away the mists, how wondrous the picture and how still more wondrous the plan! Obookiah's *death* accomplished more for his land than a life, even to the length of Methuselah's, could have accomplished.

And so, influenced by the death of an Hawaiian youth, the first

company, among them the Bingham, the Thurston, the Chamberlains—names honored and dear—sailed out of Boston harbor. From a worldly point of view a wild enterprise it was for these young brave hearts. The voyage of six months was for the most the bridal trip, long enough to allow acquaintance as in most cases the courtships had been very brief. The brig *Thaddeus* was of 241 tons' burden (smaller than the *Mayflower*), the cabins were twelve feet square, piled with trunks, boxes, barrels, cooking utensils as well, for these women must carry and prepare their own food. After six months of an unusually stormy passage the *Thaddeus* sighted land. I traveled far to look upon the vision their eyes first caught as they sailed into Kealahou Bay—the noble slope of Mauna Loa, 14,000 feet high, the vegetation, the grass houses, the hot climate and the stone on which they stepped in landing, the Plymouth Rock of the Pacific. To this, the favorite home of royalty and most thickly settled community, they had come. Near by was a large *heiau*, with its altar for human sacrifice, built by natives who had cut the coral stone from submerged reefs, had swum in with it, had carried it for miles by passing the stones (and at times they were very large) on from man to man, there being 15,000 human beings in line. Now stands near the first Christian church, also built in the same way of coral stone, stately in its lines and dimensions, and good for another hundred years. I passed through the arch built in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of their arrival—a triumphal arch worthy form for these conquerors and more than conquerors. I walked into the church of goodly size and architecture. Indeed, "as heralds of those temples not made with hands, the early Hawaiian churches are no unworthy followers of their New England prototypes, products though they are of an isolated and primitive people. Overlaid in no spot with the magnificence of the gold and flowered carvings of Solomon's great temple, they yet vie in no uncertain terms, in their spiritual design, with the glory and aspiration of even their Gothic predecessors. laid up, as were those inimitable European temples, stone on stone, by the loving hands of a devoted people." And I wandered through the little churchyard, the headstones telling their own elegies:

Mrs. —, wife of —, died at the age of twenty-four years—at the age of twenty-seven years—at the age of twenty-nine years.

But I am telling of the *Thaddeus* pilgrims who did not linger at this first landing place, but pushed on to Honolulu, then, as at present, the capital city. Here they were not allowed to land. The king remembered the treachery of Captain Cook and other white men and would have nothing more of the species. However, his people showed interest in the newcomers, especially in the children they espied. The queen wanted to borrow the two-year-old Nancy Chamberlain. The dismay of the mother may be easily imagined: if she said "yes," what might not happen to her child; if she said "no" might not the plans for the whole enterprise be frustrated! She went below and prayed; then returning she gave her baby into the dark hands of the darker heathen. After two days the child was returned and the missionaries granted leave to land for one year. The captain of the vessel in port said, "These ladies cannot remain here. They will all return in less than a year." And with kind solicitude he gave orders for the vessels to give free passage to the United States whenever they should apply.

But they *did* remain, and in course of time eleven other relays were added to the first embarkation. They were scattered on the various five inhabited islands, going, after Bible injunction, in twos, with their families. I followed the path of the Alexanders, Mrs. Alexander having gone out as a bride of twenty from my Grandmother Graydon's home in Harrisburg, she being her younger sister. I saw where the young people first settled on the island of Kauai, where Mr. Alexander had first preached in the shade of the lovely kukui trees to crowds of natives—that was the day when people went to church by the thousand, lost in wonder at what they heard; then, the first grass building for a church, then the new wooden structure, with bell-tower near, in true campanile style; then the present building with all modern accessories—organ, library, memorial windows. Nearby stands still the structure which was the first home of this family and where the most of their nine children were born. Through tears I looked at the scene. Wonderful for beauty as the mountains and sea are at

Hanalei Bay, I thought of that young mother so separated from home and friends, letters once a year, living in the midst of barbaric though kindly natives, with one other white family on the whole island. And yet I read later in her diary that the years spent here were of the happiest of her life.

The missionaries so commended themselves to the king that when the year of probation had passed they were allowed to remain indefinitely. The white man's handling of sickness was wonderful to them. Nothing was more attractive than the white man's books and ability to read. They were beset with a desire to read. Schools were groups of natives, high and low, young and old, rich and poor, seated on the ground under the shade of the trees. The King gave the beautiful domain where the Punahou Schools now stand for the establishment of places of learning. In 1825 the Queen made a tour of the island to establish schools and to awaken interest in her people for the foreigners' books.

Providentially, the way had been prepared for the mission work. Before the arrival of the *Thaddeus*, though without knowledge, the old Kamehameha—the great Kamehameha—had done away with idolatry and with tabu. The first convert on Oahu was Queen Kaahumanu. Quite as notable was Kapiolani, also the daughter of kings. In four years after the landing of the missionaries, she made up her mind to break the spell of belief in Pele, the awful goddess of the volcano, that her people might see their useless superstitious worship; so, for this purpose she walked one hundred miles to Kilauea. Her husband and many friends following, implored her not to arouse the wrath of the goddess, for they knew too well the horror of eruption, the destruction and the abomination of desolation left in its wake. A priest met her at the rim of the crater and predicted her death, but she courageously descended to the brink of that terrifying, fascinating lake of fire and defiantly broke all sacred tradition, exclaiming, "Jehovah is my God. I fear not Pele." Then, in the lurid glow the dusky woman knelt in prayer. This, and much more, is dramatic; but much more is it significant and appealing. These Polynesian women possessed some marks of true greatness: they knew the Light when they saw it;

they had strength of character to live up to the Truth; they sweetened and softened under the words of the Great Message; they loved their people and in every way wished to help them.

It was a force for good scarcely realized when these rulers of state, whose power was despotic, allied themselves with the Mission Cause. Surely, the stars seemed to be fighting against barbarism. But notwithstanding all these favoring circumstances, the great mass of the people long continued indifferent to the teaching. It took time to beat into their darkened minds the conception of a holy God who demanded holiness of living and a need of salvation. The missionaries finally came to realize more fully than they had done their own need of divine help to change the character of the people. The result of increased earnestness on their part was felt in a revival all over the Islands as has rarely been seen in the history of the Church. Men were so moved that they did not attend to business; little children were heard in the thickets and among the rocks, praying; natives crowded the houses of the missionaries to be taught. Seven thousand were baptized in one day by Father Coan. As a result, from 1836 to 1840 about twenty thousand were received into the churches.

The outcome of this Great Awakening was a progress and prosperity which have continued down to today. One of the most important of many results was the change in the form of the civil government. Heretofore, kings and chiefs had been savage despots and the people under them cringing slaves. Under the new religious influence, however, the rulers came to realize the need of a better government, and in course of time the King voluntarily relinquished a large part of his lands and of his power for the good of his people. Previously, he had been owner of all the lands; now, he assigned one-third of them to the government and one-third to the common people. He appointed a commission which should see that every Hawaiian family possessed a title to the land on which it lived. He, also, employed the best legal talent to form a code of laws and constitution of government. This constitution provided for a legislature consisting of nobles appointed by the King and of

representatives elected by the people, a judiciary of higher and lower courts, and a good system of public schools.

Now, because of having an excellent form of government, the Hawaiian Islands obtained recognition from other nations as an independent country. This was needed; for the usurpations of France had extended to these islands, and a long struggle had been made by the Roman Catholic priests and French war vessels to bring them under the dominion of France; English officials had twice tried to seize them for Britain; and Russia had once sought their possession. With great skill the Hawaiian government had thwarted all these efforts and had obtained a joint treaty from France and Britain by which they promised forever to respect the independence of the Hawaiian Islands and "never to take possession of any part of the territory of which they are composed." The United States had previously made a treaty of friendly recognition of Hawaii as an independent country, and so this little land took a place in the world as entitled to the rank and privilege of a civilized and Christianized nation.

The accomplishment of the missionaries for the fifty years of their work, summed up as the Christian home, the Christian school, the Christian church, the Christian state, was at great cost. There was, first, the climate to combat. For those who knew the restorative power of change of season in the homeland, there was now eternal summer. Then, there were low hot grass huts in which to live. There was no drinking water near any home, oftentimes it being necessary to carry it in gourds on their shoulders for miles. The food was unappetizing and insufficient of nourishment; there was no milk for children, no meat for elders. The children must be sent back home to school, and this was, perhaps, the most heart-rending experience the parents had to endure—to send these little people of six, eight, ten years of age back around the Horn to New England for an indefinite period. One little boy, perhaps never once sufficiently nourished, was sent to the States as a mere child. His parents did not see him again until he had graduated from Yale and had taught school long enough to earn a return passage. And

so it was with the most, sent as little children, returning as men and women, if by Providence they lived to return.

As a result of this costly expenditure, one sees now in the Islands the reward of these idealists—of these scholars, thinkers, statesmen, creators, administrators, men of vision. With their eyes upon the Cross, with their practical and intellectual force, they worked out a scheme which has made an island-world noted afar for its accomplishment in the world of economies, commerce, education, art, and general refinement. And the spirit which brought the Pilgrim fathers is now being extended by the grandchildren in welcome to the foreign races of earth. Hawaii may well be called the melting-pot for Americanism. Through many agencies, unknown as well as known, is the process of Americanization in successful operation. This process was especially interesting to me in the government schools. In one building were over 1,700 children—Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Filipino, Hawaiian, Portuguese—but they were all one, all American, when they sang out “My Country, ’Tis of Thee.” The graduates of a high school happened all to be Orientals. Their indignation knew no bounds when a local paper carelessly said, “Not a bona fide American among them.” The pupils of that school had no doubt of their Americanism. A friend of mine said to a boy, “Joe, you are a Portuguese?” “No,” he said, “my father was a Portuguese, my mother was Hawaiian. That is not quite right, either. My mother was part-Hawaiian and part-Chinese.” My friend said, “If your father was Portuguese and your mother part-Hawaiian and part-Chinese, what does that make you, Joe?” “Oh,” he replied with proud assurance, “*I’m an American!*”

In the membership of the leading church in Honolulu, thirty-three nations are represented, forty-three denominations, and three other faiths (Buddhist, Jewish, Mormon).

A Chinese boy ready to come over to the States to college, said, “I’d like to be a Christian, but I do not understand just what it means.” “Why,” I asked, “do you want to be a Christian?” “Because,” he replied, “as I look about the men whom I would like to be like are American Christians.”

And that seemed to me the significant thing I saw on this visit

to Hawaii, the making not only of Americans, but of Christian Americans.

However, I must not paint the picture too brightly. Some shadows lie on the canvas. That people for whom the missionaries lived and died are fast passing away. In the one hundred forty-two years since their discovery, their number has been reduced from, supposedly, 400,000 to 22,000. As all natural life has enemies of attack, so this lingering remnant is beset by Mormonism—a form of belief so highly organized as to be particularly effective from Indianapolis to the ends of the earth; a faith particularly appealing to the Hawaiian.

But the one cure for all the ills of the territory is felt today to be what that noble band which went forth one hundred years ago “with plain heroic magnitude of mind and celestial vigor armed” knew it to be—the Christianizing of the land.

Extract From a Diary

By MABLE M. FELT, '15

Dear Editor: Of course I am glad to send something for the QUARTERLY. I wonder if a brief extract from my diary written on Decoration Day, which I spent at the American cemetery in the Argonne, would be of interest to the Butler readers? I wrote it as I sat on the porch of the Y. W. C. A. hostess-house, which is just across the road and facing the cemetery.—M. M. F.

Romagne, May 30, 1920.

A blue sky with luminous, silvery-gray clouds and against it in bold relief an American flag. Row after row of white crosses and between them little French and American flags are blowing.

It is American Decoration Day. All morning we were busy about many things in the hostess-house, taking care of the many people who came from Paris, Coblenz, Verdun. All the flower gardens for miles around have been stripped of their flowers for this day, and we have spent part of the morning gathering daisies (“marguerites,” as the French call them), poppies and a lovely blue field flower which looks like our old-fashioned larkspur for the

graves in which we are most interested. Every grave has a decoration of some kind.

This morning we visited the grave of Hilton U. Brown, Jr., which is in a small cemetery a few kilometers from Romagne. This afternoon, looking out of the hostess-house window over the hill of crosses I saw a file of soldiers outlined on the brow of the hill. They were French and American soldiers marching in from either side to the center of the cemetery where on the top of the hill a huge American flag hid the speakers' stand. Then came little French children from Verdun and the villages around laden with flowers. The smallest ones were carrying baskets filled with rose petals which they strewed as they passed. Then the service began. I believe every French man, woman and child in all the country around turned out for that ceremony. A throng of hundreds stood there, with bared heads, amid the crosses; the Americans, though numerous, were but a fraction of the crowd. A French and an American band played military and religious hymns, and the "patre" and mayor from Verdun, a French general and General Allen, commander of the American forces in Germany, spoke briefly and impressively. The American and the French flags were at half-mast during the ceremony. At its close the American band played the "Marseillaise," the French band "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the flags were raised. Then a volley was fired and a bugler sounded "taps."

A little French girl from Verdun paid a tribute to our soldier-dead, and the French general and General Allen kissed her on both cheeks. Then we took all the "goutte de Lait" children from Verdun and Romagne into the hostess-house to give them refreshment. It was all soon over.

It is hard to catch in words the feeling it inspired in me, but it was moving, inspiring. And it made me feel as I have felt in coming to know the French more intimately—that national policies may come and go, but the French people themselves will never forget America's part in the war; will never cease to be grateful for the sacrifice of our boys who never came home. Above all things

else the French people possess the gracious gift of gratitude and of friendship.

Red, white and blue 'neath a blue, blue sky,
White clouds at peace overhead,
Row after row on a green, green hill—
Here lie our soldier dead.

Red, white and blue in the fields near by,
Larkspur and coquelicot,
Marguerites blowing,—the flag of France
Awave in the fields as you go.

Peace, like the clouds, broods over our hearts.
You were true to your youth's high dream,
And our wound is healed, for the joy was yours
And the splendor of "following the gleam."

For Remembrance

"Their name liveth for evermore"

Lieutenant Carl Christian Amelung

Lieutenant Hilton U. Brown, Jr.

Lieutenant Conwell Burnside Carson

Lieutenant Kenneth Victor Elliott

Corporal Dean Weston Fuller

Lieutenant John Charles Good

Lieutenant Robert Edward Kennington

Sergeant Henry Reinhold Leukhardt

Private Wilson Russell Mercer

Corporal Guy Griffith Michaels

Sergeant Marsh Whitney Nottingham

Captain Victor Hugo Nysewander

Private Marvin Francis Race

Lieutenant Bruce Pettibone Robison

Lieutenant MacCrea Stephenson

Apprentice-Seaman Henry Clarence Toon

Corporal Harry Weeder

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

ISSUED JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER

Published by the Alumni Association of Butler College, Indianapolis, Ind.
Subscription price, three dollars per year.

Entered as second-class matter, March 26, 1912, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Officers of the Alumni Association—President, Robert A. Bull, '97; First Vice-President, Vincent G. Clifford, '79; Second Vice-President, Anna K. Murphy, '10; Treasurer, Stanley Sellick, '16.

Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly—Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

An Era of Good Feeling

The first semester of 1920-1921 draws to its close with a feeling of satisfaction. It has been a good term: a large attendance, a successful football season, a homecoming day in October, an athletic banquet in November, an open house in January, at all of which were unprecedented numbers. The efficient faculty is doing fine work. The students are attaining that for which it is supposed they attend college, training in their chosen line of study. The various organizations are active—old ones growing and new ones forming. The Latin department has organized into a Latin Club, which meets monthly under the leadership of Professor Gelston. The class of Advanced Composition has formed itself into a Writers' Club with Miss Bidwell of the English department as faculty adviser.

Thus, the activities are varied and worthy. The spirit of the College is excellent.

Athletics

During the spring and summer of 1920 a solid foundation was imbedded under the department of Athletics. The Trustees raised the lid of the Emergency Fund. A fence around Irwin Field soon shut off the cornfields. A groundkeeper changed the mushroom patch into a gridiron. An investment in bleachers, lockers, showers and team equipment paved the way for a glorious football season. Butler sprang into athletic prominence and opened the eyes of the Hoosier state.

Facts speak for themselves. Seven straight victories and the "Indiana College Athletic League Championship." Earlham, Franklin and Rose Poly were among the notable victories. Sixty men were out in football armor, while three full teams survived the season.

Incidentally, ten prep-school games were played on Irwin Field. The Tech victory over Shortridge High and the Wabash-Bloomfield games were most noteworthy.

Adopting the policy of Physical Education for everyone, the Athletic Director introduced mass physical culture for every student. Two days a week of exercise, with bath, is required toward graduation. Irwin Field and the gym have been kept fully occupied.

The results of the work done in graded gym classes were shown in Butler's first cross-country squad. The team won an interesting match over the University of Indiana team, and in the state championships ran next to Purdue, Butler defeating the best from Notre Dame, Indiana and DePauw.

Entering upon the winter season, basketball was all the rage, although the material for a wonder five was light. Middle west recognition was gained by playing a very interesting schedule. High-class opponents included the University of Chicago (Conference champions), Purdue and Wabash. Aside from the varsity, an Intramural league was formed and keen fraternity competition was held every Wednesday evening. The first noteworthy games were the Delt-Phi Delt 26-23 battle and the Butler association-

Lambda Chi 21-20 scrimmage. Butler joined forces with the Chamber of Commerce and the city High School association in putting across the state prep basketball tournament at the Coliseum this winter.

With the advent of spring, baseball, track and tennis come to the front. Large numbers are expected to turn out for the varsity teams. The biggest attraction on Irwin Field will be the entertaining of the Waseda University team of Japanese from Tokyo, May 14th. The following week the blue and white will stage the I. C. A. L. championship track and field meet.

Looking to Butler's future in athletics, it is readily seen that the people of Indianapolis and throughout the State are all with us. We must build! There are larger fields to conquer. Cooperation and team spirit will win.

Football schedule for 1921: October 1, Georgetown; October 8, Rose Poly; October 15, Hanover; October 22, Earlham; October 28, Wabash; November 5, Chicago Y College; November 12, Michigan Aggies; November 19, Franklin or Center pending. All games will be played on the Irwin Field. H. O. PAGE.

The Football Banquet

At the close of the season a rousing banquet was given in the Riley room on the evening of November 20. Three hundred were present, chiefly undergrads, although a few of the faculty and alumni were sprinkled about. After a turkey dinner, to which the released squad did noble justice, the toastmaster, Clara Adams, '10, introduced R. F. Davidson, '91, Professor T. N. Johnson, Mrs. D. C. Brown, '97, Dr. John K. Kingsbury, '06, Philip Brown, '22, and, finally, Coach Page, who simply and modestly thus paid tribute to the team and friends of the College:

"Thanks to the team for their honest and conscientious endeavor to observe the training rules—this was clearly brought out in the superb manner in which the men stood the gaff and grind of the

long season—to Jut Paul for his always up-and-going attitude as graduate manager, putting everything across in a big way for Butler—to Louis Woods, student manager, looking after the interests of the undergrads, ably assisted by Shirley and Ranstead, who have gained future recognition for their service to the team—to Bob Hall, team trainer, for his honest work with the 'tin men' of the squad—to the faculty, alumni, students and friends of the college in helping to build the foundation of a greater Butler.

Here's to Phil's gang
All battered and bruised,
Busted and bone-sore—
Up and at 'em, always fighting for more;
Driving their way toward glory and fame.
What's a mere knockout
When it gives Butler a proud name?"

One happy and unexpected feature of the program was the appearance of a committee of three representing the Wabash College Alumni Association, meeting elsewhere in the Claypool Hotel. Mr. Harold Taylor as spokesman congratulated the Butler team, emphasizing the congenial spirit which has always existed between the two rival colleges, and concluding with the statement, "Whenever we were to play Butler, we felt assured of meeting true sportsmanship. There never was a decision in any game on which we could not take the word of the Butler team."

"A Review of the Season" was next presented by an all-star co-ed cast. Each game of the season was cleverly represented. Miss Mary Early, who impersonated the Butler Bulldogs in each game, won repeated rounds of applause.

"On with the dance!" was next called. Looking upon the bright, happy scene one had to acknowledge that after all nothing succeeds like success.

In his toast Mr. Davidson struck the keynote of the Butler situation when he said, "Although no one would give athletics a higher place than I, the student body should not, in their enthusiasm,

forget that it is only one department of the College and that every department must be made as strong as this one."

This is what ought to be, and what many are trying to bring about. Though their names may not appear in the headlines of the daily press, they are faithfully and laboriously striving to give their departments scholastic standing. The QUARTERLY is proud of the athletic victory, but equally proud of many unheralded, less spectacular conquests of teacher and student. This it is—this integrity of labor—which has kept Butler alive and true to the ideals of her founders.

Founder's Day

The next public occasion is Founder's Day, to be celebrated this year upon Friday, February 11. This change is due to the fact that February 7, the correct date, falls in the inter-semester vacation, and also to the fact that the Riley room had previously been engaged for the day usually celebrated.

The program will follow in form that of other years, an address in the morning to the students in the College Chapel; a dinner in the evening, with speakers, at the Claypool Hotel.

Keep this event and date in mind and, friends, turn out as you have never done before to show your appreciation of present college work, your loyalty to your Alma Mater, and your gratitude for what the revered occasion signifies. *Come and bring your friends.*

If you are too far distant and cannot reach Indianapolis, why not have a Founder's Day where you are? Many towns of Indiana, many towns of various states, have a number of Butler students in them. New York has, Chicago and San Francisco have. What could be better than to bring such a group together to think of Butler back home, to talk of her and help to plan for her. There would be a dynamic effect in the force of such thought. Then, if convenient, why not go a little further: send a letter to the College for Founder's Day; give a book to the Library, or the price of a

dinner ticket for some student who never has seen an occasion of like kind; or any other little thing which goes to show remembrance? Let us treat the College as if she were a human being with heart and soul, for she has both. She needs her sons and daughters, and is it not true they too need her?

Civil War Tablet

In the last issue of the QUARTERLY mention was made of the desire to place in the Chapel as gift of the Alumni a tablet commemorative of the sacrifice of those thirteen youths who left the halls of the old College and laid down their lives to maintain the union of their country—and of our country. Will not the Alumni enter into this expression of appreciation of those noble young men, and send to the secretary of the Alumni Association (Katharine M. Graydon) as soon as convenient a contribution? One dollar, more or less, will be gratefully received. The inscription has been written and other arrangements made so soon as the money is forthcoming to give the order.

Below are the names of those who were killed or who died in the Civil War. Any information concerning any of these will be welcome, or the names of any who may furnish such information; also, a picture of any of this number from which a copy may be made for the College will be carefully kept and safely returned. The appeal goes forth for help in this sacred cause. Any corrections or suggestions the secretary will gratefully accept.

George B. Covington	Joseph R. T. Gordon	James L. Neff
John M. Doyle	Perry Hall	Platt J. Squire
Samuel A. Dunbar	Marshall P. Hayden	Jesse W. Tilford
Addison M. Dunn	Squire Isham Keith	Jacob Varner
Marion Elstun		

A Repetition—Please Read

Quoted from the last QUARTERLY is the following, which the Alumni are kindly asked to read and to heed:

There is little accomplishment these days without the machinery of organization to simplify and to make effective the work. In order that this may be, the Secretary of the Alumni Association appoints the following and asks them to serve in their respective classes. In case a class may be provided with a secretary, please notify her and she will withdraw her appointment. It will be the chief duty of the secretary to keep himself informed of his class members, their whereabouts and facts of their lives appropriate for record, and to report such news to the Alumni Secretary twice a year—not later than December 1 and June 1.

The appointments are for the classes named: 1879, Demarchus C. Brown; 1880, Mrs. Flora Frazier Dill; 1881, Mrs. Minnie Oleott Williams; 1882, Claude H. Everest; 1883, Thomas M. Iden; 1884, Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke; 1885, John Arthur Kautz; 1886, Mrs. Myrtella Sewell Whitsel; 1887, Jane Graydon; 1888, William C. McCollough; 1889, Mrs. Jennie Armstrong Howe; 1890, Mrs. Vida Cottman; 1891, Mrs. Eva Jeffries King; 1892, Bertha Thormyer; 1893, Frank F. Hummel; 1894, Mrs. Belle Moore Miller; 1895, Edgar T. Forsyth; 1896, Charles Richard Yoke; 1897, Mabel H. Tibbott; 1898, Anson H. Washborn; 1899, Emily M. Helming; 1900, Esther Fay Shover; 1901, Ernest Lynn Talbert; 1902, Harry O. Pritchard; 1903, James G. Randall; 1904, Katherine A. Quinn; 1905, Horace M. Russell; 1906, John F. Mitchell; 1907, Mrs. Mary Clark Parker; 1908, Gretchen Scotten; 1909, Mrs. Elizabeth Bogert Schofield; 1910, Barcus Tichenor; 1911, Mrs. Gertrude Pruitt Hutchcraft; 1912, Mary C. Pavey; 1913, Martha Kincaid; 1914, Mrs. Ellen Graham George; 1915, Howard Caldwell; 1916, Fred H. Jacobs; 1917, Florence Moffett; 1918, Miss Urith Dailey; 1919, Charles Maxwell Baker; 1920, Herman R. Hosier.

Publications

“The 139th Field Artillery, American Expeditionary Forces,” compiled by Robert L. Moorhead, Colonel Field Artillery, O. R. C., is a volume of interest to THE QUARTERLY for reasons other than the story it narrates. The editor was a Butler man in the class of 1896, and many of the men mentioned were former Butler students.

The book is

“Dedicated
to
The Memory of our Comrades Who
Lie ‘Between Crosses.’
We
Who Return Re-dedicate Ourselves
to
The Service of Our Country
in Time of Peace.”

General Pershing’s fine letter of gratitude for their splendid service to the army and the nation follows.

The volume is divided into two parts. Part I is “The Story of the Regiment,” as related by the regimental commander, and is made up of chapters upon the Organization of the Regiment, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Trip to Camp Shelby, Reorganization of the Regiment, The 139th Field Artillery, School at the 4th Field Artillery, Winter of 1917-1918, Summer of 1918, The Franco-British Training Mission, Last Days at Camp Shelby, Port of Embarkation, On the Atlantic, England, France, Billets, Camp de Meucon, Brest and Camp Pontanezen, Homeward Bound, Demobilization, Chaplain’s Chapter, The American Legion, Notes from Sergeant-Major’s Diary.

Part II gives the history of each company and battery as written in France by members of these organizations, together with rosters of the units as of date of demobilization. Perhaps the story of Battery F as written by DeForest O’Dell, Dean Fuller, Francis

Lineback, Frank Saunders is of especial interest for there one may follow the names of many of our students.

The book of 468 pages published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, is well put up, good paper and beautiful illustrations chiefly of localities in France, and is an addition to any library, but of especial value to those who followed the Butler boys through their periods of training, of waiting, of overseas service, of return, and of that memorable day in January when the 139th, the first regiment to return, marched through the streets of Indianapolis.

THE QUARTERLY welcomes to College journalism "The Butler Brief Bag." This monthly, which made its bow to the public on December 18, 1920, is the organ of the Writers' Club. It is creditable to the class in composition represented. The contents are stories, verses, and the forms of thought and expression of usual interest to undergraduates. Herbert R. Hill, '22, is Editor-in-Chief; Max Harold Fisch, '24, Assistant Editor; Leslie Elwood Sanders, '22, Business Manager; Miss Aliee Townsend Bidwell, Faculty Adviser. Subscription, \$1.00 per year. The attention of the Alumni is called to this worthy enterprise.

The Butler Alumnae Literary Club

The Butler Alumnae Literary Club is a valuable asset of the College. For ten years it has quietly and steadily held its monthly meetings at the homes of its various members. Not a great many people know of these gatherings where busy young women, teachers and mothers, meet to discuss recent books and to strengthen college friendships. It is a valued alumni activity, and is worthy congratulation and praise.

The Club has recently suffered a great loss in the death of Miss Eva May Lennes, '08, one of the organizers and stanch members; and, indeed, the whole Alumni Association of Butler College must realize a force withdrawn in the passing of Miss Lennes. Her

cheer, her unselfishness, her acceptance of responsibility, her loyalty to duty, her gratitude for what to the bestower seemed insignificant, her love for her College, made a character rare and ill-spiced. One feels to ask, *Who follows in her train?*

The program of the Club is for the year 1920-1921, as follows:

OCTOBER—Much Discussed	Hostess: Miss Bachman
Burke's <i>Limehouse Nights</i>	Hostess: Miss Thormyer
Morris' <i>Salt</i>	Hostess: Mrs. Wallace
Moffett's <i>Possessed</i>	Hostess: Miss Murphy
NOVEMBER—Psychic Research	Hostess: Miss Thormyer
Sewall's <i>Neither Dead Nor Sleeping</i>	Hostess: Miss Brayton
Lodge's <i>Raymond</i>	Hostess: Miss Power
Doyle's <i>Thy Son Liveth</i>	Hostess: Miss Duden
DECEMBER—Ibanez	Hostess: Mrs. Myers
The Man and His Work	Hostess: Miss Welling
Discussion: { <i>Mare Nostrum</i>	Leader: Miss Shover
{ <i>Blood and Sand</i>	
{ <i>The Shadow of the Cathedral, Etc.</i>	
JANUARY—Dunsany	Hostess: Miss Scotten
The Man and His Dramatic Ideals	Hostess: Miss Scotten
Discussion: { Dunsany's <i>Plays</i>	Miss Bachman
{ Dunsany's <i>Short Stories</i>	
FEBRUARY—Late Literature on Lincoln	Hostess: Miss Brayton
Discussion: { Batcheller's <i>A Man for the</i>	Leader: Miss Binninger
{ <i>Ages</i>	
{ Babcock's <i>The Soul of Ann Rutledge</i>	
Discussion: { Landis' <i>The Glory of His</i>	Leader: Miss Hoover
{ <i>Country</i>	
{ Thomas' <i>The Copperhead</i>	
{ Drinkwater's <i>Lincoln</i>	
MARCH—Late Rooseveltian Literature	Hostess: Mrs. Myers
Roosevelt's <i>Letters to His Children</i>	Hostess: Mrs. Myers
Biographies	Hostess: Mrs. Turner
<i>Theodore Roosevelt</i> , by William Roscoe Thayer.	
<i>Theodore Roosevelt, the Man, As I Knew Him</i> , by Ferdinand Cowle Iglehart, D.D.	
APRIL—	Hostess: Mrs. Wallace
{ <i>The Madhouse</i> , by Wm. De Morgan	Hostess: Miss Duden
{ <i>House of Baltazar</i> , by W. J. Locke	
{ <i>The Arrow</i> , by Jos. Conrad	Hostess: Mrs. Negley
{ Latest book by Hall Caine	
MAY—Hugh Walpole	Hostess: Miss Russell
<i>Jeremy</i>	Hostess: Miss Carter
<i>The Secret City</i>	

Personal Mention

Miss Anna K. Murphy, '10, is teaching at Coronado, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Hamp, '14, are living in Kokomo, Indiana.

Miss Annie Mullin, '19, sailed from Vancouver on the steamship *Empress of Asia* October 21 for India.

Carey E. Dobson, '19, having been sent to Mexico, reached his station at San Luis Potosi in September.

President and Mrs. Scot Butler are spending the winter in Orlando, Florida, and may be reached at Eola Cottage.

Mrs. E. Jordan, wife of Professor Jordan of the philosophy department, is recovering from a serious illness.

Mr. and Mrs. H. U. Brown, '80, spent November in the South visiting their sons, Mark in Memphis and Arch in Transylvania.

Clifford H. Browder, '12, is connected with the law department of the International Harvester Company, Chicago.

Edmund G. Laughlin, '79, is located at Piney Point, Palmetto, Florida, where he is engaged in real estate business.

Mrs. Laura Ann Reed Bridges, '17, has moved to Detroit for residence.

Edwin Sylvester ("Tod") Powell, ex-'01, is located at El Paso, Texas.

News has been received of the retirement of Will D. Howe, '93, from the publishing firm of Hareourt, Brace and Howe, New York City.

Samuel H. Shank, '92, came from New York City, where he is engaged in Italian importations, to be with his father and sisters for the holiday season.

Miss Irma Irelan, a former student and daughter of William A.

Irelan and Clementine Irelan of the class of '72, talked in Chapel in October upon her work in Mexico.

Miss Urith C. Dailey, '17, is at present located in Indianapolis, where she is secretary of the children's department of the Y. W. C. A.

Mrs. Mary Zoercher Carr, '17, spent the holidays with her parents in Irvington. Mrs. Carr is living in Akron, Ohio.

Edward John Iddings, a student of Butler from 1899 to 1901, is now dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of Idaho and, it is reported, is doing notably fine work.

Miss Julia Mae Hamilton, '18, was at home during the Christmas season. She is now secretary of education in the southwest district of the Y. W. C. A.

Henry M. Jameson, '19, has been transferred from the New York office of the Insley Manufacturing Company to the office in Philadelphia. He spent a few days in Indianapolis in January with relatives and friends.

Andrew D. Hopping, '17, has been recently commissioned second lieutenant in the regular army and is now on duty at the headquarters of the American Army of Occupation at Coblenz, Germany.

William F. Clarke, '92, was for the third time made Acting President of the State Normal School of North Dakota. We quote his definition of an acting president: "He is one who does the work of a president for the pay of a professor!"

Lee Moffett, '12, has succumbed to the beauties of the national capital, it is said, and has purchased a home in the northwest section of Washington.

Dr. Richard B. Moore, chief chemist for the Bureau of Mines and former professor of Chemistry at Butler College, can be addressed at 1717 Lanier Place, Washington, D. C.

Maurice Browder, ex-'19, is an ensign on the U. S. S. *New*

Mexico, flagship of the Pacific fleet. He was with the fleet when it visited last July the Hawaiian Islands, Seattle and San Francisco, and with it will go to South America this month.

Claris Adams, '10, has been appointed, in the retirement of R. F. Davidson, '91, to assume the duties of Alumni Member of the Board of Trustees, as Alumni Member of the Athletic Committee.

Mrs. Tabitha Alderson Hobgood, ex-'19, is in Irvington on furlough from the Belgian Congo. Her husband, Rev. H. C. Hobgood, is giving in the College of Missions courses on Africa, including instruction in Lonkundo.

Miss Charlotte B. Howe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Howe, '89, has been made a ranking scholar at Radcliffe College in its award of academic honors. The group of ranking scholars is made up of students of marked excellence.

Dr. Newton A. Browder, '16, M. D., Harvard Medical School, '20, is now a member of the American Medical Association. After this month he will be an interne for twenty-one months at the Worcester City Hospital, Massachusetts.

Mrs. C. B. Coleman and daughters came from their home in Meadville, Pennsylvania, to be guests of Judge and Mrs. Brown for the Christmas week. Dr. Coleman attended the meeting of the Historical Association at Washington.

Paul H. Moore, ex-'21, son of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Moore, '89, spent the holidays with his parents in Irvington. Paul has been in the military hospital at Cape May since last July as result of experiences in France. He was in the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

Austin V. Clifford, '17, now a student in the Harvard Law School, returned to spend the holidays with his parents in Indianapolis.

Frank E. Chase, ex-'96, is located at Dallas, where he is selling diamonds, watches and jewelry to the wealthy Texans.

Miss Mable M. Felt, '15, spent December at home in Irvington

after her months of fine work in France. Miss Felt entered upon her Y. W. C. A. duties in Chicago on January 1. THE QUARTERLY is pleased to give elsewhere some pages from her diary.

Mrs. Mary Fletcher Charlton, '99, is spending the winter in Boston where her daughter is in school. She and Mary Elisabeth spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Fletcher at Proctorsville, Vermont.

Robert W. Buek, '14, spent the last few days of the year in Irvington. He is now in his fourth year at the Harvard Medical School, where he has won a Lucius F. Billings scholarship.

Among those who returned home for the holidays was Miss Harriet Ropkey, '18, at present a graduate student at Radcliffe College.

Miss Edith Habbe, '14, last year took her Master's degree from Indiana University in Social Service, and is at present Director of the Social Service Department of the Milwaukee Children's Hospital. She spent her Christmas vacation in Indianapolis.

Virgil Leak, ex-, who is still engaged in aviation, happened on Thomas R. Shipp, '97, at Miami, Florida, in November. Virgil is stationed in Florida, and Tom Shipp had gone south on a yacht cruise with James A. Allison of Indianapolis and John Oliver LaGores, of the National Geographic Magazine, Washington.

THE QUARTERLY acknowledges receipt of school papers sent by J. Challen Smith, '88, William F. Clarke, '92, and Willard E. Givens, ex-'12: *The Utah Educational Review*, the *Quarterly Bulletin* of the State Normal School of Minot, North Dakota, and *The Pinion* of the McKinley High School, Honolulu. All speak well of the work of which they give expression.

Myron M. Hughel, '17, has been elected president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, Indianapolis. Myron is an energetic member of the Fletcher American Company. He has been chairman of the educational committee and has been responsible for a series of business round tables that are being conducted this winter at which business men are discussing leading topics of the day.

George Wilson Hoke, '95, civilian director of education in the Regular Army, has been appointed to the position of educational director of the Chicago National Guard. He will direct the work of a large staff of educators and the recreational department of the guard. Dr. Hoke has been a valued member of the faculty of Miami University.

Colonel Henry I. Raymond, a student of the old University, and Mrs. Raymond, of Chicago, visited their son and family during the holidays. Colonel Raymond was retired from the regular army last year. There are still about the College those who have kindly remembrance of "Harry" Raymond and it was pleasant to have him as college guest on New Year's day.

A dinner was given to President and Mrs. Howe by the faculty at the University Club on the evening of November 15. Following the dinner informal talks were given by Mrs. D. C. Brown, Professor Johnson, Miss Graydon and Dr. Hall. Flowers were presented to Mrs. Howe and a Bible to Mr. Howe as testimonials of the friendship of the faculty and sincere regret at the severing of the tie which had so long bound the guests of honor to the College.

To the Rev. T. P. Wise, '87, and Mrs. Wise, the QUARTERLY sends its sincere sympathy in their great sorrow. The sad news has just been received of the death of their son-in-law, Mr. Harry H. Stolberg, who in May, 1919, was married to Miss Adelaide Wise. He was with the American Expeditionary Forces, went through the battles of the Argonne, was with his division's drives in Belgium, was promoted to Captain, and received the Croix de Guerre; but he succumbed, at his home in Detroit, on January 7, to the fell enemy, pneumonia.

Through the kindness of Professor Harrison and the Board of Trustees the students were given the pleasure of hearing Dr. George Edward Woodberry of Columbia University talk in the Chapel on the afternoon of December 17. It was a simple, familiar reminiscence and valuation of James Russell Lowell. Following the talk tea was served by the Writers' Club in the Library, and op-

portunity was given to all who desired to meet the man so foremost in American letters. It is a general wish that more of such privileges came to the College.

Dr. Benjamin Marshall Davis, '90, professor of geography in the normal college of Miami University, has been asked by the advisory board of the War Department to consider accepting the position of consulting specialist in education of the Fifth Army Corps with headquarters at Ft. Benjamin Harrison. As the work would entail a year's vacation from Miami, Dr. Davis has declined to consider the offer.

The secretary of the class of '87 sends the following news: "B. F. Dailey has resigned his charge at Mooresville, Indiana. The church had grown to such proportions that he felt it needed a resident pastor. He is now preaching at Mt. Pleasant.

"E. R. Conner is recovering from a breakdown suffered last July.

"E. P. Wise has resigned his pastorate at Akron, Ohio, and is now at Bethany, W. Va.

"Irvington friends had a chance during the Christmas holidays to greet, for the first time in thirty-one years, Mr. James Spiers McCallum. He left here two years after graduating and has achieved some distinction in Washington as preacher, lecturer and real estate agent. He has a son at Yale who met him here for the vacation. 'Mac' looks the same as in '87—more than can be said of the most of us."

At the Hoover luncheon on January 17, Butler College was present. The students and faculty raised \$100 with which to buy one plate and sent as their representative Miss Graydon. Among the guests were seen of the College Miss Weaver, Mr. H. U. Brown, Mr. W. G. Irwin, Mr. Philputt and Mr. Grafton. About 600 attended and near \$100,000 were raised. The menu consisted of dark bread, a bowl of rice and a tincup of cocoa, such food as Mr. Hoover's collections furnish the hungry children of Europe once a day—a meager meal, indeed. The feast lay in Mr. Hoover's talk, simple, straightforward and very impressive. The young women of the College Residence have pledged themselves for \$50, earning the

money by their own efforts. The pledge will be redeemed in a few days.

The following notice concerning Colonel Thomas U. Raymond, '86; A. M., '90, has been clipped from the *Army and Navy Journal*:

"Colonel Thomas U. Raymond, Medical Corps, U. S. A., was retired from active service June 20, 1920, on his own application after more than thirty years' service. Colonel Raymond served with the A. E. F. during the World War and was last on duty at Fort Riley. He was born in Indiana, February 20, 1865, and entered the Army as an assistant surgeon June 6, 1890. Colonel Raymond, besides the usual medical and surgical duties devolving upon medical officers, was experienced in matters of military administration, sanitation and supply. During service he has had a varied experience in both regulars and volunteers, and with the usual proportion of foreign service. He was among other duties major and surgeon of the 40th U. S. Volunteer Infantry, which served in Philippine campaigns. He holds the degrees of A. B. and A. M. and that of M. D. from Butler and Bellevue Hospital Medical Colleges, respectively."

Butler College observed New Year's Day in keeping a real old-time "open house." The elements were against her, but despite rain and sleet a large number were gathered to enjoy the cheer of friendly greeting. The parlor of the Propylaeum was bright with greens and red tapers. Musical numbers were given by students. Young women who served refreshments added to the attractive scene. In the receiving line were Mr. and Mrs. H. U. Brown, Dean and Mrs. Putnam, Dr. and Mrs. Philputt, Dr. and Mrs. Bruner, Dr. Jabez Hall. Throughout the rooms were assisting Mr. and Mrs. Perry Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Atherton, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Kautz, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Davidson, and the faculty. The callers were made up of representatives of the classes from the 60's down to the 20's; of undergraduates and their parents; of friends of the College. It was a joyous occasion, and many have asked for its repetition next year.

A unique party was given on November 20, when Miss Graydon

entertained at her home the class of 1940—or the Butler babies of 1920. Twenty-one were invited, of which number fourteen were able to accept. It was a pretty party. No guests could be better behaved than these happy, smiling, jumping infants. Every mother had a right to present with pride her new possession. There were present the following: Mary Emily Knapp, daughter of W. W. Knapp, '84, and Mrs. Knapp; Richard Herbert George, son of Richard and Ellen Graham George, '14; Jean Stuart Bowman, daughter of Stuart and Margaret Barr Bowman, '11; Charles Fillmore Peterson, son of Raymond and Georgia Fillmore Peterson, '16; Esther Kirkhoff, daughter of Louis and Ruth Cunningham Kirkhoff, '15; John Paul Ragsdale, Jr., son of J. P. and Mary Louise Rimpler Ragsdale, '17; Mary Elizabeth Lewis, daughter of Philip and Katharine Jameson Lewis, '16; Harriet Shelhorn, daughter of Robert and Bertha Coughlin Shelhorn, '18; Barbara Ann Badger, daughter of Kenneth Badger, '13, and Mrs. Badger; Charles Francis Stephenson, son of Ralph and Mildred Hill Stephenson, '18; Frances Clare Fosdick, daughter of E. C. and Emma Hill Fosdick, '16; John Clarence Reidenbach, son of Clarence Reidenbach, '12, and Mrs. Reidenbach; Marjorie Glass, daughter of Elbert and Bernice Hall Glass, '15; Martha Virginia Caldwell, daughter of Howard Caldwell, '15, and Elsie Felt Caldwell, '17.

Unable to be present were: Helen Margaret Bosart, daughter of Russell and Helen Reed Bosart, '18; Margaret Ann Wallace, daughter of John and Florence Hosbrook Wallace, '08; Richard Carleton Minton, son of Ralph and Henrietta Cochrane Minton; Mary Katherine Ousley, daughter of H. P. and Mary O'Haver Ousley, '19. Stanley Roderick Trusty, son of Clay Trusty, '08, and Mrs. Trusty; William Frederick Dietz, son of Harry Dietz, '14, and Dorothy Hills Dietz; Gay Williams Paul, son of Justus Paul, '15, and Hazel Gay Paul.

Marriages

BOYD-EBERT.—In August, at Ironton, Ohio, were married Mr. William Hobart Boyd, '18, and Miss Hilda Ebert. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd are at home in Irvington.

CORR-CURME.—On October 9, in Chicago, were married Mr. J. Wilford Corr and Miss Marjorie Curme, '16. Mr. and Mrs. Corr are at home in Chicago.

HEATON-McPHERSON.—On December 4, in Los Angeles, were married Mr. Fred L. Heaton, ex-'18, and Miss Vina K. McPherson.

WILEY-GFROERER.—On December 28, in Terre Haute, were married Mr. William H. Wiley, '64, and Miss Sue Gfroerer. Mr. and Mrs. Wiley are at home in Terre Haute.

McKESSON-CANADY.—On January 2, in Indianapolis, were married Mr. Arthur E. McKesson and Miss Nellie Ruth Canady, '18. Mr. and Mrs. McKesson are at home in North Liberty, Indiana.

Births

HILL.—To Mr. Thomas N. Hill, and Mrs. Elma Alexander Hill, '16, on October 5, at Bina, Central Province, India, a daughter—Mary Lynne.

GILLMAN.—To Mr. Waide Gillman and Mrs. Helen Findley Gillman, '18, on November 29, in Indianapolis, a son—Paul Findley.

ADAMS.—To Mr. Claris Adams, '10, and Mrs. Ruth Davenport Adams, '10, on January 11, in Indianapolis, a daughter—Genevieve.

SHIELDS.—To Mr. Hugh Shields, '15, and Mrs. Alberta Reed Shields, '16, on January 13, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, a son—Reed Franklin.

Deaths

LENNES.—Eva Mae Lennes, '08, died on December 12, 1920, at the Methodist hospital, Indianapolis. After funeral services conducted at her home by her classmate, Rev. Clay Trusty, she was laid in Crown Hill.

The following appreciation has been written for the QUARTERLY by Miss Gretchen Scotten, classmate and friend:

"The death of a young woman at the most active period of life shocks us at first by its apparent untimeliness. But there come to mind the words of former President Scot Butler, spoken at a commencement in the old chapel on an occasion when the ceremonies were interrupted by the announcement, through a messenger, of the death of an alumnus who, like Eva Mae Lennes, had been cut off in the very flower of life. All of life, both here and hereafter, he said, is so sweet and so wonderful that 'no life can be too long and certainly none too short.'

"Eva Lennes was born in Hamilton county, Indiana, February 21, 1883, and died in Indianapolis December 12, 1920. She received her early education in Hamilton county, attended the high school at Elwood, Indiana, for a year and was graduated two years later from the high school at Cicero, Indiana. She was a member of the class of 1908 of Butler College, having finished the course, as an honor graduate, in three years. (Hers is the first death from that class.) Later she did a year's post-graduate study in Indiana University. She taught in the schools of Hamilton county, and since 1910 had been connected with the schools in Lawrence township, Marion county, being at the time of her death principal of the Lawrence schools.

"Eva Lennes' whole life's work lay in her school. Everything progressive and beneficial for others interested her. Her energy was always spent in behalf of others, and outside her home ties, her every desire was for the betterment of others. Not fearing death, she clung tenaciously to life because it gave her the opportunity for service. To the last she wanted to die active. Is not such a life full and complete though it last but a brief span? She

was self-sacrificing, devoted to her family and friends, and to the interests she had chosen. Responsiveness, sympathy and loyalty were her marked traits. At all reunions of the College and the class of 1908 and at the meetings of the Butler Alumnae Literary Club she was a faithful attendant and she will be missed in these circles."

McCOLLOUGH.—Rev. James Hughs McCollough, '65, died at his home in San Jose, California, on September 15, at the age of ninety years. The death of Mr. McCollough had occurred before the last number of the *QUARTERLY* had appeared, but without the knowledge of the editor. We were then pleased to give the picture of the old gentleman as furnished in the letter of his son, W. C. McCollough, '88.

From the *San Jose Mercury Herald* the following excerpt is taken: "A long life consecrated to the uplift and enlightenment of humanity came to a close yesterday when the Rev. James H. McCollough died at the age of ninety years. As preacher, evangelist, editor and educator for more than sixty years his life work has left its beneficial impress on the character and lives of a great many people.

"Until a few days ago Mr. McCollough had the full possession of all his faculties, and his mental vigor and interest in public affairs and religious matters were unimpaired. He showed particular keenness in analyzing the present political situation and his comments on current topics were a delight and inspiration to his family and devoted friends.

"Mr. McCollough was a man of great intellectual power—a natural leader. Neither radical nor reactionary, he pursued his steadfast way, his mind logically seeking out the truth and treasuring it. The keenness of his intellect had always been tempered with a kindliness of spirit that made him friends everywhere.

"Through the years of advancing age he lost none of that penetrating power of intellect nor had his sweetness of disposition been soured by cynicism of advancing years. Time only ripened and

brought through the warmth of a deepening love to a robust maturity.

“Mr. McCollough leaves a widow and three sons, W. C. McCollough, of Stockwell, Indiana; Captain Maxwell McCollough, an officer in the aviation corps at Washington, D. C., and J. H. McCollough, Jr., a business man of San Jose.”

There appeared in the press dispatches from Washington of November 24 the following item: “Captain Max McCollough, army aviator, was killed at Bolling field here yesterday when his plane fell in a nose dive a few seconds after taking the air. Several officers and men were slightly burned in attempting to extricate Captain McCollough from the wreckage of his machine.”

One may be thankful the aged father was spared the knowledge of this tragic occurrence. To Mrs. McCollough and her sons the QUARTERLY sends its sincere sympathy.

VAN CLEAVE.—Rev. Lindsay Thomas Van Cleave died after a long illness at his home at Atlanta, Indiana, on December 15, 1920. He had been a resident of Atlanta for a number of years, having been forced to retire from the ministry eight years ago upon the failure of his health.

Mr. Van Cleave was born in Montgomery County, Indiana, in 1858, and spent his early life there. After attending the Central Normal School at Danville, Indiana, and Valparaiso University, he engaged in teaching for a few years. Later, he entered the ministry. After spending two years at the Bible School at Lexington, Kentucky, he came to Butler College in the eighties. He engaged in evangelistic work for several years, then was in charge of the following churches in succession: Christian Church in Lincoln, Nebraska; in Omaha; in Wichita, Kansas; in Bloomington, Indiana.

Mr. Van Cleave was well known throughout the state for his activity in the work of the Prohibition party. He was a good man

whose influence was always on the right side, and he will be sincerely missed as a valuable counsel and co-worker.

Mr. Van Cleave leaves a widow and seven children. The funeral services held at Atlanta on the 17th were in charge of the Rev. Charles M. Fillmore, '90.

COOMBS.—Rev. J. V. Coombs died in Bedford, Indiana, on December 19, and was buried at his home town, Danville, Indiana, on the 21st.

Mr. Coombs was a student of the North Western Christian University, but did not graduate. His long life of service as preacher and evangelist won for him the esteem and affection of many people.

Notice

The annual alumni fee has been raised to *three dollars* for the purpose of paying the expense of issuing the QUARTERLY. This increase goes into effect October 1, 1920. Send your fee as soon thereafter as convenient to the alumni treasurer, Stanley Sellick, Butler College, Indianapolis.

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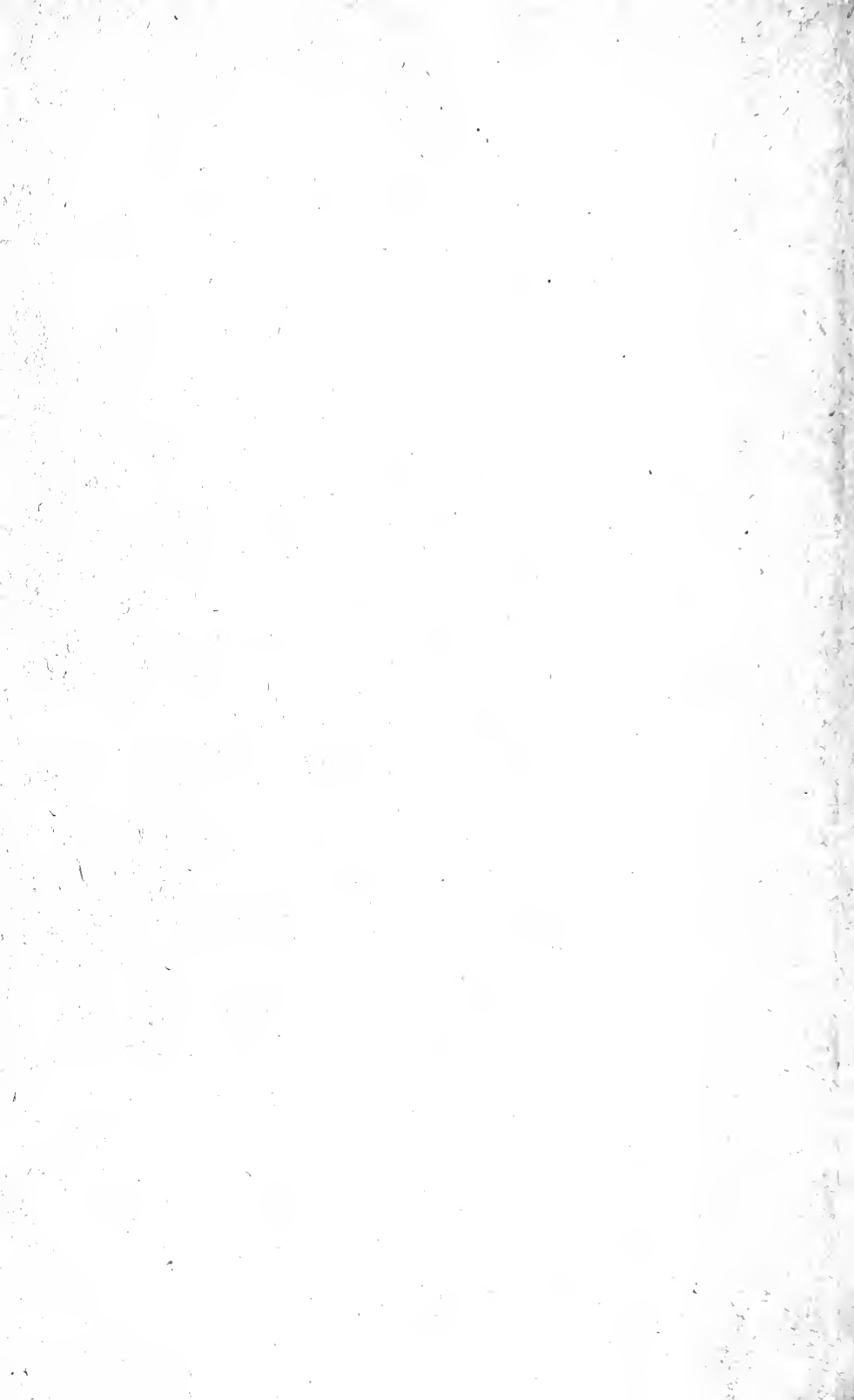
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